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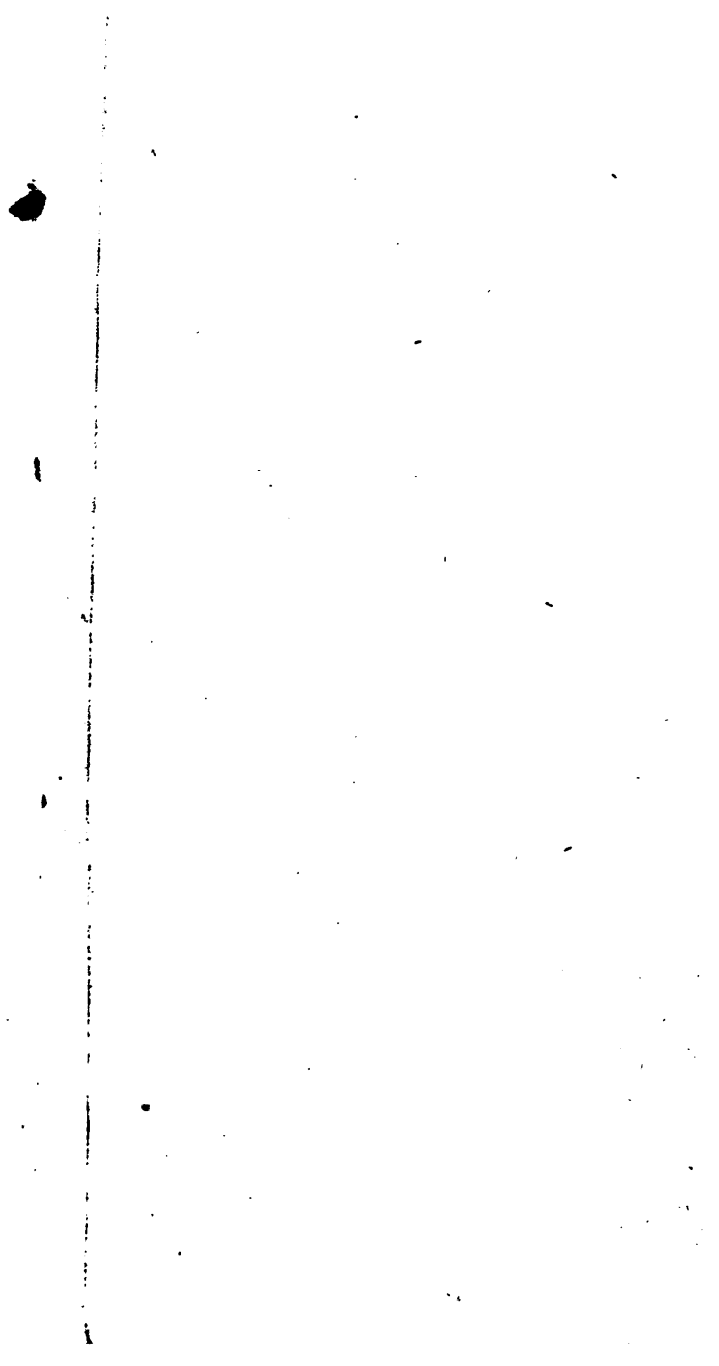
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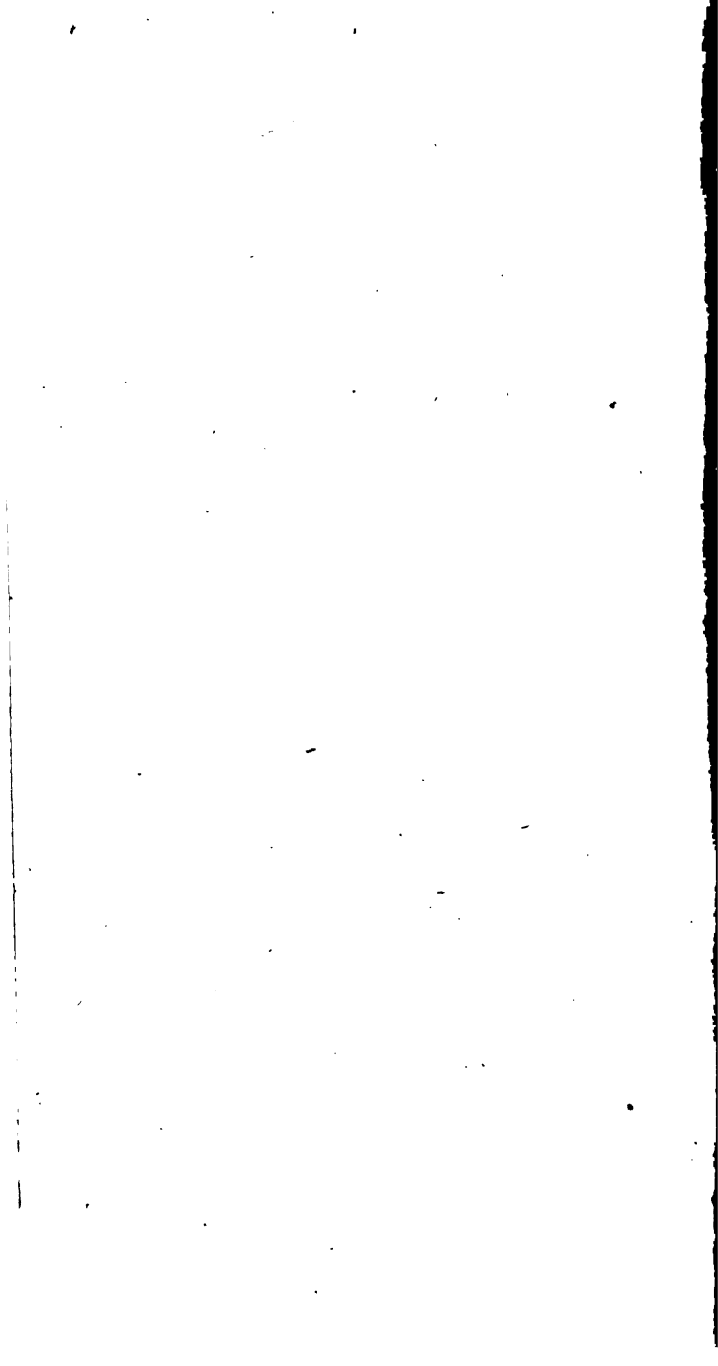
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**LETTERS**  
**TO**  
**JOHN AIKIN, M. D.**

**ON HIS VOLUME OF**  
**VOCAL POETRY:**

**AND ON HIS**  
**“ ESSAYS ON SONG-WRITING;**  
**WITH A COLLECTION OF SUCH**  
**ENGLISH SONGS**  
**AS ARE MOST**  
**EMINENT FOR POETICAL MERIT.”**

Published originally by himself in the year 1772; and re-published  
by R. H. Evans, in the year 1810.

**BY JAMES PLUMPTRE, B. D.**

**FELLOW OF CLARE-HALL, CAMBRIDGE.**

**TO WHICH ARE ADDED**  
**A COLLECTION OF SONGS**  
**REVISED AND ALTERED BY THE EDITOR;**  
**WITH SOME**  
**ORIGINAL SONGS.**

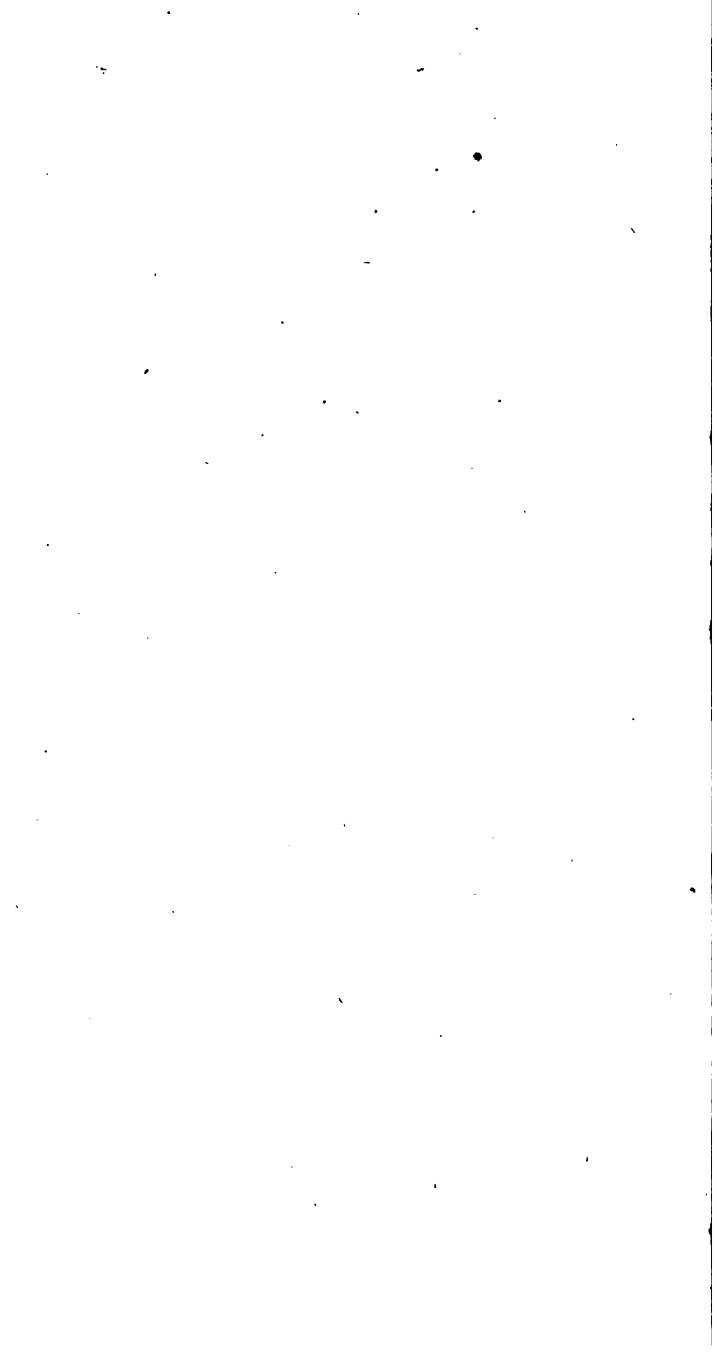
To sway the judgment, while he soothes the ear;  
To curb mad passion in its wild career;  
To wake by sober touch the useful lyre,  
And rule, with reason's rigour, fancy's fire:  
Be this the Poet's praise. MASON'S MOSAIC.

**CAMBRIDGE:**

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**1811.**



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## P R E F A C E.

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**A**LTHOUGH the first of the following Letters was intended as an Introduction to this Volume, and the motives which induced the Author to undertake it are there detailed ; yet, after a lapse of some months, and on completion of the work, it appears to be necessary to say somewhat farther on laying it before the public.

The Author being unwilling, in a matter which he considered of so much importance, to depend wholly upon his own judgment, submitted these Letters in manuscript to a friend, in whose opinion, both literary and moral, he placed the greatest confidence. It is not to be supposed that this friend agreed with him in every particular ; nor that the author, on his part, should acquiesce in every objection and remark made upon them. The result, however, was in favour of the publication of them, and many and material alterations have been made in consequence. What these have been

it is not necessary either in general or in particular to inform the Reader, farther than as they appear in one or two instances in the course of the Letters. But, upon the manner in which the Author had made his quotations from different works, and particularly those of Dr. Aikin, by printing some of the passages in *Italics*, for the purpose of calling the Reader's attention to them, he thinks it right to state some of the remarks of his friend :

“ I consider the use of *inverted commas* as clearly declaring that Quotation is intended or professed. When they are used, therefore, I can admit of no variation which alters (or can alter) the sense ; whether the Quoter thinks the alteration *material* or not. Of *this* he is not to judge, after he once undertakes to copy or quote. From that time, his only business is to make his Copy agree with the Original. Now, not only Words, but also Stops, Capitals, Parentheses, and Italics, affect the Sense ; or are liable to do so. Therefore these are all to be copied ; and none to be *added*. The chief difficulty that I am aware of, is this :—a Quoter wishes to shew, by Italics (or Underlining\*), what particular words, of those

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\* It may be right, perhaps, to state, for the information of

quoted, he wants to have chiefly *noticed* by the Reader. I allow, that I wish there *were* some *short* mode of thus drawing the attention of the Reader : but I cannot allow, that, on account of the inconvenience, it is either *safe* or *honest* to underline (in copying) what is not underlined in the original. It is not *safe*, as to the conveying of our own meaning : for, as there may already be some *Italics* in the Original, no Reader can possibly tell which words were underlined in the Original in order to fix a meaning, and which were underlined by the Quoter in order to draw attention. Hence great confusion. And it is not *honest* towards the original Author ; because the Quoter's Underlinings may easily cause the words quoted to bear a sense different from that intended by the Author. Our ingenuity, therefore, must be exercised, not in defending the too common practice of additional underlining by the Quoter, on account of the difficulty he lies under, but in devising (either generally or in each single case) how to draw

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persons not conversant with the press, that an author usually marks those words, with a line drawn with his pen underneath, (*thus*,) which he wishes to be printed in *Italics*, and with two lines, (*thus*,) those which he wishes to be printed in **CAPITALS**.

J. P.

the Reader's attention to the proper part of the words quoted, *without* recurring to this confounding and dishonest mode. I doubt not you have heard proposed such sentences as the following, by way of illustrating the force (or, I may say, the *language*) of Emphasis. "Will you walk to church with me to-day?" To which at least six different senses are given, by underlining at different times the six words *Will, you, walk, church, me, to-day*. If the author under-lined *walk* and no other word, the question is about walking or going by some other conveyance. If a Quoter underlines *church*, he raises the question whether the walk is to be to church or to some other place. If he even retains the author's underlining of *walk*, he still (by adding that of *church*) perverts the meaning : and it is impossible for the Reader to tell, *by the mere words quoted*, which was the underlining of the Author, which of the Quoter. Therefore he cannot know the meaning of the words ; except from some other help. Where the passage is such that you cannot conveniently *quote* it, that is, *copy* it ; all I require is that you do not *profess* to quote (therefore, that you do not use inverted commas, or any thing tantamount), and that, in giving the *substance*, as far as you want it for

your purpose, you do this honestly; not suppressing what appears likely to affect the point in question."

Having been always accustomed to add *Italics* myself, and seen them in the works of others, especially in Reviews, I pleaded precedent to my friend, and said that I thought the matter was so well understood as not to mislead. To this my friend replies,

"I am sorry we do not agree about *Italics* added by the *Quoter*. You speak of it as an *established* mode. I own it is (in my judgment) far too *frequent*: but, I think, some to whom I have stated my ideas have allowed the practice to be wrong. It is, with me, clearly and decidedly wrong, beyond the power of authority or custom so to *establish* it as to make it right; though I fancy I have been one of the most obedient of men, through life, to things *established*,—particularly in *language*:—and *Italics* (we agree) are a part of language. You say "it appears to me to be sufficiently *understood* not to *mislead*." My grand objection is, that it *does* mislead, or may do it. If such rule on this point be not observed, how should you, or any reader of the few words I have just quoted from your letter, know whether the two words were underlined by *you* or by *me*?

Yet the sentence has a different effect, if *you* are supposed to have laid your stress upon the words, from that which it will have if only *I* am supposed to call your *attention* to those words. Therefore the Underlinings *mislead*, or *may* mislead. For, if the rule be not *considered* as taking place, the reader must *guess* whether you or I underlined the words. Stronger instances might easily be adduced:—as, from the sentence already given, “Will you walk” &c.”

“*Italics* are not uncommon in books. An Author (suppose) writes a sentence, and puts a word in *Italics*. A Quoter gives (we will hope) the *Author's Italics*; but he *adds* some of his own. What reader can tell which of these *Italics* is by the Author, which by the Quoter? I readily allow there are many instances in which I should feel no doubt in my own mind, that the *Italics* were by the Quoter. But there are others in which I think I might defy any man to make a well-founded guess, whether it was Author or Quoter. Therefore the practice *misleads*; or, in its nature, must ever be liable to mislead. I once talked on the subject with the late Rev. Mr. Twining, well known amongst literary persons, and much, (and, I believe, deservedly) esteemed by them; known also, in particular, by his Translation of Aristotle's

Treatise on Poetry, with very copious Notes. He was inclined to allow a Quoter to add Italics. I believe I asked him, whether, if he met with Italics in a quotation, he should suppose them put by the Author or by the Quoter; and that he answered by the Quoter. Afterwards, in the Monthly Review for December 1790, I saw a sermon of his reviewed; and, in a quotation of eleven lines, eight words (or expressions) in Italics, and no others. I looked into the printed Sermon, and there found the same eight in Italics, and no others. Had Mr. Twining read (as an indifferent person) this review of his own sermon, he would (according to his own mode of judging) have been *misled* eight times in eleven lines. I am not sure that I should not wish your Work suppressed, rather than printed with this *blemish*, as I call it."

On farther reflection, these remarks appeared to me to be so very just, and to bear with so much force upon works of controversy in particular, that I thought it but justice to the author whose works I criticised to remove the additional underlinings which I had inserted, and to leave those only which were the author's. In doing this, I found great difficulties present themselves, and endeavoured to form some rules

by which I might regulate my quotations ; but this required more time and consideration than I could give the subject ; and all that I have been able to do in the present instance has been to adopt such modes of calling the reader's attention to particular words and passages as the case seemed best to admit ; sometimes by repetition, and sometimes by printing particular words in Italics, when I was not using inverted commas, the professed marks of *quotation* or *faithful copying*. But, as it is more difficult to remedy a fault than to guard against it in the first instance, I feel some apprehension that I may not have done this effectually in all cases. I can only say, that it has been my intention in every instance to represent my author faithfully, and that I re-compared my quotations with the originals, both in the manuscript and in correcting the proofs. Had I been aware of my friend's objections to this very common practice before I began my work, it would have saved me much additional labour. It may be remarked, however, that in making quotations from Scripture, as there are no Italics there, except the small *added* words, (and which no one I believe ever distinguishes in quoting,) if Italics are introduced by the Quoter, they will, of course, be understood as being *his*.

In quoting from **THE LITERARY MISCELLANY**, I have, indeed, deviated from the rule of strict copying, in having begun each line with a capital Letter, as is usual in poetry; it being a deviation, in the first instance, in the Editor of that work, in not introducing capitals, except at the beginning of a sentence, and in proper names, as in prose. Had that work been original, I should have thought it my duty to follow the author in this particular, apprising the reader that it was a faithful copy.

There is another practice very common with authors in these days, which is, in my estimation, as great a fault as that of not strictly accurate quotation; and that is the not giving *references* to the authors, and the places in their works whence quotations are made. It frequently prevents the reader's turning to them to see if they are faithfully given, and to consult the context to ascertain whether the passages are intended by the authors to bear the meaning attributed to them by the Quoter. The motive with the author for this omission is frequently to spare himself trouble at the time of writing, in referring to the passages; especially when scripture is quoted from memory. But how often does it happen that the reader wishes to refer to the passages, and how often

does the quoting an excellent passage from some author, before unknown to the reader, make him wish to see, not only what he says upon the subject in question, but to read the whole of his works. He is precluded from both of these, if neither the passage nor even the author be mentioned. To many valuable writings have I been introduced by a single quotation; and many disappointments have I suffered, and to much trouble have I frequently been put, for want of a reference, or from an imperfect one. But the Printer is, I believe, sometimes the person in fault. His object is to produce what he considers to be a neat, clear page to the purchaser who takes up the work in the bookseller's shop; and he wishes, as much as possible, to avoid all notes, references and figures. But, as soon as the reader becomes interested in a work, and wishes to refer from one part to the other, or to another author, the deficiency is distressing. Having mentioned this subject, it were injustice to Mr. Hodson, the Printer of this Volume, not to make my acknowledgements for the great readiness with which he has acceded to all my wishes in giving References, Titles, Indexes and Contents.

It will not, I trust, be deemed invidious if I

illustrate these positions by instances drawn from a late publication, which I have read while my thoughts were employed upon the subject ; and when, with my pencil in my hand, I noted the passages as they occurred. The Work which I mean is **Mrs. HANNAH MORE'S PRACTICAL PIETY.** from the very superior merits of which it is by no means my intention to detract, any farther than by saying that I consider the manner in which the quotations are made as in some measure diminishing the value and utility of a work which is calculated to produce extensive and important effects : a work which teaches the most exalted, yet sober, piety ; piety at once pure and practical, and stated in the most engaging manner, in language at once chaste, forcible and beautiful.

I shall arrange the instances under different heads ; and, though I could point out many under each, yet I shall make a few suffice. And, that the reader's attention may not be divided between the inverted commas made use of by Mrs. H. M. and others introduced by myself to mark the passage I would quote, I shall employ brackets [ ] to point out what are the passages which I myself quote, and the inverted commas are to be considered as Mrs. M's. The first instances shall be of passages altered.

Vol. i. p. 60. First Edition, is the following sentence [only those who, as our great Poet says, are "reformed altogether," are converted.] As *no reference* is given, I suppose that [our great Poet] means Shakspeare; and that this is a reference to Hamlet, Act iii. S. 2. where Hamlet is giving his instructions to the Players, and, after he has mentioned a fault which he has seen in some players, one of them says [I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.] Hamlet replies [O, reform it altogether.] In this case, as the intended quotation is not accurate, the author had, perhaps, better have put in the margin *See Hamlet, A. iii. S. 2.*

P. 199. [We should suffer long and be kind, and so far from "seeking that which is another's," we should not even "seek our own."]

This is, no doubt, intended as a quotation from 1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5. [Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.] To me it appears that the best way would have been, to refer openly to the passage, and to make no use of inverted commas, unless with words exactly copied from the chapter, if any had been so.

Vol. 2. p. 55. [When therefore we would not condescend “to take the lowest place, to think others better than ourselves, to be courteous and pitiful,” on the true Scripture ground,] &c. Here the words [to take] &c. to [pitiful] are given as *one* continued quotation, and without any reference. I apprehend that they are taken from the *three* following passages of Scripture. [When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room, lest a more honourable man than thou be bidden of him; And he that bade thee and him, come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room. But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room;] &c. Luke xiv. 8—10. [Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory; but in lowness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.] Phil. ii. 3. [Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous:] 1 Peter iii. 8.

Many instances occur of evident quotations where neither inverted commas nor references are given. And though these instances may occur where the words are used, not for *authority*, but on account of the force or beauty of the phrase or sentiment, yet much of this is lost by its not appearing that a passage is a

quotation, apt quotation being one of the greatest ornaments of writing.

Vol. i. p. 151, is this sentence, [But we know not what spirit we are of.] This is evidently taken from our Saviour's reproof to his disciples, when they would have commanded [fire to come down from heaven] to [consume] the inhospitable Samaritans, [Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.] Luke ix. 55.

P. 166. [But as we cannot find out the Almighty to perfection,] &c. Here the words [find out the Almighty to perfection,] are evidently taken, though with variation, from Job xi. 7. [Can'st thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?]

P. 172. [It is there we must worship him, if we would worship him in spirit and in truth.] This plainly comes from John iv. 24. [God is a spirit: and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.]

Of evident and professed quotations, without the author's name being given, the instances are numerous. There is one at p. 116 of Vol. i. Vol. ii. p. 66. "an admirable French writer" is mentioned. P. 70. a saying respecting Bossuet and Fenelon is given, but not the name of the speaker, nor where it is to be met with.

The instances also of Names of Authors

being given, without reference to the work or volume, are numerous. At p. 236. 266. and 274. of vol. 2. the mere names of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Archbishop Tillotson, and Bishop Hall are thus given; all of whose works are voluminous.

Another subject upon which my friend has favoured me with his sentiments is

**THE ALTERATIONS WHICH I HAVE MADE  
IN SONGS.**

He thinks that the word **REVISED** in the title pages of my different volumes, does not sufficiently declare the material **ALTERATIONS** which I have made in very many cases. And that I must not expect my Readers to retain what I have said dispersedly upon the subject through the pages of my Introductory Letter and Postscript.

To Readers in general I conceive it to be sufficient to know generally, (which is to be collected from the tenor of my Letter, and from the specific remarks made upon Mr. Dibdin's Songs,) that alterations are made, and what is the nature of them; and, from critical readers, an author has certainly a right to expect that the whole of his Introductory matter shall be read with attention before any opinion is formed: and, indeed, in many cases it is not

my intention that the generality of readers should know in what places alterations are made, as I do not wish them to refer to the originals : But I thought that I had been sufficiently explicit to let them understand, that I considered myself as *wholly and solely responsible for the sentiments contained in the songs which I published*, and that nothing should be attributed to the original author, whose name the song may bear, without a particular reference to it in his own works. Yet, notwithstanding this, I have, in many cases, where the alterations have been great, or what I conceived might be variations from the serious and deliberate sentiments of the authors, stated that the piece was altered, as in the alteration of Pope's Universal prayer, vol. ii. p. 414. Also the alteration of the song "Away, let nought to love displeasing," where it is specified that it is altered, and the last four lines are put between brackets with my own signature. One thing I had certainly omitted to say, namely that *The Titles of the Songs* are frequently an addition of my own ; but songs, where a title has not been originally given by the author, are met with, in different collections, by such different titles, that I did not consider this circumstance as necessary to be stated. The custom

of altering the works of authors appeared to me to be so established in the vocal and dramatic world that it was sufficiently understood and acknowledged ; and, as my alterations had in view the cause of Religion and Morality, I trusted that this superior object would secure to the Collection an indulgence beyond that due to mere compilation.

It is with great pleasure that I make my acknowledgments to Mr. DIBDIN for his permission to insert some of his Songs in this Volume. Having given, in my former volumes, all those, suitable to my purpose, which have become public property, I mentioned my intended publication to Mr. Dibdin, and expressed my wish to insert some of his Songs ; not because I was in want of numbers wherewith to fill my volume, but as thinking many of his better than those of other authors, and wishing, as far as possible, that we should go hand in hand in our Vocal Exertions. In a Letter, dated January the 29th, he says, “ I consider every thing of that kind from you as a handsome and friendly compliment, and it would be strange, and very unlike the kindness and good wishes I really feel, to throw any rub in the way of what you meditate, both as a good will to me, and a considerate attention to my repu-

tation.”—“ The Songs you mention”—“ and any others you may think proper,”—“ I beg you will publish without ceremony, and if in any other way I can be of use to your work, it will give me particular pleasure.”

The distresses which Mr. Dibdin has suffered within the last two years are but too well known to the public. May the close of his life be without farther clouds of sickness or sorrow ; or, if it shall please Providence to give him farther trials, may the issue of them be unfading happiness in a world where sickness and sorrow have no place !

Of the Songs in this volume bearing my own signature, as well as some others given in the Table of Contents as *Original*, several have already appeared in *The Vocal Repository* ; of which an account is given in the List of Works by the Author at the end of this Volume. But, as that work is intended for circulation amongst the lowest classes, I thought I might with propriety give them as original to the readers for whom this Volume is intended ; none of them having been given in my former Collection of Songs in three Volumes. They have all been revised, and some have received very material corrections. I shall not otherwise apologize for having inserted them, than

by saying, that the insertion of my own Songs appears to me in the same light as the writing the volume itself. To the name of PoET, taken in its highest sense, as including brilliant and forcible imagination and highly polished and ornamented diction, I do not aspire. My aim has been to give good sentiments in the best language which existing circumstances would admit, not always having leisure for the finishing labour of correction and polish. If I can obtain a Sprig of Bay from the garden of the Cottager, or of Laurel from the Shrubbery of the Moralist and Philanthropist, my aim is answered.

With the consciousness of having intended well in this work, I submit it with confidence, yet I trust without arrogance, to that public who must decide upon its merits.

CLARE HALL, April 16, 1811.

## ERRATA.

Page line .

- 15 15 before *have* insert *few*.  
37 5 from bottom, after *prospect* for the comma put a semicolon.  
45 18 for *Cooper's* read *Comper's*.  
84 3 from bot. for HALLOWAY read HOLLOWAY.  
111 last line, for *who* read *she*.  
120 7 from bottom, for *Whom* read *Who*.  
158 10 before *Virtue* put *does*.  
202 8 after *aright* put a full stop.  
231 13 for *it it* read *it is*.  
277 2 before *those* put *chiefly*.  
350 19 after *court* put *her*.  
388 2 from bottom, after *flower* add a comma.

**LETTERS**  
**TO**  
**JOHN AIKIN, M. D.**

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**LETTER I.**  
**INTRODUCTORY.**

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*Clare Hall, June 19, 1810.*

**SIR,**

**I**N the year 1803, when I circulated Proposals for publishing a Collection of Songs purified (to the best of my judgment) from the alloy of profaneness and immorality, a friend, for whom I entertain the highest respect, said to me, Of course you have seen “that judicious Selection by the Aikins:” meaning *ESSAYS ON SONG-WRITING: with a Collection of such ENGLISH SONGS as are most eminent for poetical merit. To which are added some original pieces.* Published in 1772. A second Edition, with additions and corrections, was published in 1774. This Collection I had not

seen; but, knowing well the names of Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld, together with the correctness of their poetical taste, and the morality of their writings in general, I was particularly anxious to see the Collection. It was not till after various applications to booksellers that I was able to procure a copy. At length I obtained one; but must confess, that, notwithstanding the taste displayed in the Essays, I felt great disappointment, in reading the Songs, at finding so many which I considered as objectionable, and so few that appeared to have any farther view than that of a transient amusement. But, as the work was scarce, and out of respect to the friend who had recommended it, and to the authors, I forbore to animadvert upon it in the Introduction to my Volume of Songs with music, published in 1805, though I quoted a passage on the subject of the undue preference given to music above poetry, from the first Essay.

In one of the London newspapers early in May last I saw an advertisement of VOCAL POETRY; or a Select Collection of English Songs. To which is prefixed a new Essay on Song Writing.—By JOHN AIKIN, M. D. “Dr. Aikin understanding that a new edition of Essays on Song Writing, with a Collection of Songs, &c.

has just been published with his name annexed, by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall, finds it necessary to declare that he has never been consulted on this re-publication, and has no concern whatever in it."

It was with much satisfaction that I read this advertisement, and contemplated what I apprehended would be the nature of your Essay and Collection of Vocal Poetry, from your sentiments expressed and the taste displayed in some of your works, which I have read since my first seeing your Essays on Song-writing; and I hoped that a period of nearly forty years had so altered your opinion on the subject of such works, that I expected a Collection of Songs, which I should rejoice to see submitted to the public with the sanction of so great a name.

Having obtained the work, I immediately sat down to the perusal of it, and was pleased to think, from the general tenor of the Essay prefixed, that I should find my expectations realized. The advertisement speaks of the Essays in the former publication as being "the juvenile attempts of one whose taste was by no means matured," &c. and that, "the Editor was unwilling that his book should again be given to the public with all its imperfections on its head. He was obliged, therefore, to declare, that if

it were reprinted at all, it should be with many and material alterations, corresponding to his own change of taste and opinion in various points during so long an interval.

Under these almost compulsory circumstances, although he perhaps should not now have chosen for the first time to appear as the collector of productions, the general strain of which is more suitable to an earlier period of life, yet he thought he might without impropriety avail himself of the opportunity of making a new and much more extensive selection of compositions which will not cease to be favourites with the lovers of elegant poetry, whatever be the vicissitudes of general taste.

The Editor, therefore, in this volume, which is rather a new work than the re-publication of an old one, has made it his leading object to collect, from all the sources within his reach, those pieces of the song kind which seemed to him most deserving of a place in the mass of approved English poetry. And having with some care revised his notions respecting the character and distinctions of these compositions," &c.

You, afterwards, in the Essay, (p. xx.) mention the "violations of decorum" in many songs; and that the "licentiousness"

of “—the wits of either Charles’s days,” —“imparted a taint to most of their productions; and even sometimes appeared in a coarseness of language little corresponding with what might be expected in the style of men of fashion.” (p. xlii.) You praise a pastoral by Shenstone for expressing “the delicacies of the soft passion in its purest form.” (p. xxviii.) And you say, that the common theme, taken from the epicurean system of ethics, making the shortness of life, and the like, an incentive to present pleasure, though “in a certain temperate degree it coalesces” with “rational philosophy,” yet “carried further, it may justly excite the censure of the moralist, whatever indulgence be pleaded for it on the grounds of precedent and poetical fitness.” (p. xxxi.)—You censure the taste of Burns for having been at times “contaminated by his habits of vulgar excess”; (p. xlv.) and say that you “feel no ambition to be regarded as a priest of Bacchus.” (p. xlviii.) After enumerating the sources whence you have derived your songs, you say that from those “a number of these pleasing compositions may be selected, which will do honour to English genius, and are well entitled to preservation as a portion of the mass of national poetry, even independently of their

association with some of the most agreeable strain of musical harmony. Such a selection has been the object of the present editor; and although he is well aware that an uniformity of judgement respecting the admission and rejection of particular pieces cannot be expected, he presumes to hope that he shall not be thought chargeable in general either with inserting mean, vulgar, and improper articles, or with omitting those of acknowledged and decided excellence.” “It has been much more a point with the editor to give a select than a comprehensive collection.” (p. xlv. xlv.)

With these sentiments pleasingly impressed upon my mind, I proceeded to peruse the songs themselves; and must confess, that I experienced considerable disappointment: as many of them did not appear to me to be merely harmless compositions, but to have a decidedly immoral tendency.

Having already published several works on the subject of English songs, and examined the tendency of many of the most popular compositions of that kind, I trust I shall give no cause of offence if I enter at some length into an examination of your work; to which I am encouraged by knowing the liberality of Dr. Aikin's sentiments, and how great an advocate

he is for free discussion. I have the less reluctance in doing this, as the respect which I bear for your character and talents, and the pleasure which I have experienced from several of your works, seem to me as so many pledges in my own breast that I shall not exceed the bounds of decorum—I will add, of Christian charity. In a former publication, when I conceived myself to be called upon to animadvert upon some of Mr. Dibdin's Songs, I had the happiness to find, that so far from producing any unpleasant altercation between that gentleman and myself, it led to a friendly correspondence, and afterwards to his contributing some of his compositions to my collection. I will indulge the pleasing hope that I shall not be less successful in my present undertaking.

At the same time, I must confess, that, were you, Sir, the only person whom I might wish to influence by my remarks, I should not have felt myself intitled to trouble you at all; certainly, not with so long a work, and addressed in so public a manner. But I wish to address your readers and the public at large on the subject of your publication in particular, and on some subjects connected with it; a mode of procedure, I believe, sufficiently sanctioned by

examples in the literary world. I shall therefore in this and some subsequent Letters take into consideration the sentiments expressed in your Essay on Song-writing, and also the Songs contained in each class in your Collection.\*

Of the influence which poetry has upon the mind you seem to be perfectly aware. In your *LETTERS FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON* (vol. II. L. xii. p. 200.) you speak of "ideas purely of the imagination, derived from the fascinating images of poetry"; and you speak of them as operating with other causes to promote a love for the country, and thereby to incline many to an agricultural life. (p. 199.) In your letter on History and Biography (L. xiii. p. 227.) you recommend them "for the rectifying of those false ideas, which the

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\* These remarks appear to me now to be more necessary, as, since this was written, that very respectable work, *The Quarterly Review*, has spoken in the following high terms of the two publications in question: "This elegant Collection presents, to those who admire music, means of escaping from the too general pollution, and of indulging a pleasure which we are taught to regard as equally advantageous to the heart, taste, and understanding. Both editions are considerably enlarged by various songs extracted from the best modern poets, and in either shape the work maintains its right to rank as one of the most classical collections of songs in any language." No. VI. p. 492.

theories of speculatists, and the fictions of poets and novelists, are continually obtruding upon our minds, and the combined mass of which probably constitutes a much larger portion of our opinion than we suspect. Every one, even moderately conversant with works of invention, must frequently, I doubt not, when searching for examples to corroborate moral or metaphysical theories, have found himself recurring unawares to the characters and events contained in such works, in preference to those of real life." In your Letter on the Advantages of a Taste for Poetry (L. xv. p. 256.) you consider poetry as having effect in "meliorating the heart, and improving the intellectual faculties," and as presenting "ideas to the mind not only in the most pleasing, but in their most impressive form." And, again, "*The diction of*

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The Essays on Song-writing are spoken of with unqualified praise in a Letter from Professor Stewart of Edinburgh, to Dr. Currie of Liverpool, respecting the poet Burns: "The Collection of Songs by Dr. Aikin, which I first put into his hands, he read with unmixed delight, notwithstanding his former efforts in that very difficult species of writing; and I have little doubt that it had some effect in polishing his subsequent compositions." (Life of Burns. Fifth Ed. p. 142.)

These are high authorities to combat: yet I cannot sacrifice to them my persuasion, that there is before me ground for just but candid animadversion.

poetry is language in its noblest dress, nor is it possible to obtain an idea of the full power of words without being conversant with the works of poets. It elevates, points and vivifies all it touches. It paints sensible objects in all the strong colouring of circumstantial and kindred imagery; it renders visible the secret workings of passion and sentiment by their corporeal expressions; and by associating abstract truths with resemblances drawn from external nature, it indelibly imprints them upon the memory. In exquisite poetry every word has its peculiar force, and aids the general impression." (Do. p. 259.) Speaking of our great English Dramatist, you say (p. 265.) "Considering the universal familiarity with Shakespeare's best pieces acquired among us, either from the stage or in the closet, and the adoption of so much of his phraseology by many of our popular writers, I do not think it is exaggerating the effect of poetry, to suppose that the characteristic English manliness of thought has been greatly indebted to him for its preservation amid prevailing luxury and fashionable frivolity." In your Essay on Song-writing (p. xviii.) you say, that, "The share that Lilliburlero had in promoting the Revolution in this country has been noticed by grave historians." And of the

national song of *Rule Britannia* you say, "it cannot be doubted that it has produced a great effect in accustoming Britons to the claim of *maritime empire*." (p. xxiv.)\*

Nor is this influence confined to the lower classes. Even Ministers of State, at their public dinners, listen with complacency to these productions; and one who has been high in office, and whose talents are of the first rate, has condescended to write songs for these occasions.

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\* An incident occurred to me little more than a year ago, which gave me a very forcible idea of the influence which the most common popular songs have upon the minds even of persons from whom we should expect very different things. Soon after the defeat of the Austrians, in 1809, I was conversing with a Clergyman some years older than myself in our quadrangle at Clare Hall. Amongst the ornaments at the top of the building over the eastern gate-way are figures in stone of angels or cherubs. A third person was present, and the conversation turned on the times and our comparatively happy state in this country, and especially that of ourselves, living in the peaceful retirement of a college. "Yes," replied the clergyman, pointing to one of the figures of the angels, "We are very much obliged to "*the little cherub that sits up aloft*," alluding to the burden of Dibdin's song of *Poor Jack*. Though a reference to *Providence* would (in my opinion) have been better, and especially more suited to the station and education of the person who uttered the reflection, yet it seems fairly in point towards proving what I mentioned, the influence of popular songs upon the minds even of such persons.

You yourself, Sir, give us a forcible instance in your own case, of the fascination of poetry, and even of permanent advantage to be derived from it. In your Letter On the Advantages of a Taste for Poetry (L. xv. p. 275.) you say, that "From the very early period at which books constituted one of my chief pleasures, to the time at which I write, I have seldom passed a day without some perusal of a poetical work. I have habitually made it the *bonne bouche* of my studies, and have often placed it before me as a sort of recompence for assiduity in literary or professional labours. My relish for it still remains undiminished: for whatever may be lost in fondness for the wilder and more fanciful parts of poetry, is compensated in increased attachment to the more serious and dignified. I would hope, too, that this taste has not merely served me for amusement; and if I do not deceive myself, I can refer to the strong impressions made by poetry, the origin of some of those sentiments, which I should not willingly part with."\*

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\* Dr. Watts, in his admirable work On the Improvement of the Mind, in the Chapter on the Sciences and their uses (Ch. xx. Sec. xxxvi. §. 3.) says of poetry, that "The most considerable advantage to be obtained from it by the bulk of mankind" "is, to

I can myself say much the same with respect to my love for poetry : but I fear that, at one period of my life, I made it more than

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furnish our tongues with the richest and the most polite variety of phrases and words upon all occasions of life or religion." And, again, " After all that I have said, there is yet a farther use of reading poesy, and that is, when the mind has been fatigued with studies of a more laborious kind, or when it is any ways unfit for the pursuit of more difficult subjects, it may be as it were unbent, and repose itself awhile on the flowery meadows where the Muses dwell. It is a very sensible relief to the soul, when it is overtired, to amuse itself with the numbers and the beautiful sentiments of the poets ; and in a little time this agreeable amusement may recover the languid spirits to activity and more important service." §. 4.

Owen Felltham, in his *Resolves*, in the Chapter on the Worship of Admiration, says, " I cannot read some parts of Seneca, above two leaves together, but he raises my soul to contemplations which set me a thinking on more than I can imagine ; so I am forced to lay him by, and subside in admiration. Similar effects are worked by poetry, when it has to do with towering virtues. It excites in the mind of man such raptures, and irradiates the soul with such high apprehensions, that all the glories which this world hath, hereby appear contemptible." (Edition by Cumming, p. 30.) " Its higher and imaginary descriptions rather shew what men should be, than what they are ; hyperboles in poetry, not only carry a decency, but even a grace along with them. The greatest danger that I find in poetry is, that it sometimes corrupts the mind and inflames the passions. To prevent this, let the poet strive to be chaste in his lines, and never profane, immoral, or licentious. When this is attended to, I think a grave poem the deepest kind of writing. It wings the soul up higher, than the slack pace of prose." (Do. Chapter on Poets and Poetry, p. 191.)

my *bonne bouche*, or recompence for proficiency in severer studies. And though I have received many valuable impressions from excellent poetry (excellent for the *matter* as well as the manner,) I wish that the gold had contained less alloy, as I have likewise certainly received many bad impressions from the looser productions which have fallen in my way, and which will even now occasionally intrude into my mind. For, at the period when I chiefly met with these, my principles were not formed, nor had I a sufficiently strong sense of morality and religion, to chuse only the good and to refuse the evil. And it is the remembrance of this circumstance which so powerfully weighs with me, that I wish your Collection of Vocal Poetry had been of a different description. In your LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON

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Thomson, in his Tragedy of Agamemnon, Act. III. makes poetry one of the sources of consolation to Melisander during his solitary abode on one of the Cyclad isles :

But, chief, the muses lent their softening aid.  
At their enchanting voice my sorrows fled,  
Or learn'd to please, while, through my troubled heart  
The soul of harmony was felt anew.  
Thus of the great community of nature  
A denizen I liv'd ; and oft, in hymns,  
And rapturous thought, even with high heav'n convers'd.

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A COURSE OF ENGLISH POETRY, (L. 1. p. 2.) you say, "I take it for granted that you are already well grounded in the principles of morality, and therefore may be trusted to extract what is most valuable from a set of authors who, in general, are friends to virtue and decorum, while you pass lightly and unhurt over the dubious matter which may be mingled with the rest." Now, Sir, from the opportunities which I have had of judging of the principles of morality in young persons, both at a large school, and at college, and also from my observations in the world at large, I conceive that few are possessed of this discrimination, or, at least, have not sufficient principle to reject what they in some degree know to be wrong. It appears to me, therefore, to be a point of the utmost importance that the books intended for young persons, and indeed for *all* persons, (for many who are more advanced in years are still more deficient in principle,) should be as free from every taint of corruption as possible. ~~What~~ What you have said in the third Letter of your first Volume addressed to your son (p. 25.) on our Attachment to the Ancients, and upon the great use we make of the classical writers of Greece and Rome, appears to me in some measure

applicable to our attachment to the often well-written and witty, but profligate writings of our poets: "It is, indeed, astonishing to reflect, by what a strange concatenation of cause and effect, the youth of Christian Europe should be instructed in the fables of Greek and Latin mythology, which were fallen into contempt even before Rome ceased to be heathen. It certainly has not been on account of their wisdom and beauty that they have survived the wreck of so many better things. They have been embalmed in the languages" (the Poetry) "which contain them, and which, by becoming likewise the depositaries of Christian doctrine, have been rendered sacred languages." The poetical language of such of our immoral songs as are well written has a fascinating power over our minds, somewhat resembling the power of the ancient languages in setting off the heathen mythology.

Of the importance of forming a correct TASTE, and of the value of it when formed, you appear to entertain a very high sense. In your Letters on Poetry, (L. x. p. 136.) after recommending a complete and accurate perusal of Milton, you say, "and then assure yourself that you are possessed for life of a source of exquisite entertainment, capable of elevating the mind under

depression, and of recalling the taste from a fondness for tinsel and frivolity, to a relish for all that is solidly grand and beautiful." And at the conclusion of the work you say, "I have now, my dear young friend, completed my original design of pointing out to you such a course of reading in the English Poets as might at the same time contribute to form your literary taste, and provide you with a fund of rational and exalted entertainment. Of the value of such a lasting and easily procurable source of pleasure, I can speak from my own experience; nor do I think it less adapted to solace the domestic leisure of a female, than to relieve the cares and labours of masculine occupation. I am also convinced, that such an union of moral and religious sentiment with the harmony of numbers and the splendour of language, as our best poets afford, is of important use in elevating the mind, and fortifying it against those trials to which the human condition is perpetually exposed. Nor are the lighter strains without their value in promoting a harmless gaiety chastised by elegance and refinement." Again, in your Letters to your Son (Vol. II. L. xv. p. 275.) you strongly connect *morals* with *the purest and most refined taste*. You say, "The purest and most refined taste will

therefore prove the safest in this respect ; and it ought to be a leading point in the education of youth, to infuse an early relish for those capital productions which are alike excellent as lessons of morality, and as specimens of genius."

On the subject of INDECENCY and LICENTIOUSNESS our sentiments appear, generally speaking, to coincide. In your Letters on Poetry (L. iv. p. 35.) you say of some of Prior's pieces, that you " cannot with propriety recommend" them to the perusal of the young lady you are addressing. Speaking of the ease of Swift's verse, you say, (L. vi. p. 64.) " It is true, this freedom is often indecorous, and would at the present day be scarcely hazarded by any one who kept good company, still less by a clergyman." On Pope's Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, you state, (L. vii. p. 82.) that " The piece in question, it must be confessed, is faulty in giving too forcible an expression to sentiments inconsistent with female purity". Afterwards, (p. 93.) speaking of his Four Moral Essays, " You will also occasionally be disgusted with a certain flippancy of expression, and still more with a taint of grossness of language, which, if not a personal rather than a national defect, would afford an unfortunate distinction between our literature in Anne's and

George's reigns, and that of France in the age of Louis the Fourteenth. Boileau, whom Pope imitated, and who was not less severe in censure than he, is beyond comparison more delicate in his language. There is a kind of coarseness, consisting in the use of common words, which conduces so much to the strength and vigour of style, that one would not wish to see it sacrificed to fastidious nicety ; but Pope frequently goes beyond this, and betrays rather a contamination of ideas than a carelessness of phraseology. This remark, however, applies more to some subsequent productions than to those at present before us." I am glad you have thus noticed, in this eminent Poet, the pernicious fault of *a contamination of ideas*. When you come to speak of Milton's Comus, (L. ix. p. 121.) you say, " As a recompense for the humiliation you may have felt on viewing the female character as pourtrayed by Pope and Swift, you may justly pride yourself on the lustre thrown around it in its virgin purity, by this superior genius." The last passage on this subject which I shall quote from your Letters, is in the xviiiith, (p. 252.) where, speaking of Congreve, you say, " If Dr. Johnson's sentence be just, that Congreve's miscellaneous pieces " show little wit and little virtue," I

should be wrong to recommend them at all to your perusal; and indeed the little that is good in them is scarcely worth the pains of selecting from the bad or indifferent." I cannot forbear adding a passage from your View of the Character and public Services of the late John Howard, Esq. "Mr. *Howard's* predilection for female society, was in part a consequence of his abhorrence of every thing gross and licentious. His own language and manners were invariably pure and delicate; and the freedoms which pass uncensured or even applauded in the promiscuous companies of men, would have affected him with sensations of disgust." (p. 234.)

A question, however, may arise, What is INDECENCY? Wherein does it consist? Persons have different opinions respecting it; what appears indecent and licentious to one, does not to another, and even the commonly decent sometimes receive the appellation of *squeamish*. Some who will without scruple read the generality of our plays, will yet object to many passages in the sacred writings; and I have even known the scrupulous William Law to be accused of grossness and licentiousness for what he has said, in his Tract upon the Stage, in condemnation of the plays of his time. It appears

to me, that the propriety or impropriety of ideas and of language in this respect depends very much upon the *motive* and upon the *manner* of it. Where the motive is for instruction or for reproof, a plainer kind of speech I conceive may be used, provided the manner be grave, and shew on what motive it is used : but, where the manner is licentious or light, a double meaning, an action, or a look, may raise ideas and corrupt the heart infinitely more than much plainer terms. This I conceive to be the case with those passages in the sacred writings which give offence to some. Where sins are mentioned as *sins*, and as being contrary to the law of God, the plainness of the terms does not appear to be an objection ; farther than that, as society and language advance in refinement, the phraseology of books should be refined in proportion. Perhaps it might be desirable that some of the passages translated in terms not now generally made use of in polished society, were to be new rendered in terms conformable to that refinement.\* Something, too, depends upon

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\* In Mrs. Trimmer's SACRED HISTORY, in 6 volumes 12mo. and her ABRIDGMENT OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY in 2

habit and the customs of the society in which we live, even though there should be some inconsistency in practice; as, where Alscrip, in the Comedy of *The Heiress*, A. iii. S. 1. commenting upon his daughter having a valet de chambre to wait upon her, says, "Now if I was to give the charge of my person to a waiting maid, they'd say I was indelicate." The reasoning I conceive to be just; but, as it is the custom of the country for ladies to have men to wait upon them as hairdressers, and not for gentlemen to have females to wait upon them, he

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vols. 12mo. intended chiefly for young persons, these passages are either omitted or the expressions altered.

Mr. Cumming, in the Advertisement prefixed to his new Edition of Owen Felltham's *Resolves*, quotes the opinion of a learned friend upon the work, which ends with—"When pruned (he adds) of a few impurities, and a little curtailed, it will be a vast addition to the stores of English Literature." Then says, "The impurities which are here referred to, consist of indelicate expressions, allusions, and conceits, which are not unfrequently to be met with in the writers of Felltham's time, and which, though by no means of a licentious or immoral cast, are nevertheless offensive to the delicacy of modern refinement. These, have accordingly been omitted." (p. xiii.) And Mrs. West, in the Second Volume of her *Letters to a Young Lady* (L. ix. p. 315. 3rd Edit.) says, "Examples of what we should now call inelegant bluntness may be taken from the justly admired letters of Lady Rachel Russel."

who should thus employ a female about his person, would be *more* liable to censure. Where men attend upon women in a medical capacity, or women attend upon men as nurses, an alteration of circumstances renders the intercourse unobjectionable. But, on the other hand, I conceive that every circumstance or expression, which tends to make light of that which is really in itself a sin, or facilitates the approaches to it, whether it be by giving palliating or favourable names to sins, or by witty turns to lessen our abhorrence of them, or even to recommend them, this I conceive to be one main source of the "corrupt communication" against which the Apostle warns us. (Ephesians iv. 29.)

I have said so much upon the subject of *Heathenism* in the Introduction to my Collection of Songs, where I have quoted a passage from your "very beautiful and interesting *Essay on the Application of Natural History to Poetry*," (Vol. i. p. xxxvi.) and in my Discourses on the Stage, that I shall introduce in this place merely a few passages from your own writings, which make me wonder that you have *selected* so many compositions which turn upon the heathen mythology of Venus, Cupid, Bacchus,

&c. &c. A passage from your Letters to your Son has been already cited, p. 16.

In your Letters on Poetry (L. viii. p. 110.) speaking of the Love Elegies of Hammond, you say, "He has, however, undergone some heavy censure for adopting so large a share of the rural imagery and heathen mythology of Tibullus, which, being with respect to himself purely fictitious, impairs the reality of his assumed character of a lover." In Letter ix. (p. 120.) you represent the *ancient mythology* as suited rather to *pedantic times* than to ours. Speaking of Comus, you say, "That kind of drama called a *Mask*, consisting of a fable in which the characters of antient mythology, or abstract qualities personified, are the actors, frequently employed the invention of Ben Jonson and others of our early dramatists, for the entertainment of the learned and somewhat pedantic times in which they lived." On Akenside's "Hymn to the Naiads", (L. xii. p. 162.) You say, "The character of one of the most *classical* poems in the English language will perhaps but dubiously recommend it to your favour. In fact, it sounds the very depths of Grecian mythology; and a mere English reader may well be startled at the

mystical solemnity with which this song begins." You say of Cowley, (L. xvii. p. 234.) " He made his first essays in a free version of some of Pindar's odes, which I will not desire you to peruse; for what amusement are you likely to find in the obscure tales of antient mythology, and the adulation of forgotten horse-racers?" On Tickell's poem of " Kensington Garden," you say, (L. xviii. p. 249.) it " is a pretty fancy-piece; not correct, indeed, in its mythology, since it blends the fiction of the fairy system with that of the heathen deities."

The more I consider your work, Sir, the more I am surprised that some of the songs have been inserted, and that in others those alterations have not been made which would have rendered them, not only harmless, but instructive. That you have not forbore doing this out of respect to the authors, and thinking it wrong to alter what has been sent into the world in a certain form by them, appears from what you have said in your Essay (p. xv.) about national stories in Old Ballads being " retold in newer and more polished diction, perhaps retrenched in their prolixity, and enlivened by touches of sentiment," as may be seen in the two editions of the Ballad of Chevy Chase. You have yourself *altered* a song of Dr. Donne's, (p. 215.) on account of the rugged

versification, and you have omitted a verse in a Song of Sir John Suckling's; (p. 167.) and in that very pleasing work, your Calendar of Nature, in the lines prefixed to *April*, from the song of Shakspeare, commonly known by the name of the *Cuckoo Song*, you have omitted the lines respecting the cuckoo's *mocking* men, thinking them, I suppose, vulgar and indelicate. If report speak truth, the Edition of Dr. Watts's Songs, "Revised and Altered, by a Lady," containing alterations of a still more important and extensive nature, (such as can be approved by Christians of only one denomination,) were made by a lady nearly connected with you; and with whom you have frequently been a brother in literary labours.\*

Mrs. Barbauld, in her **THOUGHTS ON THE DEVOTIONAL TASTE**, prefixed to her **DEVOTIONAL PIECES**, compiled from The Psalms and the Book of Job, says, "It was hoped"—"that it might be of service to the cause of religion, to make a collection of this kind now offered to the public. In this collection, all the Psalms which would bear it are given entire; others, where the connected sense could be preserved with such an omission, have only

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\* See this work reviewed in **THE GUARDIAN OF EDUCATION**. Vol. II. p. 360.

the exceptionable\* parts left out ; and a third class is formed of separate passages scattered through several pieces, which are attempted to be formed into regular and distinct odes". (p. 46.) This is pretty much what I have attempted to do with English Songs in my Collection.

I think, therefore, we shall not differ very widely in considering how far it is *allowable* and *expedient* to alter productions according to our ideas of propriety.

But to leave these preliminary remarks, and proceed to the consideration of the volume itself: I will, however, first observe, that in your ideas of Vocal Poetry or of English Song, it appears to me, Sir, you have taken much too confined a view. Vocal Poetry and vocal Music, as it exists at present in this kingdom, may be considered, first, as *Sacred*, including the Psalms, Hymns, and Anthems, sung in our Churches, and the Oratorios, performed occasionally in our Churches, at the Theatres during Lent, and sometimes at Concerts. In the second place we may rank *Theatrical* vocal music, consisting of the Songs sung in Operas and other Dramatic Pieces, the Entertain-

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\* By *exceptionable*, I suppose Mrs. B. means *not applicable* to our circumstances.

ments of Professional men, as Collins, Dibdin, and others, and the Songs sung at *concerts*, which are, for the most part, selected from all or most of the preceding descriptions. Next to these may be considered the vocal music of the *convivial board*, both private parties and public meetings, at which Theatrical and Concert Songs are mostly sung, with others peculiarly adapted to the occasions; and, lastly, the vocal music of the *private room*, or domestic circle, including all, or most of the former, as may be seen by turning over the Collections to be met with in almost every private house wherein there are any persons who have a taste for music. These are the sources to which I have chiefly applied in forming my Collection of Songs in 3 volumes, and these I have attempted to class, as far as distinction appeared to me to be practicable; but, as the primary object of these Letters is to examine the Songs you have chosen, according to your own selection and arrangement, and the observations you have made upon them, I shall consider each of your classes separately, and then shall make such further remarks as the subject seems to require.

I am, Sir,

with great respect,

your obedient humble Servant,

JAMES PLUMPTRE.

## LETTER II.

## ON BALLADS AND PASTORAL SONGS.

Sept. 5, 1810.

SIR,

IN conformity with the order which you have yourself observed in your Volume of Vocal Poetry, I shall, in this Letter, make some remarks upon that part of your Essay on Song-writing which relates to Ballads and Pastoral Songs; and shall then proceed to make my observations upon the Ballads and Songs themselves in the order in which they stand.

Your remarks on the Ballad and its properties appear to me in general to be just; but I cannot say that I agree with you in preferring the Ballads of "Lord Ronald", (that is what Mr. Walter Scott calls "Glenfinlas, or Lord Ronald's Coronach,") and "Cadyow Castle," from the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," to those of William and Margaret, Colin and Lucy, and the Hermit of Goldsmith. The particular merits of these pieces I shall consider hereafter; but I will just observe that if

“Glenfinlas” and “Cadyow Castle” surpass the others in vigour of poetry, the others have the advantage of subject. Glenfinlas is calculated only to nourish that love for the marvellous and supernatural to which the human mind is too prone, and Cadyow Castle sets an act of deliberate and bloody revenge in the light of an heroic action. After mentioning these, and advertng to some French metrical pieces, you say, (p. xvii.) that “we are now got beyond the limits of *song* properly so called, since it is evident that a great number of stanzas, sung to an uniformly repeated simple tune, would be insupportably tedious to modern ears; whence such compositions must be considered as addressed merely to readers, and be referred to the class of minor poetry”. The Ballads of William and Margaret, Colin and Lucy, and the Hermit, have, I believe, been all set to music and sung at Concerts; and though the generality of hearers of songs in this age are not remarkable for giving very long attention to any one subject, yet they will sit to hear some tolerably long productions of this kind, when the words are interesting, the tune simple and pathetic or lively and well adapted to narrative, and the words well articulated. Some of the Songs of Collins and of Mr. Dibdin are nearly,

if not quite, as long as some of these, and have been listened to with delight by numerous audiences. Shorter than these, but, for sweetness of effect, worthy the attention of every lover of simple vocal music, Collins's *Roman Veteran* or *Date Obolum Belisario*, and Dibdin's *Sailor's Journal*, *Tom Tackle*, *Labourer's Welcome Home*, and *Nongtongpaw*, might be listened to without tædium were they twice or three times the length. The lower classes, I believe, have some long narrations amongst their popular songs. But I do not see why the simple recitation of such pieces might not be introduced with effect at festive meetings. On some public occasions I believe this has been tried and succeeded.

You have afterwards, Sir, (p. xxi.) called attention to some ballads, which, I think, had been better consigned to oblivion, than mentioned as they are by you : one receiving the engaging appellation of "sprightly ballad," and another recommended by saying that the author "gained great applause", and that it is "remarkable for the ease of its language and the liveliness of its imagery". The stage has long since relinquished the former.\* The

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\* While the managers of the theatres have very commendably purified the stage from much offensive matter, it is to

Ballad of Old Robin Gray of which you have said so much in commendation, has not found a place in your Volume.

But to proceed to the Pastoral Song :

In your Letters to your Son, the eighth and ninth of the first volume are " On Nature and Art, and the Love of Novelty". You give your opinion, (p. 65.) that *novelty* is " the great requisite in all endeavours to entertain". And you support this opinion through these two Letters. Without conceding the justness of this opinion, and also without controverting it on the ground of general criticism, I will venture to affirm, in the way of *moral* criticism, that, were the opinion ever so correct, it could no way justify any thing *immoral* in Songs or other compositions. A principle of abstaining from every thing which may do harm, of suppressing resolutely every idea which tends to undermine or enfeeble our morals, whatever be its charms of originality, of humour, or the like, is the first and grand principle to be impressed upon the minds of those who write to entertain, or indeed who write for other purposes. I might also dwell upon the distinction between

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be lamented that such stuff as The Farthing Rushlight, William Taylor, Miss Bayley, Mr. Lobaki and another of the Songs, sung by Servitz in the Exile, should be still suffered.

the merely *entertaining*, and the producing of those *higher* effects upon the mind, which a reader may experience from pathetic or instructive poetry. From which it would follow, that, though Novelty were allowed as the great requisite for entertaining, yet it would not therefore be the great requisite for poetry at large. Nor can I admit, even in *Songs*, that either the sole object or the sole effect is, to entertain. In sacred Songs, in many dramatic Songs, and in some which are used only in a private room, nay even in the solitary perusal of some, the attentive mind, duly prepared by habit and intellect, will find an impression which would be ill described by the word *entertained*.

But I avoid dwelling upon these points, that I may rest upon my main ground, the *moral* considerations which are to guide us. I maintain the indispensable necessity of keeping within the bounds of innocence; even though it should diminish our entertainment. Which, however, I deny that it will, in a continued course; although it may for a time, in instances of minds vitiated in taste, or unfurnished with moral principle. But it is the duty of authors, not to accommodate their compositions to such minds, but to offer that which (while it enter-

tains, elevates, or otherwise innocently moves) may gradually correct the taste and instil good principles; or, to say the least, will not make that worse which is already bad.

It may not be amiss, however, briefly to adduce your own authority; in order to prevent the Readers of your two Letters before mentioned from taking what you have said, on Novelty and Art as requisites for pleasing or entertaining, more strongly than you yourself intended. Gay wrote some rural pieces, painting real manners, without fictitious softening; intending them as burlesque parody, and as a ridicule on vulgar pastoral. But what was the result? Of these pieces of Gay you say, in your Letters on Poetry (L. v. p. 57.), “such is the charm of reality, and so grateful to the general feelings are the images drawn from rural scenes, that they afford amusement to all ranks of readers; and they who did not comprehend the jest, enjoyed them as faithful copies of nature”. Also in the Letters on Poetry (L. ix. p. 125.), you admit that Dr. Johnson *justly* censured some poems in Milton’s time (fictitious pastoral), “for that want of reality which almost entirely destroys their interest”. And (L. xix. p. 268.) you commend Goldsmith’s *Deserted Village* as a copy

of *reality*. Again, (p. 277.) you quote this stanza from Johnson,

In misery's darkest caverns known,  
His useful care was ever nigh,  
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,  
And lonely-want retir'd to die.

And you subjoin these words: "I confess, that much as I admire the flight of a poetical imagination, it is these sober serious strains to which at present I recur with most delight. Your taste may reasonably be different; yet I trust in the solidity of your understanding to lead you to set a just value upon that verse, which, while it gratifies the ear, also touches and meliorates the heart". Excuse me, Sir, if I express my surprise that the taste which could relish these lines, and the heart which could dictate these sentiments, could afterwards give to the world the Volume of Vocal Poetry. You raise my admiration of your taste, when, speaking of Cowper, (Letter xx. p. 294.) and of "the pathetic address" in the Tirocinium (l. 845.) "to the father just on the point of sending his son to a public school", you say, "It is in such domestic pictures of the tender kind that Cowper is inimitable! If you wish to feel the full force of the simple pathetic, raised by no other art than the selection of little

circumstances, which could only have suggested themselves to an exquisitely sensible heart, you must turn to the piece which has lately appeared in his "Life by Hayley," addressed to the beloved companion of so many years, his *Mary*, now reduced to second infancy. All the studied elegies and monodies that were ever written are poor in effect to this effusion".

In your Essay prefixed to Thomson's Seasons, (p. lviii.) speaking of "those simple incidents which are most adapted to excite the sympathetic emotions," you say, "The nearer they approach to common life, the more certainly will they produce their effect".

Not to multiply passages on this head, I shall merely cite two from your Essay on Song-writing, the one (p. xxii.) where speaking of the Ballad of Old Robin Gray, you say that it "has scarcely its equal for the touching effect of a story related in the most simple and unaffected manner, and with no exaggeration of feeling". The other is p. xxviii, and direct to my purpose, that, "All pastoral poetry, however, it must be acknowledged, tends to a langour and insipidity proceeding from the monotony of the imagery and ideas, and the radical want of that *reality* which is requisite for exciting a lively interest".

These references to your own works, Sir, will, I conceive, support me in maintaining, that a departure from Nature, to “ feed our appetite for novelty upon imaginary beings,” (Letters to Son. Vol. I. L. viii. p. 67.) is not a prime requisite for poetical composition; though you say that we are *at last* compelled to it. Perhaps, after all, you and I do not fundamentally differ much upon this subject. I allow charms to Art and Novelty, in their proper place: and you (as appears from the foregoing citations) pay great deference to *Reality* and *Sober Strains*. Novelty is *one* source of pleasure; but the steady and well-formed mind, I conceive, derives many of its enjoyments from other and higher sources. The superior mind of Cowper seems to have dwelt with peculiar pleasure on scenes and ideas with which he had long been familiar. In the first Book of that incomparable Poem, *The Task*, he particularly seems to rejoice that his advanced years have not

“ yet impair’d

My relish of fair prospect, scenes that sooth’d

Or charm’d me young, no longer young, I find

Still soothing, and of power to charm me still.” Line 140.

But how near we are to an agreement on this subject of *Novelty*, is probably not necessary

to be settled. On the propriety of admitting many of the Songs in your Collection, we seem to differ widely. But, before I come to remark on the separate songs, I wish to say something on your observations respecting the state of morals in our villages.

You say (Vol. I. L. ix. p. 79.) “ we know too well that no Arcadia exists upon modern ground, and that vice and wretchedness prevail in the hamlet as well as in the city.” That they prevail in both we must not deny. But you say (Vol. II. L. xii. p. 205.) “ The village has its rake and debauchee as well as the town; the alehouse of the one offers as great a temptation as the tavern of the other; female chastity is an object of seduction equally in both; the day-labourer of the one is as much disposed as the mechanic or manufacturer of the other to neglect his hirer’s business, and make petty depredations on his property; for want and laziness are just the same motives in both.” That these evils are *as great*, that they are *equally* prevalent, in the Country and the City, I cannot well grant.

I have resided a great part of my life in the Country; and I may say that I have *associated* both with farmers and labourers, I have known them intimately as the pastor of a parish, I

have seen them in their religious duties, in their occupations, and in their festivities;—I have seen the poor of other places by the way, while I have travelled on foot through many parts of this island, both in their cottages and in their public houses; nay, I have not only seen those employed in rural life, but I have conversed with the miner, the manufacturer, and the artisan, the ostler, the postboy, and the coachman, the fisherman, the sailor and the soldier. And I conceive it but an act of justice due to the lower classes of society to say, that I do not think they are worse than the higher, or even as bad; when I reflect upon their education, their opportunities of learning, and the examples set them, I consider them as being better;—though far be it from me to say that I do not think there is much vice to be found among the lower classes, much virtue among the higher. But, amid the lower classes I have seen much genuine and unaffected piety, unshaken integrity, sobriety and chastity, much brotherly love, and a readiness to assist each other in want or in affliction\*. Nor must I omit in my catalogue of

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\* In Bishop Horne's admirable Discourse on The Blessed Effects of Perseverance, preached before the Society for pro-

virtues not unfrequently to be met with, and especially as connected with this subject, an urbanity and unaffected civility of manner, I might almost say a *polish*, which has been truly pleasant, and so far from “rude manners” and “coarse expressions,” (Letters to Son. Vol. I.

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moting Christian Knowledge, in the year 1783, he bears this favourable testimony to the virtues of the Poor.

“If it be enquired “Whether the poor be capable of making any considerable proficiency in the school of Christ?” Experience will answer in the affirmative. With a little plain instruction, they can apprehend the articles of faith as contained in the Apostles’ Creed, and the rules of practice as laid down in the commandments. They can learn to trust in God, their Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier: they can give him thanks for what they have, and pray to him for what they want. They can love their Saviour, and for his sake shew kindness to their brethren, whom he has redeemed. One may often behold, among the lower ranks, that attention to the distresses of each other, that earnest desire, and, what is of more worth, that unwearied endeavour, to remove or alleviate them, which do credit to the human heart, wherever they are found. A poor person, after labouring through the day, will pass the night in watching with a sick neighbour; while the rich pursue their pleasures, the scholar retires to his library, and the virtuoso to his cabinet, safe from the importunity of the wretched, and where the voice of misery never penetrates. Let not the pride of wealth or science look down with contempt upon the poor, since they often possess and exhibit that charity which is the end of knowledge, the comfort of society, the balm of life; and by his proficiency in which, every man is to be tried, at the judgment of the great day.—“Hath not GOD chosen the poor? Let not MAN, then, despise them.”

L. ix. p. 79.) that, where it has been necessary to speak upon unseemly subjects, the utmost decorum of language has been observed.

In short, though I do not boast of having witnessed the peasantry (nor other ranks of men) as having attained the state of mind held out to us by pastoral and other poets, as a pattern for imitation ; yet I have seen enough of Good to rescue them from the general charge which seems to be implied in your Letters to your Son. (Vol. I. L. ix. p. 78.) - I think I have seen “ the tender passion ” in a considerable degree of purity ; that I have seen “ content, disinterestedness, benevolence, simplicity, and delicacy ” ; and these not inspiring one bosom only, but prevailing sufficiently to characterize the inhabitants ; and not in one hamlet only, but in number sufficient to give me a favourable impression of the generality of our retired villages, especially where any pains have been taken by the clergyman or the principal person in the place to promote civilization, morals and religion.

The Poet Burns, who was an accurate observer of mankind, formed at different times two societies for the purposes of convivial intercourse and mental improvement. Dr. Currie, in his Life of Burns, says, “ The members of

these two societies were originally all young men from the country, and chiefly sons of farmers ; a description of persons, in the opinion of our poet, more agreeable in their manners, more virtuous in their conduct, and more susceptible of improvement, than the self-sufficient mechanics of country-towns". (p. 108.) Professor Stewart, in his Letter to Dr. Currie, in the same work, (p. 138.) says, speaking of Burns, " He was passionately fond of the beauties of nature ; and I recollect once he told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind, which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and worth which they contained".

All that I conceive, therefore, to be necessary in writing pastoral or rural poetry is, as in other delineations, to select good subjects, and to place those in advantageous points of view. In short, the poet need not depart farther from the rigid truth than the portrait painter ; who, if the original have any defect on one side of his face, will chuse the other ; will request him to call up his most favourable looks ; or, if sickness should have given him a pallid cheek, will bestow upon him something nearer approaching to the glow of

health. You yourself commend “the rural character, as delineated in the feelings of Thomson”, (whom you had before praised for “the admirable use” which he has made of the “several occasions of introducing draughts of human life and manners,”) and say, that it “contains all the softness, purity, and simplicity that are feigned of the golden age”. (Essay on Thomson’s Seasons, p. lviii.) You say, p. lvii. that “The Poet of the SEASONS”—“may draw pictures of the pastoral life in all its genuine simplicity; and assuming the tone of a moral instructor, may contrast the peace and felicity of innocent retirement with the turbulent agitations of ambition and avarice”. Are the Damon and Musidora, the Celadon and Amelia, and the Palemon and Lavinia, of Thomson, too highly charged to be allowed to be *portraits*? That they are not I conceive you would allow from what you say yourself, when speaking of the Love Elegies of Hammond, you mention “that in which a picture is drawn of connubial love in a country retreat, (Elegy xiii.) with circumstances only a little varied from those which might really take place in such a situation among ourselves. It is the English farmer”, (you say) “who speaks in the following stanza :

With timely care I’ll sow my little field  
And plant my orchard with its master’s hand;

Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,  
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

He appears afterwards under a more refined  
form, but still suitable enough to a *ferme ornée* :

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,  
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go !  
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,  
And teach my lovely scholar all I know !"

(Letters on Poetry. L. viii. p. 111.)

The Pastorals of Gay, though portraits, are in several instances too gross and indecent. One of the most delightful pastorals with which I am acquainted, though it is written in prose, is The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, in the Cheap Repository Tracts, written by Mrs. H. More ; which for genuine and cheerful piety, and for excellent delineation of Character, without rising above humble life on the one hand, or descending into grossness or vulgarity on the other, is a production highly worthy the attention of the most simple and of the most enlightened understanding\*. Several of the other

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\* When these Tracts were proposed as proper books to give away as rewards to the Children at the New School, at Cambridge, one of the Governors objected to this story that there were some words which he considered as vulgarisms in it, namely the shepherd's talking of "'pothecary's stuff," and " I would work myself to a 'natomy". These are traits of *reality* which, in my estimation, as a representation of life, add to the

Cheap Repository Tracts are of the same description, and some of the Rural Tales of Robert Bloomfield are of a very pleasing as well as natural cast.

The Ballad which stands first in your present Collection is that very celebrated one by Gay, " 'Twas when the seas were roaring", which however beautiful the versification may be, to my mind presents an unpleasing picture of murmuring and despair :

How can they say that Nature  
Has nothing made in vain ?  
Why then beneath the water  
Do hideous rocks remain ?

Now, as

Nature is but the name for an effect  
Whose cause is God.

Cooper's Task. B. VI. l. 223.

I consider all complaints against the works of Creation, as murmuring against the Great

delight of it ; and it would be easy and useful to point out to children what the proper words are, and how these came to be inserted.

If natural sentiments be expressed with simplicity and feeling, even unpolished language and false grammar, I conceive, rather add to the interest and pleasure of the poem, than offend, as in Mr. Dibdin's Songs of The Token, Tom Tackle, True Courage, and some others,

Creator. Or, if it be said, that the world is not now in the state in which God created it, the sentiments which should be excited by whatever we suffer through the fall of man from his original state of perfection, should be humiliation and resignation. The Song contains no good sentiment or instruction of any kind.

The Ballad which follows it, by the same writer, "All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd", (p. 3.) is of a much more pleasing kind, being a picture of the parting of faithful lovers. The seventh stanza, however, appears to me to be objectionable, and I accordingly omitted it when I inserted the Song in my different Collections :

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;  
 Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms  
 William shall to his dear return :  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The fourth line is too positive and presumptuous ; and, if Love be put for Cupid, or merely a personification of the passion, or we will even suppose for a guardian Angel, in the first supposition it is *heathen*, in the second and third it is presumptuous, and affirming that for which he has no authority.

Mr. Dibdin, in his Song of The Sailor's

Journal, has managed a similar idea with more caution :

Next morn a storm came on at four,  
At six the elements in motion  
Plung'd me and three poor Sailors more  
Headlong within the foaming ocean.  
Poor wretches ! they soon found their graves,  
For me, it may be only fancy,  
But Love seem'd to forbid the waves  
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Here, as he speaks of a thing past, had he put Providence, I think there could not have been any objection : he introduces Providence in the next verse :

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,  
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,  
When a bold enemy appear'd,  
And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle :  
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,  
Like lightning, rush'd on ev'ry fancy,  
To Providence I trusted life,  
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

The Song of The Maid in Bedlam (p. 5.) owes its popularity perhaps to the very beautiful air to which it is set. The moral or instruction it contains is nothing, unless we take the *burden* of it, " I love my love, because I know my love loves me", as a picture of faithful attachment. In the third verse

O should it please the pitying powers to call me to the sky,  
I'll claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly ; &c.  
the *claim* I consider as presumptuous.

We are indebted to you, Sir, for the next Song, (p. 6.) which begins with “ It was a winter’s evening,” and which is one of the best in the Collection, for the beauty of its versification. It contains a useful lesson to parents, not to turn their children out of doors and expose them to shame, want and despair, even though they should have been unhappily betrayed by an artful and faithless Seducer, or even with less excuse have been guilty of sin. Under this impression, I inserted it in the second Volume of my Collection of Songs, under the title of *The Forsaken Damsel*. My attention has, however, been called to it, by a friend, to whom I have submitted these Letters in manuscript, as likely to make a bad impression upon young persons ; as it tends to interest the reader in behalf of a *damsel* (an unmarried woman) who has had a child, while no alleviating previous circumstances appear to lessen her guilt, and no subsequent penitence to place her in the light of one likely to receive forgiveness. Or, more strictly, no penitence except what may be *conjectured* from this, that she “ cast her eyes to heaven”. Now a person may do this with various sensations. Lady Randolph, in the Tragedy of Douglas, is represented as doing this in the act of committing suicide :

then lifting up her head  
 And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say,  
 Why am I forc'd to this? She plung'd herself  
 Into the empty air. Act. V.

The concluding words of the song are the same as those of the first song. In reading them *there*, I felt that there was a want of Christian fortitude in the sufferer. And so it seems *here*. Then as to the *lad*, the father of the child, mentioned in the second verse, the blame cast on him is merely for fickleness, for leaving one damsel for a *richer*. He is neither charged with seduction, nor is any blame cast upon him for that of which he certainly was guilty; the having a child before marriage. If he was not guilty of seduction, was only guilty in the same degree with her, even less,—suppose that she was the seducer,—in these cases her guilt is increased, and there is no diminution of guilt on the whole.

To give the song, however, the most favourable interpretation possible, it might be that the reason ~~for which~~ the damsel's cruel father "shut his door" upon her, and her cruel mother "such a sight did see", I suppose without interfering, was the daughter having married without their consent; and the *gold* for which the lad left her love, was that which he hoped

to obtain by going to sea. This diminishes the guilt of the damsel in whose behalf the song is intended to interest us, but increases the cruelty of the parents and the husband. It is a pity that her precise case was not stated.

The word *despairing* in the last verse, I suppose, means only with respect to her prospects in this world, if her casting *her eyes to heaven*, be in penitence and *hope*.

However easy the versification of *LOCHINVAR* (p. 8.) may be, the story surely is not one to be related, as if the conduct of Young Lochinvar was not wrong in carrying off the bride of another man, even though he had first paid his addresses to the lady and been refused by the father. It does not appear that the father had forced the fair Ellen into this marriage; and, even if he had, she was not then at liberty to forsake him and to go off with another.

In your favourite ballad of Old Robin Gray, Jenny, after she has married Robin against her own will, at the instigation of her parents, thinking her lover Jemmy is dead, when he returns, says,

I darena think on Jemmy, for that would be a sin.

She is clear that, being married to another,

though her "heart it said nay", gives her, not only no licence to attend to her former lover, but that thinking on him would be *a sin*\*.

Rowe's Pastoral of "Despairing beside a clear stream" (p. 11.) appears to you (Essay. p. xxvii.) "a very perfect example of that union of simple language with natural sentiment which best suits the kind of fiction adopted, and is capable of the most pathetic effects." The sentiments, if *natural*, that is, such as persons so situated often make use of, are yet, I think, some of them not *just*, that is, what they *ought to be*. If the word *despairing* in the first verse may be allowed in the sense before mentioned (see p. 50.) yet "'Twere better by far I had died", in the second, is certainly an unwarrantable renunciation of life. And the four last lines of verse five,

"Tho' thro' the wide world we should range,  
'Tis in vain from our fortune to fly;  
'Twas her's to be false, and to change,  
'Tis mine to be constant and die."

teaches the doctrine of predestination or fata-

\* Having mentioned this Song so often without expressing my dissent from Dr. A.'s opinion of it, I think it right to state that I cannot altogether agree with him. The general moral of it is good; but Jenny gives way too much to her grief in wishing she *were dead*, and the *wreath* (or spirit) and *ghost* are mentioned as if there really were such things common amongst us.

lism, and to which so many, even in these days, are inclined,

“ when weak women go astray  
Their stars are more in fault than they.”

I once heard a female who had made an imprudent marriage attribute it, not to her own fault, but to the planets. In the last line of the Song the Shepherd says, “ His Ghost shall glide over the green”, which will still serve as food to the spirit of superstition.

In the Song “ As on a summer’s day,” (p. 13.) verse 3, mention is made of *Pan our god*, as if there really were such a being; and *fortune* is introduced in the last verse too much in the place of Providence, who “ giveth and taketh away.”

Of the next Song, “ To the brook and the willow that heard him complain,” by Rowe, (p. 15.) you say “ This piece, written by the author on the occasion of the illness of the lady he afterwards married, has all the pathetic of real feeling, though under the garb of pastoral fiction.” I must confess it appears to me to contain much overstrained sentiment; and the *fates* are introduced, as having decreed the loss of his charmer, and, if so, “ one fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide.”

The Song beginning “Daphnis stood pensive in the shade”, (p. 17.) is not perhaps altogether a bad lesson to over-coy or coquettish maidens ; but the idea

Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,  
Our artful lips were made to feign.

is certainly charging upon the Creator, the God of *Truth*, what is not just.

In the next Song (on Alexis, p. 19.) *Heaven* is called upon, to shield us all from *Cupid's* bow! If Alexis loved Clorinda, why did he not declare his love before, rather than silently nourish “endless woe”? and when Clorinda heard his passion, if he was an object worthy her love, why did she not return it? and if there was any sufficient reason against it, why was not that kindly stated, rather than a promise claimed

“ne'er again  
To breathe your vows or speak your pain,” while  
“He bow'd, obey'd, and died.”

This concluding line shews a want of fortitude in the lover. The love of woman, though justly ranking high, is ranked too high when a man, on disappointment, falls lifeless. The recourse to death for disappointed love ought not certainly to receive encouragement from Songs or other publications. If suicide

be held forth, the blame is flagrant ; and if it be only sinking into death through the violence of the disappointment, yet this argues the want of a due habit of fortitude, or else a very undue comparative estimate of the blessings of life.

The Song beginning " The sun was sunk beneath the hill," (p. 21.) I consider as a libel on the female sex, and one of those which do so much harm ; some in exalting them above their rank in society, and some in degrading them below it : but of this I shall treat more at large, when I come to speak upon the Amatory, or Love Songs. The following is the second verse :

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose  
From the hard rock or oozy beach,  
Who from each weed that barren grows  
Expects the grape or downy peach,  
With equal faith may hope to find  
The truth of love in womankind.

In the 3d verse " A woman's venal heart" is mentioned as a general expression, and in the 4th verse are the following lines,

How wretched is the faithful youth !  
Since women's hearts are bought and sold :  
They ask no vows of sacred truth,  
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.

That I may not be hypercritical, I will not

make any remarks to detract from the merit of the very beautiful Song of Tweed Side. (p. 23.)

The Pastoral Ballad by Shenstone, in four parts, (p. 24.) appears in general to deserve the praise you have bestowed upon it, (Essay p. xxviii.) "though unequal in its composition, it has given much pleasure to all who were capable of entering into the delicacies of the soft passion in its purest form." But, in the last verse of the first part, (p. 26.) I find Corydon talking of the *vows* and *devotion* he owes to Phyllis, and, Part 2. v. 6., (p. 28.) so much I her accents *adore*. Part 3. v. 2. (p. 30.) he says

I could lay down my life for the swain,  
Who will sing but a Song in her praise.

Part 4. v. 3. (p. 32.) he says of

"nymphs of a higher degree :  
It is not for me to explain  
How fair and how fickle they be".

v. 5. (p. 33.) *Fate* is introduced as having "never bestow'd such delight"; and v. 6. on account of his Disappointment, he says,

I would hide with the beasts of the chase,

certainly not a sentiment for a *rational* being, much less for a CHRISTIAN.

Of Cunningham, the “ admirer and imitator” of Shenstone, you say, (Essay, p. xxviii.) that he “ has at least equalled him in some pieces written in his manner.” In his Pastoral To the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq. (p. 34.) I find the following verse :

No verdure shall cover the vale,  
 No bloom on the blossoms appear ;  
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,  
 And winter discolour the year.  
 No birds in our hedges shall sing,  
 (Our hedges so vocal before)  
 Since he that should welcome the spring  
 Can greet the gay season no more.

If this be a *wish*, it is uncharitable ; if it be predictive or declarative, it is presumptuous and profane.

Cunningham’s second Pastoral on Content, (p. 35.) with which you close this class of Songs, I have myself given with some trifling alterations in the second volume of my Collection. It had been better, perhaps, if I had made even farther alterations in the third stanza.

I am, Sir, with great respect,  
 Your &c.

## POSTSCRIPT.

As it is my wish, Sir, to make this work a review of your former publication, now re-edited by Mr. Evans, as well as of your present work, I shall annex Postscripts to the Letters on those classes of Songs, which have, as in this case, a direct parallel in the former, or which bear the nearest resemblance to them, noticing those pieces which are omitted in your Vocal Poetry ; reserving for a separate Letter those which are added by Mr. Evans. .

In the Class of Ballads and Pastoral Songs, the first is the very beautiful Ballad of *THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY*, by Dr. Percy, (p. 37.) upon which I have few observations to make. The salutation in the second verse, “ Now Christ thee save”, is a proof that the most sacred names may be introduced with propriety into such compositions. Verse 5, &c. the Friar tells a downright falshood, which I think should have been managed in a different way. V. 11. The lady wishes to die because her lover, as she supposes, is dead, which she has not a right to do. Her grief is very beautifully reprov'd in the two following verses.

*THE HERMIT* of Goldsmith, (p. 42.) upon a similar story, avoids the falshood of which I

complain in the former. It is to my mind a most beautiful Ballad, and far superior to such as Lord Ronald and Cadyow Castle. What the author says upon friendship and love is too severe, and the expression "where heaven and you reside" is going too far in praise: the following verse is admirable;

In humble simplest habit clad,  
No wealth nor power had he;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
But these were all to me.

Angelina is too ready to "lay her down and die."

COLIN AND LUCY, by Tickell, (p. 49.) has certainly a moral purpose, being intended as a warning to young men to keep the vows they make to their sweet-hearts. But the following verses will encourage superstition in weak minds:

Three times all in the dead of night  
A bell was heard to ring;  
And shrieking at her window thrice,  
The raven flapp'd her wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
The solemn-boding sound,  
And thus in dying words bespoke  
The maidens weeping round.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says I must not stay;

I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

- She afterwards dies, her corpse meets Colin, as he is returning from his wedding with another woman, he falls down dead and is buried in the same grave with her, and the poem concludes with the following warning :

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
This hallow'd spot forbear !  
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.

Does *him* mean *fate* personified, or *Colin*, that is, his *ghost*? I suppose the latter, and therefore think it objectionable.

On the belief in Ghosts, and the support which it receives from such productions as WILLIAM AND MARGARET, (p. 53.) I have given my opinion in a former work : See The Notes annexed to my DISCOURSES ON SUBJECTS RELATING TO THE AMUSEMENT OF THE STAGE, p. 143, 147.

You, Sir, in the first volume of your Letters to your Son, (L. xxi. On the prevalence of Truth, p. 222.) seem to entertain sentiments not very dissimilar : “ many of those subjects in which false opinions are most prevalent, lay such hold on the weak parts of man, his passions and affections, that he is in general inca-

pacitated from making proper use of the experience of past ages, and seems doomed to run a perpetual round of the same follies and mistakes. This is the cause why reason has not been able to do more in abolishing superstition. Various species of it have occasionally been rendered unfashionable by ridicule or detection ; but the principle itself keeps its hold in the human breast, ready to seize every opportunity of regaining all the influence it may have lost. In countries the most enlightened by science and letters, it is wonderful how much superstition is constantly lurking among the vulgar of all ranks, nay, among the enlightened themselves : for where the temper disposes to it, both learning and science may be made to afford additional materials for it to work upon. A faith in omens, prophecies, and horoscopes, in fortunate names and numbers, in warnings and apparitions, in supernatural cures, and other fraudulent pretensions respecting the principal objects of hope and fear, is no more likely at the present day to be eradicated, than it was at any former period. Reason has no greater power over these delusions, than the Roman senate had over the influence of the Chaldean soothsayers : “ Genus hominum (says Tacitus) quod in civitate nostra et vetabitur semper, et

retinebitur." It has rendered them in a certain degree discreditable, and reduced them to operate more in secret than formerly, and more individuals have been freed from their sway ; but he must know little of the actual state of things who supposes their present influence to be inconsiderable, or, perhaps, diminishing." And, afterwards, in Letter xxv. which contains " Remarks on an argument in favour of the Reality of Spectral appearances", which argument is Dr. Johnson's, put into the mouth of the Sage, Imlac, in his *Rasselas*, you say (p. 281.) " It may be further observed, that with regard to supposed spectral appearances, the idea of them has, in different countries and ages, received such variations as might be expected from the operation of the fancy modified by variety of circumstances. One remarkable diversity is, that similar things are represented as passing in a vision and in reality ; and sometimes it is not easy to say which of the two is intended." After giving instances from Virgil and Ovid, you say (p. 283.) " It would be easy to multiply instances in which the poets, those faithful recorders of popular superstitions, have thus wavered between vision and reality in their representations of the commerce with

aerial beings.”\* With these references and these extracts I shall rest Margaret’s Ghost, and proceed to EDWIN AND EMMA, (p. 73.) It exhibits a beautiful picture of a delicate passion between the lovers, as related in the following verse :

A mutual flame was quickly caught,  
Was quickly too reveal’d ;  
For neither broom lodg’d a wish,  
Which virtue keeps conceal’d.

The lesson too to parents and relatives not to oppose virtuous love, merely because the object may have no fortune, is valuable ; but,

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\* In the Letter by the Poet Burns to Dr. Moore, giving an account of his life, there is a very curious passage to this effect : “ In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry ; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places ; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors.” (See Dr. Currie’s Edition of Burn’s Works. Vol. I. p. 37.)

here, likewise, there is food for superstition. After Emma's last interview with Edwin it is stated,

Now, homeward, as she, hopeless, went  
The Church-yard path along,  
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
Her lover's fun'ral Song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,  
Her startling fancy found  
In every bush his hovering shade,  
His groan in every sound.

In the last verse but one Emma talks of her lover's *angel face*. The comparing human beings to angels I certainly do not approve. Mr. Walter Scott, in his *Lady of the Lake*, has done this with more reserve than poets generally practise, as he makes the comparison with an *if*. The lines are so beautiful that they are well deserving of insertion in this place :

Some feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven;  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refin'd and clear,  
A tear so limpid and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter's head ! P. 73.

In the last verse of this Ballad of Edwin and Emma, it is said, " She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died", on which subject see before, p. 53.

NANCY OF THE VALE, by Shenstone, "The western sky was purpled o'er", (p. 77.) is a very beautiful Ballad, and is given, with some small alterations, in the second Volume of my Collection. You have omitted it (for which I can see no reason) in your late Volume.

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To illustrate my ideas on this subject still farther, and to afford my readers some relief from continued comment, I shall subjoin some specimens of what appear to me to be good Ballads and Pastoral Songs, or rather what I will call by the more appropriate name of Rural Songs.

**BALLADS**  
**AND**  
**RURAL SONGS.**

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I.

**THE SAILOR'S LOVE'S CONSOLATION.**

BY MRS. SLEATH.

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1

HUSH'D was the storm—the fleet unmoor'd,  
 The top-sails floated on the wind,  
 And many a gallant youth aboard,  
 Sigh'd for the maid he left behind.

2

But earnest vows and looks of love,  
 Were most to gentle Mary giv'n,  
 Vows such as angels might approve,  
 And hear—and register in Heaven!

3

Far off her Henry's voice she hears,  
 He calls—she answers; but in vain;  
 Hark! tis the gun—Fast flow her tears;  
 The vessel rides along the main.

## 4

Awhile sweet hope her bosom cheers,  
Though absent yet their hearts are join'd,  
Henry may bless her future years;  
This still'd the anguish of her mind.

## 5

But ah ! what terrors wait the Fair,  
Whose love on trackless seas is tost !  
She hears, half frantic with despair,  
The vessel's wreck'd—her Henry's lost.

## 6

Impatient griefs her bosom tear,  
She raves—she weeps—nor comfort feels,  
Victim of woe and wild despair,  
She thus her sorrowing heart reveals.

## 7

“ Ah, wretched maid ! unlov'd, unknown !  
“ Bereft of ev'ry earthly joy !  
“ Ne'er shalt thou cease thy loss to mourn,  
“ And weep thy Henry's destiny.

## 8

“ The treasur'd sorrow, now so dear,  
“ Still cherish'd in thy breast shall live ;  
“ Its keenest pangs thy heart revere,  
“ 'Twere sinful couldst thou cease to grieve.”

## 9

She stops.—A voice in accents mild,  
Calm as the Zephyr—far more sweet,  
Salutes her, “ Cease, sad sorrow’s child,  
“ Nor rash that sentiment repeat !

## 10

“ Heav’n, for our good, afflictions dire  
“ In mercy as in wisdom sends ;  
“ Thither then bid thy thoughts aspire,  
“ And make the hosts of Heav’n thy friends.”

## 11

She turn’d to view what it might be,  
That thus the friendly precept gave ;  
One learn’d in heav’nly truths was he,  
Who came to counsel and to save.

## 12

And now the blessed Book he brought,  
And many a holy text to prove,  
How Heav’n is ne’er unmov’d when sought,  
And oft chastises most in love.

## 13

Affliction’s path himself had trod,  
Tost on the world’s delusive shore,  
Till his heart fasten’d on his God,  
And knew despondence now no more.

## 14

She heard. The troublous errors fled,  
Chas'd by Truth's brightening beams they  
flew !  
And soon she bless'd the power which led  
The sage that did her steps pursue.

## 15

His words—his looks—his precepts mild,  
His patient hope—his faith confest,  
The mourner of her griefs beguil'd,  
And calm'd the tempests in her breast.

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## II.

## EDGAR AND ELLA.

BY MR. JAMES LAMB.

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## 1

THE night was dark, and awful was the scene,  
The wind blew high and loud the billows  
roar'd,  
The snow came drifting, and the frost how keen,  
The heath, alas ! no shelter could afford.

## 2

'Twas then young Edgar bent his trackless way  
Ella to meet, by whom he was belov'd.

Whose charms held o'er his heart despotic sway,  
They'd own'd their passions, and their sires  
approv'd.

## 3

The proudest gifts, great Nature e'er bestow'd  
On mortals, sure this virtuous pair possest,  
With wealth too, were they bounteously endow'd,  
And nought they lack'd to make each other  
blest.

## 4

But to the will of all-disposing Heaven  
Ere 'tis accomplish'd human eyes are blind;  
For down a precipice where snow was driven  
He fell, and to his God his soul resign'd.

## 5

Some days elaps'd, when Ella, in despair,  
Found the drear spot that Edgar's corse  
contain'd,  
In wild distraction then she tore her hair,  
And in most impious terms high Heaven  
arraign'd.

## 6

Reason at length recall'd this lovelorn maid,  
Who piously for pardon bent her knee;  
She woo'd her dear religion's balmy aid  
And never more repin'd at God's decree.

## III.

## THE TOKEN.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

## I

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,  
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,  
When Jack, no more on duty call'd,  
His true-love's tokens overhaul'd :

The broken gold, the braided hair,  
The tender motto, writ so fair,  
Upon his 'bacco-box he views,  
Nancy the poet, love the muse :

“ If you loves I as I loves you,  
No pair so happy as we two.”

## 2

The storm—that like a shapeless wreck,  
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,  
That tars for sharks had given a feast,  
And left the ship a hulk—had ceas'd :

When Jack, as with his messmates dear  
He shar'd the grog, their hearts to cheer,  
Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,  
And spelt, for comfort, on the lid,

“ If you loves I as I loves you,  
No pair so happy as we two.”

## 3


The battle—that with horror grim,  
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,  
Had scuppers drench'd with human gore,  
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er :

When Jack, to his companions dear,  
First paid the tribute of a tear,  
Then, as his 'bacco-box he held,  
Restor'd his comfort as he spell'd,  
“ If you loves I as I loves you,  
No pair so happy as we two.”

## 4

The voyage—that had been long and hard,  
But that had yielded full reward ;  
That brought each sailor to his friend,  
Happy and rich—was at an end :

When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,  
Beheld his Nancy on the shore,  
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,  
And cried, and seiz'd the willing maid ;  
“ If you loves I as I loves you,  
No pair so happy as we two.”



## IV.

## THE NEW

## SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

## 1

THE Barleycorns throughout our isle  
Are a numerous family,  
And, if thou'lt listen for a while,  
Their fame my theme shall be.

## 2

But of that branch I tell alone,  
Which in a village fair,  
For truth and honesty were known  
By all the dwellers there.

## 3

John Barleycorn, of whom I speak,  
A servant long had been,  
And none could say, e'en in a freak,  
He e'er got drunk with him.

## 4

The Clergyman, the Justice too,  
As well I understand,  
Familiarly, John was so true,  
Would take him by the hand.

## 5

Plump in his make, in russet coat,  
And what but strange appear'd,  
When of ripe age, you well might note  
He wore a long stiff *beard*.

## 6

John's master said he was so pleas'd  
With services so rare,  
So much his toils and cares he'd eas'd,  
He should his substance share.

## 7

Ten acres of new-broken land  
He did assign him then,  
And said there waited his command  
His horses, carts and men.

## 8

In this new situation John  
Began to thrive amain,  
A num'rous family anon  
The land did well maintain.

## 9

The sun, the wind, the rain and dew,  
All seem'd as for them giv'n,  
And, while in health and strength they grew,  
They rais'd their heads to Heav'n.

## 10

Meanwhile his master, still intent  
To serve and do him good,  
Near him a house prepar'd, and sent  
To say how matters stood.

## 11

The village all, with joy elate  
To see John once more come,  
Repair'd th' event to celebrate,  
And, shouting, brought him home.

## 12

Here John, beneath his master's eye,  
Secure and happy dwelt,  
His master could his faults espy,  
But all his virtues felt.

## 13

The richest ears have still their straw,  
Its chaff the fairest grain,  
With chastening hand he'd vice withdraw,  
And virtue would retain.

## 14

Thenceforth was John a better wight,  
Of greater worth confest ;  
In his own phrase, he was *clean dight*,  
His neighbours said *well drest*.

## 15

At length a *flood* assail'd good John,  
For two long nights and days,  
No harm it did, he thriv'd thereon,  
This truth th' *Exciseman* says.

## 16

Without a figure I would say,  
That John was fairly *steep'd*,  
And a *warm man* he *grew*, but lay  
Longer, and soundly slept.

## 17

But this indulgence, it is said,  
From sloth did not arise,  
“Early at morn, early to bed”  
His maxim was most wise.

## 18

Another truth is, as I've heard,  
Tho' John was highly *tax'd*,  
He never spoke a grumbling word,  
Nor 's loyalty relax'd.

## 19

A *fire*, then, both fierce and strong,  
In threat'ning aspect rose,  
But, timely quench'd, there nought was wrong,  
It *sweeten'd* his repose.

## 20

At length he enter'd on a *Mill*,  
His usual fortune there  
Attended him, he flourish'd still,  
More rich his virtues were.

## 21

His hand at *brewing* next he tried,  
Success was more and more,  
Such *beer*, such *ale*, his friends all said  
Ne'er tasted was before.

## 22

No roguery in him was found,  
No drugs from chemists' shops,  
His beer was always good and sound,  
'Twas made of *malt* and hops.

## 23

At length, John Barleycorn, 'tis said,—  
Nor think I'm speaking scorn,—  
For so much worth a Knight was made,  
Fam'd SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

## 24

Unknown if with Address to court  
From borough-town he went,  
Or service in the field he wrought,  
And life in glory spent.

25

Our second Charles, of fame facete',  
On loin of beef did dine,  
He held his broad sword o'er the meat,  
And dub'd it then SIR LOIN.

26

But whether then the nut-brown ale,  
In silver tankard borne,  
Receiv'd like honour, records fail  
In th' house of Barleycorn.

27

Suffice it that he *is* a Knight  
For service to the State,  
And may we all his love requite,  
His fame still celebrate.

28

Long Life to SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN  
I drink with all my heart :  
Put round, my boys, the drinking-horn,  
But *sober* let us part.

J. P.

## V.

## THE PEASANT.

## 1

THE peasant's blest, who in his cot,  
Secure from flatt'ry and deceit,  
The bread his honest labour got,  
In peace can eat.

## 2

Whose family to cloathe and feed  
Does each new day his hands employ,  
But toils, well pleas'd, th' approaching need  
To satisfy.

## 3

O happy state, which so contents!  
Who's cheerful, tho' he's poor;  
Who asks of Heav'n what nature wants,  
But asks no more.

## 4

The miser's fears ne'er rack his breast,  
Each night he lays him down in peace;  
No dreams of rapine break his rest,  
He sleeps at ease.

## 5

Rises each morn with early dews,  
Salutes with joy the welcome day;  
And in the fields his toil pursues,  
With spirits gay.

## 6

When nature calls for nourishment,  
On some soft mossy bank he sits,  
And food that's sweeten'd by content,  
He thankful eats.

## 7

Nor guilt, nor fear his joys dismay,  
Each thought fresh comfort brings ;  
Thus happy all the livelong day,  
He works and sings.

## 8

But when the sun retracts his rays,  
And evening smoaks from chimneys come ;  
Then, thoughtless, with an easy pace,  
Goes whistling home.

## 9

There he his leisure hours enjoys,  
Laughing at merry tale or jest,  
Till sleep o'erpowers his weary eyes ;  
Then goes to rest.

## 10

Thus steal away his earthly days,  
In health, content, and ease,  
Till he the debt of nature pays,  
And dies in peace.

## 11

Each neighb'ring peasant weeps his end,  
 Dropping a kind unfeigned tear ;  
 And mourns for his departed friend,  
 With heart sincere.

## 12

O Heav'n ! let me such bliss enjoy,  
 Crown'd with content, and free from blame ;  
 And may good deeds, whene'er I die,  
 Record my fame.  
 J. W.

## VI.

## THE LABOURER'S WELCOME HOME.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

## 1


THE Ploughman whistles o'er the furrow,  
 The Hedger joins the vacant strain,  
 The Woodman sings the woodland thorough,  
 The Shepherd's pipe delights the plain :  
 Where'er the anxious eye can roam,  
 Or ear receive the jocund pleasure,  
 Myriads of beings thronging flock  
 Of nature's song to join the measure,  
 Till to keep time the village clock  
 Sounds, sweet, the labourer's welcome home.

## 2

The hearth swept clean, his partner smiling,  
Upon the shining table smoaks  
The frugal meal ; while, time beguiling,  
The ale the harmless jest provokes :  
Ye inmates of the lofty dome,  
Admire his lot—his children, playing,  
To share his smiles around him flock,  
And faithful Tray, since morn that straying  
Trudg'd with him, till the village clock  
Proclaim'd the labourer's welcome home.

## 3

The cheering faggot burnt to embers,  
While Angels round their vigils keep,  
That Power, that poor and rich remembers,  
Each thanks, and then retires to sleep :  
And now, the Lark climbs heav'n's high dome,  
Fresh from repose, toil's kind reliever,  
And furnish'd with his daily stock,  
His dog, his staff, his keg, his beaver,  
He travels, till the village clock  
Sounds, sweet, the labourer's welcome home.



## VII.

## YOUNG WILLIAM, THE LABOURER.

## 1

THE pride of the Village young William was  
seen,  
So mild in his temper, so comely in mien,  
At church no one e'er was more constant  
than he,  
Of his age, no one labour'd more hearty and  
free.  
He had enter'd, exulting, his twenty-fifth year,  
And a wife and a babe did his cottage endear,  
No vice nor excess had enfeebled his strength,  
And his years seem'd to promise to run their  
full length.

## 2

'Twas his lot, with two others, in Harvest to  
mow,  
Who, by their rude strength, all his powers  
could out go,  
And, the talk running high on the portion of  
work  
To be done by the man who disdain'd e'er to  
*shirk,*

A trial of strength and of skill was agreed,  
And applause was to crown him who best should  
succeed ;  
With the first of the morn was the trial begun,  
And it ended when down in the west set the sun.

## 3

From morn until eve, with his might and his  
main,  
Young William encounter'd the veteran twain,  
He toil'd and he labour'd, and when the sun set,  
Young William these two season'd mowers had  
beat ;  
But dear was his triumph, for, ah ! the sunk sun  
Was an emblem too true of the course he had run,  
O'er-toil'd, his young frame had sustain'd a  
rude shock,  
Tho' his health, ere that day, seem'd as firm as  
a rock.

## 4

A few weeks he linger'd, Consumption's chill  
hand  
Had seiz'd on a frame unprepar'd to withstand ;  
E'en the care and the kindness the Hospital  
gave  
Could not stay his quick course to the house of  
the grave.

Too late he lamented his fool-hardy boast,  
 And all his fair prospects so fatally crost;  
 His errors confess'd, hope arose in his mind,  
 And to God's gracious mercy his soul he  
 resign'd.

## 5

Oh! you, in the vigour of life's joyous prime,  
 Whose industry, spirits and health keep due time,  
 Be warn'd by Young William, nor, eager for  
 fame,  
 Destroy prematurely a strong healthy frame.  
 And, you, who ere this some bad course have  
 begun,  
 Love the virtues of William, his faults only shun;  
 And if his example vain-glory restrain,  
 Nor his life, nor his death, is recorded in vain.

J. P.

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 VIII.

## PATTY.

BY WILLIAM HALLOWAY.

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 1

WHEN morning first open'd her dew-dripping  
 eye,  
 And the tapers of night disappear'd,

been very properly called the sunshine of life."

But, in connection with these, we are to consider those other texts, which censure the very sentiments contained in the songs; as, where St. Paul, (1 Cor. xv. 32.) quotes the *Epicurean* maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"; and immediately adds, "Be not deceived: Evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame". (V. 33, 34.) Again, (1 Cor. vii. 29—32.) "I say, brethren, the time is short. It remaineth that" "they that weep, be as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away. But I would have you without carefulness." So also, (in 1 Peter. i. 17.) "Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear." "The end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober." (Do. iv. 7.) "Casting all your care upon him," (God,) "for he careth for you. Be sober, be vigilant." (Do. v. 7, 8.) These precepts teach a sobriety of mind, which, though quite consistent with cheerfulness and guarded mirth,

is certainly inconsistent with the abandoning ourselves to mirth in an inconsiderate way,—inconsistent with converting the shortness of life (and similar topics) into a confused kind of reason for passing that life in levity, or for admitting promiscuously every idea that offered itself for our seasons of recreation.

Mrs. More, in the VIth Part of the History of the Two Shoe-makers, which is a Dialogue On the Duty of carrying Religion into our Amusements, and the greater part of which I have inserted in the Introduction to my Collection of Songs, has considered some of the foregoing texts, in connection with some passages from songs, as

“ Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
Let us strew the way over with flowers.”

*See the Opera of Thomas and Sally.*

And

“ Bring the flask, the music bring,  
Joy shall quickly find us;  
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,  
And cast dull care behind us.”

*See the Finale to Lionel and Clarissa.*

She shews how much the poet is at variance with the Christian precepts ; but I consider it sufficient in this place to state them together, and refer those, who wish to see more on the subject, to the Dialogue and to the Introduction, and, for some farther illustration of it, to the

Preface to the third Volume of my Collection of Songs, p. vii. and I shall proceed to consider the Songs which you have given in this class.

The Song beginning "No glory I covet," (p. 37.) I have given in the second Volume of my Collection; but the sentiment "The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant Is a mind independent and free", I altered to "One thing which I beg &c." as persons have many other things to beg of Heaven than a free and independent mind. *Heaven* appears to me to be introduced with propriety in this verse, as is *Providence* in the third :

"The blessings, which Providence freely has lent,  
I'll justly and gratefully prize".

The MORAL THOUGHT, by Hawkesworth, "Through groves sequester'd", (p. 38.) is in my Collection, and I have no observation to make upon it.

"What man in his wits had not rather be poor", (p. 39.) by the Rev. Samuel Wesley, is also in my second volume; but thinking the first of the two lines of the conclusion uncharitable,

"Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please,  
But not even mine enemy die."

I altered them to

"Such a wretch should mine enemy live, may it please  
Kind Heav'n he repent ere he die."

“ Oh! what is the gain of restless care”, (p. 40.) by Mr. Smyth, is certainly a very pleasing poem; but the expression in the fourth line from the end, “ there alone can the heart be gay,” I do not think just, as the heart *can* be gay in *many other* situations.

In “ Come, dear Amanda!” (p. 41.) line three from the end,

“ And wisely crop the blooming day;”

the invitation to “ secure the short delight” seems sufficiently guarded by putting the word *wisely*.

That I may not appear too severe, I will not object to the Song beginning “ Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze,” (p. 41.) farther than to the last line of the fourth verse “ The Gods of health and pleasure dwell,” which I should alter to “ The *Sons* of health and pleasure dwell.”

In the beautiful Song “ Dear is my little native vale,” (p. 43.) I could have wished that the Hours had had some other epithet than *fairy-footed*.

“ Not on beds of fading flowers” (p. 44.) is in my Collection; but I altered the last line but one from “ So from the first did Jove ordain”, to “ For thus does Providence ordain”.

JUNO’S SONG in the Judgment of Paris. (p. 45.)

Let ambition fire thy mind,  
 Thou wert born o'er men to reign;  
 Not to follow flocks design'd;  
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.  
 Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet;  
 Thou on necks of kings shall tread;  
 Joys in circles joys shall meet  
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led. &c. &c.

*Firing the mind with ambition, and treading on the necks of kings*, appears to me to go far, very far beyond a "calm and reasonable philosophy", and "justly to excite the censure of the moralist". (See before p. 94.)

"The wretch condemn'd with life to part" (p. 46.) is in my collection.

"O Memory! thou fond deceiver", (p. 46.) appears to me to be much too unqualified. MEMORY has its PLEASURES as well as its pains, and "he who wants each other blessing", by which I suppose we are to understand the blessings of this life, must not by any means necessarily "find a foe" in Memory. If he has treasured up in it the records of a good conscience, together with the promises of that reward to which a good conscience is permitted to look forward, it will afford him consolation amid his "woe" in this life, and afford him the hope of unfading happiness in that which is to come.

After the high commendation which you have

given in a note upon Goldsmith's Song, beginning "When lovely woman stoops to folly", (p. 47.) and also in your Letters on Poetry, (L. xix. p. 271.) I feel much reluctance in objecting to it. Goldsmith is a favourite author with me, and his Vicar of Wakefield, in which this song is introduced, is a work to which I am very partial. I should have been glad to have inserted this Song in my Collection, but on mature consideration, I could not do so. The *point*, which you so much admire,—to *die*, appears to me in its seeming sentiment and beauty to have misled him; for, surely, it cannot with propriety be said, that it is the part of a woman under such circumstances—to die: that is, either to bring on her death directly, or indirectly, or even to *wish* it; but to wait God's good time, and by penitence, and trust in the merits of a Redeemer, hope that her sin may be forgiven.

"Lucy, I think not of thy beauty;" (p. 47.) by Matilda Betham, is a very sweet poem, as is THE ROSE, (p. 49.) "A Rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower," by Cowper. It is in my Collection, and is one of the most delightful poems I know. It shews the very happy art which he had of eliciting a moral from the most common incidents of life: I am only sur-

prised that you have not selected more from his stores. His *Winter Nosegay* is nearly equal to it.

THE MANSION OF REST, "I talk'd to my fluttering heart," (p. 50.) appears to me to be objectionable in several respects. *Friendship* is called a "witch", and it is said that she "could stab while she smil'd." This was *not* Friendship, then, but some one under her name. So again *Love* and his "sorcery" is mentioned, and that the soul would never with him find a Mansion of rest. Here, again, either it was not true love, or the rest sought was not such as there was any reason to expect to find. In the last verse *Joy* is called a *Phantom*, *Reason* is represented as *stern*, and *the grave* is considered as the Mansion of Rest. I would rather have pointed to a *brighter Mansion*, HEAVEN. The strain of this Song appears to me to be of the same kind, but going farther than Solomon intended, when he pronounced his maxim, that "All is Vanity"; and which, even in his acceptance, you do not think it "practically useful to inculcate." (Letters on Poetry. L. iv. p. 36.)

THE BANKS OF AYR, "The gloomy night is gathering fast," (p. 52.) by Burns, is, as you

term it, a pathetic piece. Its moral is neither good nor bad.

“To Fair Fidele’s grassy tomb” (p. 53.) by Collins, has a very pleasing versification, together with great pathos and poetic beauty; but I find in it “wailing ghost,” “withered witch,” “goblins” and “female fays.”\*

\* I hope I shall stand excused, if I take this opportunity of noticing a passage in the Preface to a Volume of “POETRY FOR CHILDREN: consisting of Short Pieces to be committed to memory. Selected by Lucy Aikin”. The Preface opens with this sentence, “Since dragons and fairies, giants and witches, have vanished from our nurseries before the wand of reason, it has been a prevailing maxim, that the young mind should be fed on mere prose and simple matter of fact.” &c. &c. I did not expect, after this, to have found, page 112, THE FAIRY’S SONG.

This Book was put into my hands by a gentleman, to look it over, to see whether I considered it a proper book to give away as one of the rewards to the Children of the School here; when I made the following observations upon it: Page 27, (Fifth Edition) is a poem on *Insects*, which begins

Observe the insect race, ordain’d to keep  
The lazy sabbath of a half-year’s sleep.

The epithet *lazy* seems to be improperly applied to the sabbath, as it is not a day of *sloth* but of necessity, or at least salutary rest. P. 35. *Fortune* is made the disposer of men’s affairs:

I care not, Fortune! what you me deny:  
You cannot rob me of free nature’s grace.

P. 47. Is *The Midsummer Wish*, consisting of the five first

MORNING AND EVENING, " Say, sweet carol ! who are they" has nothing very objectionable in it, nor the Song addressed To MAY, " Born in yon blaze of orient sky" except that she is made a *Goddess*.

THE SOLDIER, which begins,

What dreaming drone was ever blest  
By thinking of the morrow ?

verses of " Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze". On which see before, p. 100. In Vocal Poetry it is attributed to Lansdowne, in Poetry for Children to Croxall. P. 77. *The Huntsman* encourages the cruel amusement of Hunting, and *Exercise*, p. 96. encourages that and other cruel sports, which are said to produce *pleasure*. P. 111. *Hunting the Hare* is called *glorious triumphs*; and the following lines appear to me to contain ideas not proper to be put into the minds of school boys on such an occasion:

afflictive birch  
No more the school-boy dreads : his prison broke,  
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call ; &c.

wild crowds  
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet phrensy seized.

P. 122. Is an extract from Addison's Letter from *Italy*, where " the golden groves," which he sees around him, when transplanted to " the coast of Britain's stormy isle" are made to *curse* " the cold clime". Afterwards we have " Bear me some god", as if there really were many Gods. Again " kind heav'n" is represented as having " adorn'd the happy land,

And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !"

The word *wasteful* seems to imply *censure* on the *bounties* of Heaven. P. 125. *Liberty* is represented as a " goddess, heav'nly bright," and " smiling plenty" is said to lead her " wanton train." Of course *wanton* must be considered as meaning only *sportive*, or else it is objectionable.

To day be mine—I leave the rest  
 To all the fools of sorrow :  
 Give me the mind that mocks at care, &c.

is, I think, much too Anacreontic and militates against the principles laid down in page 95, &c.

The WAR SONG, “ I mark’d his madly-rolling eye”, has nothing in it particularly to censure.

“ Ye mariners of England,” deserves the commendation, which you, Sir, have bestowed upon it in the note, with respect to its poetical merit; but I had rather not have met with such expressions as,

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from ev’ry wave.

Britannia — — —  
 With thunders from her native oak  
 She quells the floods below.\*

This being the last of your Class of Moral and Miscellaneous Songs, I shall now add my own Selection of Songs of a similar description,

and am, Sir,  
 with great respect,  
 your &c.

---

\* A friend informs me he has been told “ that the firing of guns does actually calm the sea: and if we allow this fact, the poetical colouring is not much.”

MORAL  
AND  
MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

---

I.  
VIRTUE.

BY J. OAKMAN.

---

1

YE virgins and youths of the plain,  
So innocent, happy and gay,  
I mean not your sports to restrain,  
Yet listen awhile to my lay ;  
'Tis Virtue that lifts up the song,  
'Tis she ev'ry joy can improve,  
To her all the graces belong,  
And all the fond raptures of love.

2

The streamlet, the mead and the bow'r,  
With all the kind blessings of spring,  
More charming are made by her power,  
For sweetness still drops from her wing.  
'Tis Virtue that banishes care,  
From her you must happiness claim,  
She your worth to the world will declare,  
And crown you with honour and fame.

II.

JUSTICE.

BY THOMAS SCOTT.

---

1

FORBID it, Heav'n, that e'er I eat  
The bread of craftiness and wrong,  
A curse would poison all my meat,  
As fatal as the viper's tongue.

2

I ne'er will raise a poor man's sigh,  
His hire shall never swell my store ;  
I dread the poor man's plaintive cry,  
I fear the Father of the Poor.

3

If I in darkness (base misdeed !)  
Assassinate my neighbour's fame ;  
By me if innocence bleed,  
Cancel from earth my hated name.

4

Ah ! no ; let me with strong delight  
To all the tax of duty pay ;  
Tender of ev'ry social right,  
Revering thy all-righteous sway.

Such virtue thou wilt ne'er forget,  
In worlds where ev'ry virtue shares  
High recompence ; tho' not of debt,  
But which thy bounteous grace prepares.

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III.

ADVERSITY.

BY THOMAS SCOTT.

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1

How high our sanguine hopes we raise !  
How hotly our desires pursue  
What fancy's magic glass displays  
Enlarg'd and tempting to the view !

These mortal objects of our love  
Too closely twine about our heart,  
Seduce our souls from things above,  
And hardly leave to God a part.

2

O bitter change ! when Heav'n's kind hand  
Snatches the fatal joy away,  
Our feeble reason scarce can stand  
Firm in affliction's stormy day.

We weep, we laugh, in mad extreme ;  
 Here, all delight ; all sadness there :  
 Now on the mount of bliss we seem,  
 Now in the quagmire of despair.

3

Stoics, who on your strength presume,  
 Could all your toiling wisdom find  
 A light to cheer affliction's gloom,  
 A balsam for the wounded mind ?

In vain you hail him good and great,  
 Whose stedfast soul no ills can move ;  
 Boast him impregnable to fate,  
 And equal to your mighty Jove.

4

Vain world, whose scenes of bliss and woe  
 Are shifting every fleeting hour ;  
 No longer shall our spirits owe  
 Their peace, or trouble, to thy pow'r.

Teach us, thou Comforter divine,  
 Contentment ; should our all be gone :  
 Teach us submission meek as thine,  
 " Father, thy will, not mine be done."



IV.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

---

1

Come, Disappointment, come !  
Not in thy terrors clad ;  
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise ;  
Thy chastening rod but terrifies  
The restless and the bad.  
But I recline  
Beneath thy shrine,  
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful  
cypress twine.

2

Tho' Fancy flies away  
Before thy hollow tread,  
Yet Meditation in her cell,  
Hears, with faint eye, the ling'ring knell,  
That tells her hopes are dead ;  
And tho' the tear  
By chance appear,  
Yet who can smile and say, my all was not  
laid here.

3

Come, Disappointment, come !  
 Tho' from hope's summit hurl'd,  
 Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiv'n,  
 For thou severe wert sent from heav'n,  
 To wean me from the world ;  
 To turn my eye  
 From vanity,  
 And point to scenes of bliss that never, never  
 die.

4

What is this passing scene ?  
 A peevish April day !  
 A little sun—a little rain,  
 And then night sweeps along the plain,  
 And all things fade away.  
 Man (soon discuss'd)  
 Yields up his trust,  
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him in  
 the dust.

5

Oh ! what is Beauty's power ?  
 It flourishes and dies ;  
 Will the cold earth its silence break,  
 To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek,  
 Beneath its surface lies ?

Mute, mute is all  
O'er beauty's fall,  
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in  
her pall.

6

The most belov'd on earth,  
Not long survives to-day ;  
So music past is obsolete,  
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,  
But now 'tis gone away.  
Thus does the shade  
In memory fade,  
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.

7

Then since this world is vain,  
And volatile and fleet,  
Why should I lay up earthly joys,  
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,  
And cares and sorrows eat !  
Why fly from ill,  
With anxious skill,  
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing  
heart be still.

8

Come, Disappointment, come !  
Thou art not stern to me ;

Sad Monitress ! I own thy sway,  
 A votary sad in early day,  
 I pay my court to thee.  
     From sun to sun  
     My race will run,  
 I only bow and say, My God, thy will be done !

---

V.

TO-MORROW.

---

1

How sweet to the heart is the thought of To-  
 morrow,  
 When Hope's pleasing pictures bright co-  
 lours display !  
 How sweet, when we can from futurity borrow  
 A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day !

2

When wearisome sickness has taught me to  
 languish  
 For health, and the comforts it bears on its  
 wing,  
 Let me hope (oh ! how soon it would lessen my  
 anguish)  
 That To-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

3

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, un-  
friended,  
Sweet the hope that To-morrow my wan-  
d'rings will cease ;  
That at home, then, with care sympathetic  
attended,  
I shall rest unmolested and slumber in peace.

4

Or when from the friends of my heart long di-  
vided,  
The fond expectation with joy how replete !  
That from far distant regions, by Providence  
guided,  
To-morrow will see us most happily meet.

5

When six days of labour each other suc-  
ceeding,  
With hurry and toil have my spirits op-  
press'd,  
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,  
To-morrow will be a sweet Sabbath of rest.

6

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,  
When life is fast-fleeting, and death is in  
sight,  
The Christian believing, exulting, aspiring,  
Beholds a To-morrow of endless delight :

But the Infidel then!—he sees no To-morrow!  
 Yet he knows that his moments are hastening  
 away :  
 Poor wretch ! can he feel without heart-rending  
 sorrow,  
 That his joys and his life will expire with  
 to-day !

---

VI.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

---

I

THE sun was departed, the mild zephyr blowing  
 Bore over the plain the perfume of the  
 flowers ;  
 In soft undulations the streamlet was flowing,  
 And calm meditation led forward the hours :  
 I struck the full chord, and the ready tear  
 started,  
 I sung of an exile, forlorn, broken hearted,  
 Like him, from my bosom all joy is departed,  
 And sorrow has stol'n from the lyre all its  
 pow'rs.

2

I paus'd on the strain, when fond mem'ry,  
tenacious,

Presented the form I must ever esteem :

Retrac'd scenes of pleasure, alas, how fallacious !

Evanescent all, all, as the shades of a dream.

Yet still, as they rush'd thro' oppress'd recol-  
lection,

The silent tear fell, and the pensive reflection

Immers'd my sad bosom in deeper dejection,

On which cheering Hope scarcely glances  
a beam.

3

In vain into beauty all Nature is springing,

In vain smiling Spring does the blossoms  
unfold ;

In vain round my cot the wing'd choristers  
singing,

When each soft affection is dormant and cold.

E'en sad as the merchant, bereav'd of his  
treasure,

So slow beats my heart, and so languid its  
measure,

So dreary, so lonely, a stranger to pleasure,

Around it Affliction her mantle hath roll'd.

4

But meek Resignation supporting the spirit,

Unveils a bright scene to the uplifted eye ;

A scene, which the patient and pure shall inherit,

Where hearts bleed no more, and the tear shall be dry.

There souls, which on earth in each other delighted,

By friendship, by honour, by virtue united,  
Shall meet, and their pleasures no more shall be blighted,

But perfect and pure as their love be their joy.

VII.

THE WINTER FRIEND.

I

WHEN the vocal cuckoo wings  
To southern climes his way ;  
When the swifts in giddy rings  
Their vent'rous flight essay ;  
When the linnet droops forlorn  
Upon the naked spray ;  
Mute the blackbird on the thorn,  
And lark that hails the day ;  
Still the robin whistles clear,  
And braves the fading year.

2

Other flatt'ers come and go,  
 The frolic train of spring ;  
 Fearful from the drifting snow  
 They urge their rapid wing.  
 Other warblers cease their strain  
 When storms forbid to roam,  
 But Robin then forsakes the plain,  
 And gives us songs at home :  
 Let the fickle sporters flee,—  
 The *Winter Friend* for me.

---

VIII.

GRATITUDE.

*From the Opera of The Royal Merchant,*

BY THOMAS HULL.

---

1

Go traverse the field and the grove,  
 Examine the grain and the flower,  
 How nourish'd and cheer'd by the dew !  
 How beautiful after a shower !  
 To the Power who gave them to shine,  
 Ah ! tell me what seem they to say ?  
 “ We flourish in duty to you,  
 That you may approve us are gay.”

## 2

“ We teem with increase and delight,  
 To honour the source of our birth ;  
 For this are we rich in the gale,  
 For this we are gay on the earth.”

Of their treasure, so free, so diffuse,  
 Sweet emblems ! how well they impart  
 The fulness of pleasure and pride,  
 When gratitude springs in the heart.

## IX.

## THE PATRON.

IF e'er a Patron I shall find,  
 Who may to serve me prove inclin'd,  
 Be it my lot propitious  
 To find a man of generous soul,  
 Who scorns his Client to controul,  
 Whom none can say is vicious :

## 2

Who gives his favours from a sense  
 That he has duties to dispense,  
 And steward is of Heav'n ;  
 Who, guided by no sordid views,  
 His sacred trust will ne'er abuse,  
 Remembering why 'tis giv'n :

3

Who, in his mode of giving, adds  
A grace to bounty, and who glads  
The very heart he favours ;  
No burden then his love I'll find,  
But be to gratitude inclin'd,  
While all of good-will savours :

4

Who will not in return demand  
A mean compliance at my hand,  
Or mark extreme each error ;  
But, rather, who the friend shall prove,  
To bind my heart by cords of love,  
And not by abject terror.\*

5

Sure pain would on the thought attend,  
To differ from a generous friend :  
'Twould give me grief unfeigned  
To think my Patron against me  
Had e'en the semblance of a plea,  
Or justly he complained.

---

\* There is a sentiment, in the *Opera* of THE ACCOMPLISHED MAID, which has always struck me as being extremely beautiful, and shewing an admirable heart in the Speaker : *Fanny* says, " How bountiful has Providence been in allotting me such humane Benefactors, who, by kindness, convert misfortune into a blessing". She does not repine at her dependent state, but feels grateful for, and rejoices in, the benevolence of her Patrons.

## 6

But, if it chanc'd—as chance it might,—  
 The best man is not always right—  
 That he and I agree not ;  
 To me let him that credit give,  
 Which he from others would receive,  
 My failings spare, or see not.

## 7

But if, unknowing, I offend,  
 Still may I find he is my Friend,  
 And friendly may he smite me ;\*  
 Admonish'd then my fault I'll mourn,  
 And to his love a quick return  
 May firmly re-unite me.

## 8

Ne'er may he harbour in his breast  
 Conceal'd dislike, which, unconfest,  
 Misleads me by forbearance ;  
 And in the end I have to find,  
 With keenest anguish of the mind,  
 His love was but appearance.

## 9

Oh ! never may I pine unheard,  
 Heart-sick at last from hope deferr'd,†  
 And fruitless expectation :

\* Psalm cxli. 5.      † Prov. xiii. 12.

Heart-whole, I'd smile at grief and pain,  
 Content with godliness is gain,\*  
 Unanswer'd hope's vexation.

## 10

Oh ! then, unless thus good and kind  
 A Patron I may haply find,  
 May Heav'n bestow Contentment :  
 That as thro' Life's low vale I steal,  
 I be not tempted to reveal  
 Sad symptoms of resentment.

## 11

Be ev'ry station where I'm plac'd,  
 With humble resignation grac'd,  
 How low or high soever :  
 In poverty, that I repin'd,  
 Or high, to arrogance inclin'd,  
 Be it never said,—O, never.

## 12

If Patron e'er become myself,—  
 And who so low, but sometimes, pelf  
 Is his to give another?—  
 Oh ! then, I pray sincere, that I  
 May act as I would be done by,  
 And hold that man my *Brother*.

---

\* 1 Tim. vi. 6.

13

And, as the man's more blest who gives,\*  
 Than he who bounty but receives,—  
 This truth consider duly !—  
 So let me ever think, that he,  
 Who gratefully accepts from me,  
 Becomes my Friend most truly.

---

X.

HEALTH.

BY DR. COTTON.

---

1

ATTEND my precepts, thoughtless youths,  
 Ere long you'll think them weighty truths ;  
 Prudent it were to think so now,  
 Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow :  
 Folly, who at his early years  
 Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.  
 If Folly has possess'd his prime,  
 Disease shall gather strength in time.

2

The subject of my song is Health,  
 A good superior far to wealth.

---

\* Acts xx. 35.

Can the young mind distrust its worth ?  
 Consult the monarchs of the earth :  
 Imperial Czars, and Sultans own  
 No gem so bright that decks their throne ;  
 Each for this pearl his crown would quit,  
 And turn a rustic, or a cit.

## 3

Mark, tho' the blessing's lost with ease,  
 'Tis not recover'd when you please.  
 How fruitless the physician's skill,  
 How vain the penitential pill,  
 The marble monuments proclaim,  
 The humbler turf confirms the same.  
 Prevention is the better cure ;  
 So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.

## 4

Let temp'rance constantly preside,  
 Our best physician, friend and guide !  
 Would you to wisdom make pretence,  
 Proud to be thought a man of sense ?—  
 Let temp'rance (always friend to fame)  
 With steady hand direct your aim ;  
 For they who slight her golden rules,  
 In Wisdom's volume stand for fools.

XI.

THE PROVERBS OF THREESCORE :

*Affectionately addressed to Eighteen.*

BY NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD.

---

1

HAVE you seen the delightless abode,  
Where Penury nurses Despair ;  
Where comfortless Life is a load  
Age wishes no longer to bear.  
Ah ! who, in this lazerhouse pent,  
His lone wailings sends up to the skies ?  
'Tis the man whose young prime was mispent ;  
'Tis he who so bitterly sighs.

2

His youth, sunk in profligate waste,  
Left no comforts life's evening to cheer ;  
He must only its bitterness taste,  
No friend, no kind relative near.  
His children by want forc'd to roam,  
Are aliens wherever they are ;  
They have long left his desolate home  
Have left him alone to despair.

## 3

Have you seen the delectable place,  
 Where honor'd age loves to abide ;  
 Where Plenty, and Pleasure, and Peace,  
 With Virtue and Wisdom reside ?  
 Autumn's fruits he has carefully stor'd ;  
 His herds willing tributes abound :  
 And the smiles of his plenteous board,  
 By his children's children are crown'd.

## 4

And his is the godlike delight,  
 The power to relieve the distress'd !  
 Who can contemplate blessings so bright,  
 And not wish to be equally bless'd.  
 Then let not the means be forgot :  
 Remember, and mark this great truth ;  
 'Twas not chance fix'd his prosperous lot,  
 'Twas the virtues of provident Youth.

## 5

If such a bright prospect can charm,  
 If you feel emulation arise,  
 If your juvenile bosom is warm  
 With the hope to be wealthy and wise ;  
 O cherish the noble design,  
 The maxims of Prudence pursue,  
 Application and Industry join,  
 Thus Plenty and Peace will you woo.

## 6

Early cultivate Virtue's rich seeds ;  
 These will fruits in life's winter display :  
 Ne'er defer till to-morrow good deeds,  
 That as well might be finish'd to-day.  
 For Age and Experience can tell,  
 And you'll find, when you grow an old man,  
 Tho' its never too late to do well,  
 You will wish you had sooner began.

---

## XII.

## THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

ALTERED FROM DR. WALTER POPE.

---

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,  
 May I live in some village or small country town,  
 May I have a warm house, and may ever my  
 door  
 Be open alike to the rich and the poor :  
 May I govern my passions with absolute  
 sway,  
 Grow wiser and better as strength wears  
 away,  
 And die, if 't please Heav'n, by a gentle  
 decay.

## 2

Near a thick shady grove, and a murmuring  
brook,

With the ocean at distance whereon I may look ;  
With a spacious green plain, without hedge,  
ditch, or stile,

And an easy pad-nag to ride out for awhile.

May I govern, &c.

## 3

With my Bible, in which may I ev'ry day read,  
Some author who's sound in his practice and  
creed,

With Cowper, Young, Milton, and two or  
three more

Of the best wits who liv'd in the ages before ;

May I govern, &c.

## 4

With mutton prefer'd e'en to ven'son or teal,  
And clean tho' coarse linen at every meal,  
With a glass, if my health shall require it, of  
wine,

To drink *Church and King* whensoever I dine :

May I govern, &c.

## 5

With courage, tho' humble, to meet my last  
day,—

And when in the grave may the rich and poor  
say,

“ In the morn of his life to his evening’s last  
close

His God he still fear’d, and, we trust, meets  
repose :

For he govern’d his passions with absolute  
sway,

Grew wiser and better as strength wore away,  
And died trusting to live in a yet brighter day”.

J. P.

---

### XIII.

#### THE OLD MAN’S COMFORTS, *AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.*

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

---

1

“ You are old father William,” the young  
man cried,

“ The few locks that are left you are gray :  
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man :  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

2

“ In the days of my youth,” father William  
replied,

“ I remember’d that youth would fly fast,  
And abus’d not my health and my vigour at first,  
That I never might need them at last.”

3

“ You are old, father William,” the young  
man cried,

“ And pleasures with youth pass away,  
And yet you lament not the days that are gone :  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

4

“ In the days of my youth,” father William  
replied,

“ I remember’d that youth could not last ;  
I thought of the future whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.”

5

“ You are old, father William,” the young  
man cried,

“ And life must be hast’ning away ;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon  
death :  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

6

“ I am cheerful, young man,” father William  
replied,

“ Let the cause thy attention engage :  
In the days of my youth I remember’d my  
God,  
And he hath not forgotten my age”.

XIV.

THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

---

1

Tho' the great man, his treasures possessing,  
Pomp and splendour for ever attend,  
I prize not the shadowy blessing,  
I ask—the affectionate friend.

2

Tho' foibles may sometimes o'ertake him,  
His footstep from wisdom depart ;  
Yet my spirit shall never forsake him,  
If he own the affectionate heart.

3

Affection ! thou soother of care,  
Without thee, unfriended we rove ;  
Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,  
And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

4

'Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,  
And the storms of mortality's state ;  
What shall lull the afflicted to rest,  
But the joys that on sympathy wait ?

5

What is Fame, bidding Envy defiance?  
 The idol and bane of mankind ;  
 What is Wit, what is Learning, or Science,  
 To the heart that is steadfast and kind ?

6

E'en Genius may weary the sight  
 By too fierce and too constant a blaze ;  
 But affection, mild planet of night !  
 Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

7

It shall thrive when the flattering forms  
 That encircle creation decay ;  
 It shall live 'mid the wide-wasting storms  
 That bear all undistinguish'd away.

8

When Time, at the end of his race,  
 Shall expire with expiring mankind,  
 It shall stand on its permanent base,  
 It shall last till the wreck of the *mind*.

XV.

SMILES AND TEARS.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

---

1

THE weather, the land, and all those that dwell  
in it,  
Like our minds that are chequer'd by hopes  
and by fears,  
In rapid succession change every minute,  
A constant rotation of smiles and of tears.  
But the smiles and the tears the same motive  
revealing,  
Tho' opposite, similar passions excite,  
One the offspring of bounty, the other of feeling,  
Take different tacks to the road of delight.

2

When pants the parch'd earth, as its wounds  
require healing,  
For the shower, to put forward fresh blossoms  
and leaves ;  
Nature, parent to all, with affectionate feeling,  
Benignly sheds tears as its wants she relieves.

And when kindly refresh'd, as new beauties are  
 springing,  
 And the sun, in rich smiles, glads the gra-  
 tified sight ;  
 Thankful birds on the glistening verdure are  
 singing,  
 And the smiles and the tears expand equal  
 delight.

3

And so, 'twixt friend and friend, when a heart-  
 wounding sorrow  
 Resolution o'ercomes, and sinks deep in the  
 mind ;  
 From the tears of a friend flattering comfort we  
 borrow,  
 For the motive's sincere, and the action is  
 kind :  
 Nor when friendship's warm efforts o'ercome  
 the vexation,  
 Do our smiles, howe'er grateful, more plea-  
 sure excite,  
 For they both have their source in the same  
 sweet sensation,  
 And convey to the mind the same generous  
 delight.

XVI.

THE SMILE OF BENEVOLENCE.

BY MR. DIBDIN. .

---

1

INSPIR'D by so grateful a duty,  
In terms strongest art can devise,  
Bards have written those raptures on beauty,  
That Lovers have wafted on sighs :

I, to fill the sweet theme more completely,  
Sing the beauty of goodness the while,  
For every face is dress'd sweetly,  
Where beams a benevolent smile.

2

While the heart some beneficent action  
Contemplates, with joy the eyes speak,  
On the lip quivers mute satisfaction,  
And a glow of delight paints the cheek.

Bliss pervades ev'ry feature completely,  
Adding beauty to beauty the while,  
And the loveliest face looks more sweetly,  
Where beams a benevolent smile.

O there I retreat from the sun's scorching ray,  
 Or taste the fresh breeze in the cool of the day ;  
 There the black bird o'er head pours his sweet  
 mellow song,

The nightingale his varied notes will prolong ;  
 At morning or noon, in the evening or night,  
 My Arbour is still the lov'd scene of delight.

2.

With a book there I often my leisure employ,  
 Or in friendship convivial an hour I enjoy ;  
 There tea its society sweet will afford,  
 Or supper present its plain plentiful board.  
 We behold in her glory the bright silver moon,  
 As majestic she rides in her journey's high  
 noon ;\*

In the morning, &c.

3

The cares of the world never trouble my mind,  
 All is calm and serene—to my lot I'm resign'd ;  
 War's murmurs are hush'd ere my Arbour they  
 reach,

Or are heard but the lesson of pity to teach.†

\* To behold the wand'ring moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon.

IL PENSEROSO.

† Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease  
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd

Oh! would that the world could but feel the  
 repose,  
 Which the mind thus retiring unceasingly  
 knows :  
 For at morning or noon, in the evening or night,  
 My Arbour is still the lov'd scene of delight.

J. P.

To some secure and more than mortal height,  
 That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.  
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round  
 With all its generations ; I behold  
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war  
 Has lost his terrors ere it reaches me ;  
 Grieves, but alarms me not.

COWPER'S TASK. B. IV. L. 93.

While He, from all the stormy passions free  
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,  
 At distance safe, the human Tempest roar,  
 Wrapt close in conscious Peace. The Fall of Kings,  
 The rage of Nations, and the Crush of States,  
 Move not the Man, who, from the World escap'd,  
 In still Retreats, and flowery Solitudes,  
 To Nature's Voice attends, from Month to Month,  
 And Day to Day, thro' the revolving Year ;  
 Admiring, sees Her in her every Shape ;  
 Feels all her sweet Emotions at his Heart ;  
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

THOMSON'S AUTUMN. L. 1308.

XXI.

A FRIEND;

OR,

MY BOOK.

1

A COMPANION I have, nay I'll call him a  
Friend,

With whom I pass many and many an hour;  
If serious my mood, or inclin'd to unbend,  
To soothe, or delight me, possessing the pow'r.

He sometimes partakes of my cheerful fire side,  
At others the partner becomes of my walk,  
Hand in hand as we travel, the days quickly glide,  
Each moment brings profit with him whilst I  
talk.

2

He's pious, he's learned, he's grave, or he's gay,  
As chance may fall out, or occasion require,  
Be the subject what will, he has something to say,  
And other adviser I seldom require.

Without pride or anger he shews me my faults,  
He reproves to my face, is no back-biting foe,  
And the fame of a friend, Oh! he never assaults,  
And, sooner than wound, would all converse  
forego.

## 3

Caprice and ill-humour ne'er enter his mind,  
 Of forms independent, he still is the same,  
 For Noble or Learn'd I was never declin'd,  
 Nor denied e'er to others who mention'd my  
 name.

Tho' high his extraction, and nurtur'd with care,  
 No grand entertainments he ever requir'd,  
 Full oft of my crust will he cheerfully share,  
 And hath long held his talk as my embers  
 expir'd.

## 4

To him it ne'er matters if ill or well drest,  
 He turns not away, tho' by fashion I'm  
 scorn'd;  
 E'en my days the most lowly have suited him  
 best,  
 And my path of contempt hath he gladly  
 adorn'd.

This friend hath a heart that is open to all,  
 At least unto all who will up to him look,  
 He makes no distinctions of great or of small,  
 For all, if they please, find this *Friend* in  
 A BOOK.

J. P.

XXII.

THE SUMMER EVENING.

BY THE REV. T. B. GREAVES.

---

1

THO' hot was the Sun in the morn when he rose,  
And scorching his heat thro' the toil of the day,  
Yet cool and serene of his course is the close,  
And Labour reposes, and Care is away.

2

Thus oft from the morn, thro' the noon of his life,  
Toils man, led by turbulent ardour to grieve;  
But, cooling at length, he relinquishes strife,  
With wisdom serenely enjoying his eve.

---

XXIII.

NED BRACE.

BY DR. HALLORAN.

---

1

IN many a storm and many a fight  
Ned Brace had borne an active part,  
Yet still his conscious mind was light,  
For Truth and Honour buoy'd his heart;  
And 'midst the storm or battle's din,  
He felt a peaceful calm within.

2

'Gainst Frenchmen, and Mynheers, and Dons,  
 With brave St. Vincent, Howe, and Duncan,  
 Ned with his shipmates plied the guns,  
 Till all were taken, fled or sunken ;  
 And still, 'mid storms, or battles' din,  
 He felt a peaceful calm within.

3

Last with brave Nelson of the Nile,  
 His starboard leg was shot away ;  
 Food for some hungry crocodile.  
 What then ? his comrades won the day ;  
 And wounded 'midst the battle's din,  
 He felt a peaceful calm within.

4

But now, reluctant, lash'd ashore,  
 By orders that demand obedience,  
 Ned ne'er must tempt the ocean more,  
 Till launch'd by Death for unknown regions ;  
 And may he, then, 'mid fate's dread din,  
 Outride the storm with peace within.



XXIV.

A SAILOR'S PAY,

*From the Opera of A House to be Sold.*

BY JAMES COBB.

---

1

My due a noble nation pays,  
    (War's thunder now no more)  
Most do I prize my Country's praise,  
    And least this shining store.

But if a real joy I prove,  
    In what rewards my pains ;  
It is a hope the friend I love  
    May share my dear-bought gains.

2

Yet not alone that hope I prize,  
    Love pictures to my heart  
The tears that flow'd from Mary's eyes,  
    When fortune bade us part.

Another joy my heart shall prove,  
    In what rewards my pains ;  
It is the hope the girl I love  
    May share my dear-bought gains.

## XXV.

## THE BEACON.

## 1

THE Scene was more beautiful far to my eye  
 Than if day in its pride had array'd it ;  
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure  
     arch'd sky  
 Look'd pure as the Spirit had made it :  
 The murmur rose soft, as I silently gaz'd  
 On the shadowy wave's playful motion,  
 From the dim distant isle, when the Beacon fire  
     blaz'd  
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

## 2

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast  
 Was heard in his wildly-breath'd numbers ;  
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,  
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.  
 One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope  
 (All hush'd was the billows' commotion)  
 And thought that the Beacon look'd lovely as  
     Hope,  
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

3

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,  
 Yet when my head rests on its pillow,  
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star  
 That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul  
 flies,  
 And death stills the heart's last emotion ;  
 O then may the bright beams of mercy arise  
 Like a star on eternity's ocean.

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XXVI.

THE SENTINEL.

1

By day, when the sun in his bright glory glows,  
 The Sentinel, then, upon guard takes his stand,  
 So gallant and trim in his best suit of cloaths,  
 His bayonet fix'd and his firelock in hand ;  
 Mid tents or on ramparts he marches his ground,  
 Flags wave in the air, and the loud cannons roar,  
 The trumpets and drums give their heart-  
 cheering sound,  
 And the Sentinel, then, feels the Soldier all o'er.

## 2

When the evening declines, and the moon climbs  
the sky,

And myriads of stars shine resplendent above,  
When the breeze but at intervals heaves a faint  
sigh,

And no footstep, but his, is permitted to  
move;—

The Sentinel, then, to reflection gives way,  
His thoughts soar to Him, who the moon and  
stars made,

Oh! can he refrain to his Maker to pray,  
Whose bounties, the sky, earth, and ocean  
pervade?

## 3

But, if dark be the night, and the winds, with  
loud roar,

Drive the labouring clouds thro' the heav'n's  
boundless way,

If breakers are heard to lash frequent the shore,  
And rain pours in torrents to fight the strong  
spray,—

From his box, then, the Sentinel looks out with  
fear,

While winds, waves, and rains Nature's  
beauties deform,

But, amid desolation, he knows *Wisdom's* near,  
Who rides in the whirlwind, and checks the  
rude storm.\*

4

With fear and with hope, he preserves his heart  
 right,  
 And patiently waits for the bright cheering  
 dawn,  
 Desolation and horror endure for a night,  
 But joy will succeed it, and come with the  
 morn.†  
 His moments of duty completed, he knows,  
 That another succeeds to take charge of his  
 post,  
 And he, without care, may then seek his repose,  
 And his joys be endear'd by what trouble had  
 crost.

5

He sees in his lot but a picture of man,  
 Sent here upon duty, a Soldier on guard,  
 And sunshine, or storm, he must meet as he can,  
 Must expect a surprise, and be true to his  
 ward.  
 But the season of trial will soon have an end,  
 The moment will come when he meets his  
 relief,  
 If true to his post, then his Captain's his friend,  
 And joy shall efface all remembrance of grief.

---

\* Rides in the whirl-wind, and directs the storm.

THE CAMPAIGN. BY ADDISON.

† Psalm xxx. v. 5.

XXVII.

THE BUGLE HORN.

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1

IN the town, or in barracks, in camp, or the field,  
How cheering the notes which the bugle-horns  
yield ;

Our slumbers forsake us at first beam of dawn,  
Awak'd by the sound of the loud bugle horn.

2

At parade, when our troops are in gallant array,  
And our musquets and swords martial splendour  
display,

While discipline reigns thro' each well-mus-  
ter'd band,

The bugle-horn sounds forth the word of com-  
mand.

3

And when busy day draws apace to its close,  
And man and beast wearied demand their repose,  
The horn, which at morn breaks the slumbers  
of peace,

At eve sounds from duty a welcome release.

4.


If the dread day of battle at length should e'er  
come,  
And we hear from afar the bold enemy's drum,  
Then trusting in Him who will favour the right,  
The horn shall both summon and cheer for the  
fight.

5

Then let courage prevail, but let mercy still  
reign,  
The living to spare and to honour the slain,  
If the standard of Britain's in victory borne,  
Be conquest proclaim'd by the trumpet and horn.

6

And knowing that ONE only scatters our foes,  
And from that source alone ev'ry victory flows,  
With one heart and voice, our thanksgivings  
we'll raise,  
And unite with the horn in high accents of praise.



XXVIII.

SCOTIA'S GLENS.

TUNE: *Lord Ballantine's Delight.*

BY JAMES HOGG.

---

1

'MONG Scotia's glens and mountains blue,  
Where Gallia's lilies never grew,  
Where Roman eagles never flew,  
Nor Danish lions rallied :  
Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,  
Where roves the stately nimble deer,  
There live the lads to freedom dear,  
By foreign yoke ne'er galled.

2

There woods grow wild on every hill ;  
There freemen wander at their will ;  
Sure Scotland will be Scotland still  
While hearts so brave defend her.  
" Fear not, Our Sovereign liege," they cry,  
" We've flourish'd fair beneath thine eye ;  
For thee we'll fight, for thee we'll die,  
Nor ought but life surrender."

3

“ Since thou hast watch’d our every need,  
And taught our navies wide to spread,  
The smallest hair from thy grey head  
No foreign foe shall sever.  
Thy honour’d age in peace to save  
The sternest host we’ll dauntless brave,  
Or stem the fiercest Indian wave,  
Nor heart nor hand shall waver.”

4

“ Tho’ nations join yon tyrant’s arm,  
While Scotia’s noble blood runs warm,  
Our good old man we’ll guard from harm,  
Or fall in heaps around him.  
Altho’ the Irish harp were won,  
And England’s roses all o’errun ;  
’Mong Scotia’s glens, with sword and gun,  
We’ll form a bulwark round him.”

---

XXIX.

MY DEAR NATIVE ISLE.

---

1

O Britain ! my Country ! thou Queen of the Isles,  
Where Freedom and Plenty wear permanent  
smiles,

My heart beats with joy when I think that my  
birth

Was in thee, nor in other blest nation on earth :

From the north to the south, from the east to the  
west,

Say, where is the land so by Providence blest ?

Wherever I turn, all around is a smile,

O Britain, my country, my dear native Isle !

## 2

Who censures thy climate, and rails at thy  
year,

While round him thy hills and thy vallies ap-  
pear ?

The eye sees, excursive o'er climes as it rolls,  
Some burnt at the tropics, some froze' at the  
poles ;

Here rarely thy heat and thy frost are intense,  
And spring, summer, autumn delight ev'ry sense ;  
Wherever, &c.

## 3

On the gales of Arabia, or Ceylon's spice groves

The Poet's warm fancy in verse often roves,

But to please the charm'd sense what can equal,

O say,

The gales from our bean fields, or meads of new  
hay ?

What can rival the sweets which our gardens  
disclose,  
The lilac, syringa, the jasmine and rose?  
Wherever, &c.

4

Some countries may boast, which are nearer the  
line,  
The ample, the fragrant, the brisk tasted pine,  
The orange and citron afford their sweet juice,  
But fine are the fruits which our gardens  
produce;

With those may the gage, and the pippin  
compare,  
The strawberry, the cherry, the peach or the  
pear,  
Wherever, &c.

5

Tho' France boast the joys of her brisk spark-  
ling wines,  
And Italy, Portugal, Spain their rich vines,  
Tho' Madeira be fam'd for its high-flavour'd  
grape,  
And we traffic afar for the too-luscious cape:  
Yet Britain can boast what her malt can produce,  
The currant's and gooseberry's gay sparkling  
juice:  
Wherever, &c.

## 6

Thy sheep and thy kine o'er thy pastures that  
     graze,  
 Each fowl o'er thy fields, or thy homestalls  
     that strays,  
 Each fish in thy rivers that wantonly glides,  
 Or those yearly brought to thy shores by the  
     tides ;

These all for delight and advantage are giv'n,  
 Show'r'd down by the bounty of all-forming  
     Heav'n.

Wherever, &c.

## 7

Where else is mankind in more civiliz'd state,  
 Or where equal laws so protect poor and great,  
 Where virtue with beauty more often combine,  
 Or where manly courage as splendidly shine ?

Where else is religion so purely profest,  
 Where each left to cherish the wish of his breast ?  
 Wherever, &c.

## 8

Then, Britain ! reflect with the fondest concern  
 The duties demanded from thee in return ;  
 With blessings thus gifted, acknowledge the hand  
 That still hath protected thy high-favour'd land ;

Be religion and morals thy *first*—*ONLY* care,  
And Heav'n's high protection thou ever wilt  
share :

Then thy sons and thy prospects will still wear  
one smile,

O Britain, my country, my dear native Isle.

J. P.

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XXX.

THE HORSE.

TUNE : *The Race Horse.* By DIBDIN.

1

EXULTING in strength, how majestic's the Horse,  
His neck cloth'd with thunder, he gallops his  
course;

His nostrils a glory tremendously shew,  
In the valley he paweth, unmov'd meets the foe ;

With fierceness and rage how he swalloweth the  
ground,

Ha ! Ha ! Hark he saith, while the hoarse trum-  
pets sound,

In the battle, in thunder, i'th shout he gains force,  
How noble in nature, resistless the Horse !\*

## 2

He, train'd to the road, draws the carriage along,  
Is true to his work 'mid the hubbub and throng,  
You would scarce think that aught hung behind at his heels,  
So swift, you discern not the spokes of the wheels.

\* Job xxxix. 19—25. See a Criticism on this passage in The Guardian, No. 86.

Contrary to the opinion of a poetical Friend, I have ventured to retain the Sacred Writer's image of the horse's neck "clothed with thunder." He suggested that the present idea of thunder is merely that of the noise which follows the flash of lightning. But the original idea of thunder includes either the one, or the other, or both. We have the following definition in Johnson :

1. "*Thunder* is a most bright flame rising on a sudden, moving with great violence, and with a very rapid velocity, through the air, according to any determination, upwards from the earth, horizontally, obliquely, downwards in a right line, or in several right lines, as it were in serpentine tracts, joined at various angles and commonly ending with a loud noise or rattling."

2. "In popular and poetic language, *thunder* is commonly the noise, and lightning the flash ; though thunder is sometimes taken for both."

The comparing the full, long, curled and flowing mane of a horse, with the light glancing upon it, to thunder, "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" appears to me to be an image peculiarly appropriate and sublime.

Now, led, meek and mild, whence he stood, at  
the rack,  
See, saddled, his master mounts feebly his back,  
With health waning fast to his aid hath recourse,  
Both a friend and physician he owns in his Horse.

3

Behold the heap'd waggon pull'd thro' the deep  
road,  
He takes the hard collar, and tugs on his load,  
From morning to night, from the night to the  
morn,  
With short seasons of rest is the hard burden  
borne ;  
Or view him again, with firm pace, drag the  
plow,  
Or drawing the Harvest Home quick to the  
mow,—  
O long might one make him a theme of dis-  
course,—  
How noble! How useful! the tractable Horse !

4

Ah why do we then oft behold him abus'd,  
Ill fed, overwork'd, and his Sabbath refus'd,  
Back gall'd and knees broken, sides panting  
with pain,  
Ah ! fatal mistake ! to hope thus to make gain !

Ye owners! ye drivers! reflect, and be just,  
 Know, Providence lends all his creatures in  
     trust,  
 And they who misuse them, nor suffer remorse,  
 Must account to the Maker of both man and  
     Horse.

J. P.

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XXXI.

THE HARE HUNT.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

—◆—  
 1

SINCE Zeph'rus first tasted the charms of coy  
     Flora,  
 Sure Nature ne'er beam'd on so lovely a  
     morn,  
 Ten thousand sweet birds court the smile of  
     Aurora,  
 And the woods loudly echo the sound of the  
     horn :

Yet the morn's not so lovely, so brilliant, so gay,  
 As their splendid appearance in gallant array,

When all ready mounted, they number their  
forces,

Enough the wild boar and the tiger to scare :  
Pity fifty stout beings, count dogs, men, and  
horses,

Should encounter such peril—to kill one poor  
hare !

2

Little wretch, thy fate's hard!—thou wert  
gentle and blameless ;

Yet a type of the world in thy fortune we see ;  
And virtue, by monsters as cruel and shameless,  
Poor, defenceless, and timid, is hunted like  
thee.

See ! vainly each path how she doubles and tries :  
If she scape the howl'd Treachery, by Slander  
she dies !

To o'ercome that meek fear for which men should  
respect her,

Ev'ry art is employ'd, ev'ry sly subtle snare—  
Pity those that were born to defend and protect her,  
Should hunt to her ruin—so timid a Hare !

3

Thus it fares with poor Merit, which mortals  
should cherish,

As the heaven-gifted spark that illumines the  
mind ;

As Reason's best honour: lest with it should  
perish

Ev'ry grace that perfection can lend to  
mankind.

Hark! Envy's pack opens; the grim lurcher,  
Fear,

And the mongrel, Vexation, skulk sly in the  
rear:

The rest all rush on, at their head the whelp  
Slander,

The fell mastiff Malice, the greyhound  
Despair!

Pity beings best known by bright Truth and  
fair Candour

Should hunt down—shame to manhood—so  
harmless a Hare!

4

Their sports at an end, harsh Reflection's  
beguiler

To some thoughtless oblivion their souls they  
resign;

The Seducer takes pleasure, revenge the Re-  
viler,

The Hunter's oblivion, as hurtful, is wine.

Thus having destroy'd every rational joy

That can dignify Reason, they Reason destroy:

And yet not in vain, if this lesson inspirit  
 Ought of reverence for Genius, respect for  
 the Fair :  
 So the tear of lost Virtue and poor ruin'd Merit  
 The sad manes shall appease of the innocent  
 Hare.

---

XXXII.

HUMANITY'S COT.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

1

Of horns, and of echoes, that thro' the woods ring,  
 And of lads full of spirit and soul,  
 And of gay sporting boxes let other bards sing,  
 Merely built for the chase or the bowl :

I bring you, of Sportsmen, a true and try'd knot,  
 Who sport a snug box, called Humanity's Cot.

2

Is *Honour* in danger, *Worth* sunk by its fears,  
 On those *coursers* their *wishes*, they're borne,  
 To hunt *Vice* to the toils, and to dry *Virtue's*  
 tears,  
 As the sun melts the dew of the morn :

Then join of true Sportsmen, so noble a knot,  
The good lads that inhabit Humanity's Cot.

3

What chase a delight can more glorious yield,  
Than to hunt in so noble a track?  
*Vice* and *Folly* the game, wide creation the field,  
And the *Vot'ries* of Honour the pack.

Rejoice then, ye sportsmen, who are thrown by  
your lot,  
'Mongst the lads that inhabit Humanity's Cot.

4

Return'd from their toil, with life's comforts well  
stor'd,  
Reflection their food gives a zest;  
Health seasons the viand that smoaks on their  
board,  
A clear conscience invites them to rest.

And sweet are the slumbers that fall to the lot  
Of the lads that inhabit Humanity's Cot.

5

Let each English sportsman these maxims  
embrace,  
Who the spoils of true honour would share,  
All that's noxious to hunt to the toils in life's  
chase,  
All that's harmless and useful to spare :

So the blessings of thousands shall make up  
their lot,  
And each sporting box vie with Humanity's cot.

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XXXIII.

THE BRITISH BOW.

TUNE: *True Blue.*

SUNG at the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal British  
Bowmen, on the 12th of August, of which Society  
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales  
is the Patron.

---

1

WHEN Britain's Isle, untaught to fear,  
Was sought by Cæsar's powers,  
She call'd her gallant Sons of War  
To guard her chalky shores,  
"My Children, draw the British Bow,  
In Freedom's cause repel the Foe."

2

By it Caractacus maintain'd  
For many a year the field;  
By it Boadicea reign'd;  
And taught proud Rome to yield;  
Whene'er she drew the British Bow,  
She broke the ranks and thin'd the foe.

## 3

To save their cots from beasts of prey  
 Our fathers form'd the Yew,  
 In woods impervious to the day  
 The savage boar they slew,  
 And oft the stag and bounding roe  
 Fell victims to the British Bow.

## 4

Their guard, their pleasure still it prov'd,  
 In peace, in war the same,  
 With it in search of food they rov'd,  
 With it they fought for fame ;  
 They fear'd nor beast, nor threat'ning foe,  
 All yielded to the British Bow.

## 5

The noble art we now restore,  
 Erst gallant Cambria's boast,  
 The arms our great forefathers bore  
 Again adorn our coast,  
 Our breasts with ancient ardour glow,  
 Again we draw the British Bow.

## 6

Array'd the feather'd shaft to send  
 With art thro' yielding air,  
 Our lovely quiver'd nymphs attend,  
 As amiable as fair ;  
 And by their matchless skill bestow  
 Fresh laurels on the British Bow.

## 7

While summer's smiles the fields adorn,  
 While George protects our train,  
 We welcome thus a festal morn  
 Amidst the flow'ry plain ;  
 And still would have the world to know  
 We glory in the British Bow.

## 8

Allay'd be each corroding care,  
 Be gloomy thoughts away !  
 Contentment's smiles let each one wear  
 To hail this happy day ;  
 And while we bend the British Bow,  
 Around let blest good humour flow.

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 XXXIV.

## THE ARCHERS' BUGLE.

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 1

THE Bugle sounds, the Archers all  
 Prepare to meet its cheerful call.  
 The sun ascends with fervid rays,  
 And all the valley's in a blaze,  
 The south wind scarcely stirs the trees,  
 And odours float in every breeze,—

●

What crouds now throng the verdant lawn,  
For the Archers shoot for the Bugle horn.

## 2

The Butts are plac'd, the Targets' dyes  
In brilliant circles meet the eyes ;  
And now behold the archer band,  
With quiver'd back, and Bow in hand,  
Advance, and anxious draw the lot  
To take precedence in the shot,—  
While int'rest sways the peopled lawn,  
As the Archers shoot for the Bugle horn.

## 3

Erect and firm, with steady eye,  
The strong-nerv'd hand they well apply,  
The bending bow, th' elastic string  
The arrow send with pow'rful spring,  
With whirring instantaneous flight,  
Like motion of the rapid light.—  
Surprise and wonder fill the lawn,  
As the Archers shoot for the Bugle horn.

## 4

Tho' all are good, yet some excel,  
High-honour'd he who bears the bell ;  
The arrow, which unerring flies  
To th' golden centre, gains first prize ;  
Best shots and numbers also count,  
Three rounds shall give up the amount,—

Applause shall reign throughout the lawn,  
As the Archer gains the Bugle horn.

5

Oh! happy art, from war to cease,  
The amusement now of joy and peace,  
Health, cheerfulness and grace are thine,  
And brave and fair in sport to join;  
With mirth and reason wisely gay,  
The feast concludes the happy day,  
And pleasure smiles throughout the lawn,  
As the Archers sing to the Bugle horn.

---

XXXV.

ADDRESS TO A FLY.

THE SENTIMENT FROM STERNE.

1

AN silly, vain and buzzing Fly,  
Annoy me not, but from me hie;  
I would not hurt one hair of thee,  
And why wilt thou thus pester me?

2

Again thou com'st—I have thee now—  
But out of window thou shalt go.  
Go, get thee gone: with pardon flee,  
There's room i' th' world for thee and me.

J. P.

XXXVI.

THE SEA.

A Song for The Anniversary Meeting of The  
Directors and Governors of the Sea-bathing  
Infirmary at Margate.

TUNE: *The Anacreontic.*

I

THE Sea, as its waves after waves loudly roll,  
And its tides or recede from or gain on the  
shore,  
With awe and devotion exalts the full soul,  
And the Maker's loud praises extols in its  
roar.

This made the "sweet Psalmist" enraptur'd  
exclaim,  
O these are thy works, great and manifold,  
Lord!  
Earth and ocean alike boundless wisdom pro-  
claim,—  
Be thy wisdom and goodness by all breath  
ador'd.\*

---

\* Psalm civ. 24—26.

2

The sea doth in commerce realms far distant  
join,

Uniting as friends whom it seems to divide,  
In fellowship brings both the poles and the line,  
As swift o'er its billows rich merchantmen ride.

Within its own bosom vast treasures it bears,  
Each creature that creeps or disports on the  
fin,

In herring-shoals myriads each season it rears,  
And the whale "who delights to take pastime  
therein."

3

These are but in part what the Parent of Good  
Hath show'r'd down of mercies benignantly  
free,

A constant BETHESDA still flows the salt flood,  
And health, strength and spirits we gain from  
the sea.

Here, bathing, the bow'd may soon, brac'd,  
walk upright,

The blood, now contaminate', wash and be  
clean,

The dim may recover the blessing of sight,  
And the unnerv'd by palsy in vigour be  
seen.

## 4

But, alas! how shall those who droop thus far  
in land,

Whom poverty more than their sickness  
bows down?—

Poor wretches! no means can their stations  
command,

They languish unpitied, they sorrow un-  
known.

Taught by Him, who made sea, and all men  
of one race,

A BETHESDA, a house of reception, we  
raise;

Humanity's friends! the blest object em-  
brace,

Bestow here your wealth to your Maker's  
high praise.

## 5

O ye, who for health here approach the  
wide sea,

And ye, to these shores who for pleasure  
repair,

Wide open your hands with hearts grateful  
and free,

Give the lame and afflicted your blessings  
to share.

Then, if on the bed of affliction you lie,  
He, who comfort in sickness alone can  
bestow,  
Will grant you his aid when for mercy you  
cry;  
And shed healing dew on your sickness  
and woe.\*

J. P.

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XXXVII.

WINTER.

---

1

DREARY Winter o'er the plain  
Spreads once more his mantle dun;  
Frosty mists and drizzling rain  
Chill the air and mask the sun.

2

Music leaves the drooping grove—  
Pleasure quits the blasted green—  
Arbours, late the haunts of love,  
All deserted now are seen!

---

\* Psalm xli. 1—3.

3

Cheerful round the social hearth,  
Where the well-trimm'd embers glow,  
Passing time with tales of mirth,  
Sit the Cot's promiscuous row.

4

Deep and dirty is the road,  
Difficult to man and steed :  
Round the opulent abode  
Crowd the shivering Sons of Need.

5

Deal your alms now to the poor,  
Ye with wealth and plenty blest !  
Thus a treasure you'll secure  
In the realms of joy and rest.

6

But if you the poor shall spurn  
In a season such as this,  
Can ye hope, beyond life's bourn  
Mercy's promis'd meed of bliss ?

XXXVIII.

THE DYING NEGRO.

TUNE: *The Cherokee Death Song.*

---

1

O'ER my toil-wither'd limbs sickly languors  
are shed,  
And the dark mists of death on my eyelids  
are spread ;  
Before my last sufferings how gladly I bend !  
For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a  
friend.

2

Against the hot breezes hard struggles my breast,  
Slow, slow beats my heart, and I hasten to rest ;  
No more shall sharp anguish my faint bosom  
rend,  
For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a  
friend.

3

No more shall I sink in the deep-scorching air,  
No more shall keen hunger my weak body tear,  
No more on my limbs shall swift lashes descend,  
For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a  
friend.

4

Ye ruffians! who tore me from all I held dear,  
 Who mock'd at my wailings and smil'd at my  
     tear,  
 Now, now shall I 'scape, every suffering shall  
     end,  
 For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a  
     friend.

---

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XXXIX.

THE NEGRO'S EXULTATION.

1807.

A SEQUEL TO COWPER'S NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

1

No longer the Negroes complain,  
     Nor blindly accuse *Fate's* decree,  
 GLAD TIDINGS are borne o'er the main,  
     For Britons have said BE YE FREE!

On them hath light graciously beam'd,  
     They strive to assuage all our smart,  
 The Black as a Brother is deem'd,  
     And love dawns in every heart.

2

They told us before of their God,  
 Their Saviour who came to redeem,—  
 Our backs smarting still with the rod,  
 We thought it a fable or dream.

But now we are sure it is true,  
 Their actions confirm our belief,  
 Nor longer their servants shall rue  
 The Gospel which brings such relief !

3

The fetters they strike from our hands  
 With a love that is willing and kind ;  
 And they say they will loosen the bands,  
 Which fetter the Negro's rude mind.

Oh ! if Christ has commanded you this,  
 Delay not to shew us the way,  
 With Him must be concord and bliss,  
 And Him will we serve and obey.

4

And thus, for the evils you've wrought,  
 You will make us, indeed, great amends,  
 We'll forget that a Black e'er was bought,  
 Since Britons are now our best Friends.

Yes, there must be a life after this,  
 We acknowledge the Heavenly Powers,  
 We shall smile at past tears in that bliss ;  
 Your Saviour and God shall be ours.

J. P.

XL.

MUSIC.

A GLEE COMPOSED IN 1775

BY S. WEBBE.

---

MUSIC's the language of the Blest above ;  
No voice but Music's can express  
The joys that happy souls possess,  
Nor in just raptures tell the wond'rous power of  
love.

'Tis Nature's dialect, design'd  
To charm and captivate the mind.  
Music's an universal good,  
That doth dispense its joys around,  
In all the elegance of sound,  
To be by men admir'd, by Angels understood.

---

## LETTER IV.

## ON CONVIVIAL SONGS.

Sept. 10, 1810.

SIR,

FROM your observations on Moral Songs and the joint Collection of Moral and Miscellaneous which you have given, we proceed to the Convivial. You say in your Essay on Song-writing (p. xxxi, &c.) "as Milton, in his *Comus*, has not scrupled to let the advocate of pleasure be heard, and that, in very persuasive language, trusting to the counteraction of more solid arguments in favour of sobriety, it might perhaps be excess of rigour to banish from song-poetry every lively effusion of this kind. The pleasures which this lax morality of poets has been chiefly employed to excuse and varnish, have at all times been those of love and wine, allowable, indeed, in a certain degree to exhilarate the anxious lives of mortals, but always prone to pass the bounds of moderation. Music has lent a willing aid to these incitements; and the classes of amorous and drinking Songs

have in all languages been the most copiously furnished. There is, however, a great difference in the variety and compass of intellectual ideas afforded by these two sources of enjoyment. The bacchanalian has little more scope in his lyric effusions, than to ring changes upon the hilarity, or rather delirium, inspired by his favourite indulgence, which puts to flight all the suggestions of care and melancholy, and throws the soul into that state of felicity which springs from exalted animal spirits, and a temporary suspension of the reasoning faculties. The essence, therefore, of this kind of pleasure, if such it can be called, is an excess—something gross and degrading, adverse to thought, and therefore barren of sentiment. The ingenuity of poets has, indeed, connected it with a vivacity of imagination that is very captivating, especially when enforced by the presence of the flowing bowl and jovial companions; and it must be confessed that actual singing is seldom so heartily enjoyed as in the chorus of a convivial party. But, without such an accompaniment, the drinking-song flattens upon the perusal, and its glowing expressions appear little better than extravagant. It is likewise apt to sink into coarseness and vulgarity; so that the more select collections of vocal poetry will bear

but a small admixture of these compositions, which succeed so well in "setting the table in a roar."

You admit, Sir, in the passage just quoted, that there has been a *lax morality* employed by poets in excusing and varnishing the pleasures of love and wine, and that these pleasures are *always prone to pass the bounds of moderation*. You call the hilarity of the Bacchanalian a *delirium*, springing from no better source than a *temporary suspension of the reasoning faculties*. You express a doubt of calling it even a *pleasure*; and admit the *essence* of it to be an *excess*,—something *gross* and *degrading*.

Afterwards, in stating the different kinds of Songs, which you have introduced into your Collection, you say "A very scanty assortment of *Convivial Songs* succeeds, dedicated to the festal board, and imitating the gaiety and freedom of the Anacreontic lays. It was impossible altogether to omit a class so universally received into Song-Collections; but as I feel no ambition to be regarded as a priest of Bacchus, I have limited my choice to a small specimen of those which have been inspired by wit and poetry, as well as by wine." (p. xlvii.)

To a *Convivial Song*, a *festal board*, or *gaiety*, I desire not to make any general ob-

jection. All depends on the *bounds* within which they are kept. If the *freedom* be a freedom from the strictest decorum and sobriety, we may object to it as primarily wrong, and we may also object to it as defeating its own end,—as (on the whole, and in a course of repetitions,) producing *less* real pleasure than festivity duly regulated. The Convivial Songs in your Collection appear to me to contain many highly objectionable passages: and I am happy to be able to produce your own authority (in the first quotation) in opposition to passages which appear to promote the *excess* you have decidedly blamed.

In your Letters on Poetry (L. ix. p. 121.) where you have mentioned Milton's Comus, you say that “It represents the triumph of virtue over lawless pleasure; and the author deserves high applause for the skill with which, after exhilarating the mind with the festal gaiety of Comus, and even assailing the reason with sophistical arguments in favour of licentiousness, he finally brings over the reader to the side of sobriety by the charms of poetic eloquence.” Here again, Sir, we have your support in opposition to such *festal gaiety* as that of Comus. But, I will ask, Is there not danger that these *sophistical arguments in favour of licentious-*

ness, especially when set off by a lively strain of poetry and music and a lively manner, will make an impression, which the "more solid arguments in favour of sobriety" may not be able to counteract? Something of this kind you seem to apprehend from the "eloquent harangue" which Thomson has put into the mouth of *Indolence* in his Poem of *The Castle of Indolence*: "I know not, indeed, whether it is not almost too persuasive for the moral effect of the piece, especially when enforced by the delicious picture of the life led in the mansion of pleasure. No wonder that the poet himself was too well disposed to become a subject of the Power whose allurements he so feelingly describes; and we may believe that he spoke from his heart when he exclaimed

"Escap'd the castle of the Sire of sin,  
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?" (L. xvi. p. 221.)

In your Letters to your Son, (Vol. 2. L. xv. p. 272.) speaking of "the effects of poetry in softening and humanizing the soul," you say, "I am most pleased with a story told of the effect of a happy quotation from Homer made by the philosopher Xenocrates. This truly respectable man being sent as ambassador to the court of Antipater, for the redemption of some

Athenian captives, was courteously invited by the prince to sit down with him to supper. He instantly replied to the offer in the generous words spoken by Ulysses to Circe on the same occasion :

O Circe ! who of human soul possess'd  
Could glut with food and drink, while yet in bonds  
His dear companions lie ? If truly kind  
You bid me to the festal board's repast,  
O free them first, and give them to my sight ! *Odys. B. x.*

Antipater was so struck with the ingenuity and patriotism of this application, that he immediately ordered the release of the prisoners."

What would have been the effect, Sir, if instead of storing his mind with patriotic and moral sentiments, he had been only, or chiefly, versed in Bacchanalian poetry, and cited some such passage as many of those contained in your *selection of convivial Songs* ?

You seem to me to be perfectly aware of the fascination of such compositions, and especially in the "convivial party" ; and, surely, Sir, it is, on that very account, the business of the poet and the moralist, to endeavour to moderate this propensity and to restrain it within its due bounds. You have disclaimed the being regarded as a "priest of Bacchus". This must certainly be commended : and I can only

wish, that, in conformity with it, you had been more careful, through your selection, to avoid whatever might heighten the devotions to that deity. You say "It was impossible altogether to omit a class so universally received into Song-Collections;" and yet, Sir, you have omitted Naval and Military Songs as *classes*, and given but very few of either amongst the others, and have excluded Hunting Songs entirely.

I am not here pleading for Hunting Songs, or for the exclusion of *all* Convivial Songs: but only wish to shew, that, as you had excluded other Songs, it was not *impossible* to exclude the Convivial; if indeed you preferred that to a greater care in selecting such as could meet with a just approbation.

When I began compiling my Collection of Songs with music, I experienced the difficulty of selecting songs upon this subject. In my first publication, however, I inserted with some few alterations *The Generous Soul*, an old Song, *The Bottle*, by Hugh Kelly, and *Ne'er be drunk again*, from Mr. Ritson's Collection, and the Song upon *Tobacco*, as an accompaniment to drinking. In the first volume of my second Collection in 12mo. I added *The Busy Fly*, *Two Glees*, *Beer*, or *The Hop Feast*, by

Garrick, *Jovial Youths*, by Shenstone, and I even ventured to insert one intitled *The Water Drinker*, thinking that it might at least meet with *readers*, if not with singers ; not being the first poet who has attempted the praise of water-drinking. For, in your Essay prefixed to Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health, in giving an analysis of the Poem, you say " The praise of water-drinking follows ; with the precepts of the father of physic for choosing rightly this pure and innocent beverage. Notwithstanding the apparent earnestness with which the poet dwells on this topic, there is some reason to suspect that he was not quite hearty in the cause. For he not only adopts the notion of those who have recommended an occasional debauch as a salutary spur to nature ; but, descanting on the necessity a man may find himself under to practice hard drinking in order to promote the pursuits of ambition or avarice, he advises him (between jest and earnest) to enure himself to the trial by slow degrees. Here the physician and sage seem lost in the jolly companion." (p. 16.) Afterwards, in treating of the passions, you say, " Some persons; however, take a less innocent method of dispelling grief,

———— and in the tempting bowl  
Of poison'd nectar, sweet oblivion swill.

The immediately exhilarating effects, and the sad subsequent reverse attending this baneful practice, are here painted in the most vivid colouring, and form a highly instructive and pathetic lesson. Particularly, the gradual degradation of character which it infallibly brings on, is finely touched." (p. 24.) After thus appearing, Sir, as "the physician and sage", I am concerned at finding those characters, as I conceive, "lost,"—"in the jolly companion" at least, if not in "the priest of Bacchus". (see p. 5. and 183.)\*

In the third Volume of my Collection, I could only add two songs upon this subject, one entitled *My Mug of Beer*, intended for the lower Classes, the other by Burns, deploring the fatal effects of *The Fumes of Wine* in estranging him from his friends.

But, Sir, it does not appear to me, that even

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\* The following very extraordinary passage, from a Letter by Burns, published by Dr. Currie, in his Life of him, 5th Edition, p. 164. is submitted to the consideration of the reader: "we ranged round the bowl till the good-fellow hour of six; except a few minutes that we went out to pay our devotions to the glorious lamp of day peering over the towering top of Benlomond. We all kneeled; our worthy landlord's son held the bowl; each man a full glass in his hand; and I, as priest, repeated some rhyming nonsense, like Thomas a Rhymer's prophecies I suppose."

convivial parties require songs of such a description as you have found it right to blame, while you thought it impossible wholly to omit them. I have heard songs of a useful tendency sung with applause on such occasions ; an instance of this I have mentioned in a Note to a Song in my third volume, p. 304. The Author of *Marmion*, in the Introduction to the Sixth Canto of that Poem, makes mention of his great-grandsire partaking in the festivities of Christmas in a very pleasing and religious manner :

And thus, my Christmas still I hold  
Where my great-grandsire came of old,  
With amber beard and flaxen hair,  
And reverend apostolic air—  
The feast and holy-tide to share,  
And mix sobriety with wine,  
And honest mirth with thoughts divine.\*

Having made these remarks and quotations, I shall proceed to consider the Songs themselves.

The first Song (p. 62.) beginning

Mortals, learn your lives to measure  
Not by length of time, but pleasure ; &c.

is too much of the description mentioned before (p. 97, 98.)

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\* It must be confessed that the *Soldier's Song*, introduced by the same writer in the VIth Canto of his last Poem, *THE LADY OF THE LAKE*, is not in unison with these sentiments. I consider it as highly objectionable.

Dr. Doddridge's motto was *Dum vivimus vivamus*, to which sentiment he gave the following turn, which Dr. Johnson said was the noblest Epigram in the English language :

"Live whilst you live", the Epicure will say,  
 "And give to pleasure each returning day."  
 "Live whilst you live," the pious Preacher cries,  
 "And give to God each moment as it flies."  
 Lord, in my ways may both united be,  
 I live to *pleasure* when I live to *THEE*.

The author of the Book of the Wisdom of Solomon estimated life by a standard different from that in the Song under consideration :  
 "Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years ; but Wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age."  
 (ch. iv. v. 9.)

The second verse of this song begins with the same two lines and then proceeds :

Soon your spring must have a fall ;  
 Losing youth, is losing all.

Solomon, in the Book of Ecclesiastes (xi. 8, 9.) addresses Youth upon the subject of life, and he says, "If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all ; yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity. Rejoice, O Young

Man, in thy youth ; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes." This is generally understood to have been meant ironically, as if he had said, Indulge all the pleasures to which your corrupt affections or natural inclinations lead, for he adds : " but know thou," be assured of this, " that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." (see Orton's Exposition. Vol. v. p. 141.)

The next Song, Sir, by Dr. Dalton, a Doctor in Divinity, begins (p. 63.)

Preach not me your musty rules,  
Ye drones that mould in idle cell ;  
The heart is wiser than the schools,  
The senses always reason well.

Here, again, Sir, the Poet and the Divine are at variance with scripture, there we are told, that " The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked : Who can know it ?" (Jeremiah xvii. 9.) And if, by *the senses*, we are to understand not reason, but the animal appetites, which I suppose is the meaning, then again the Poet is at variance with the Apostle, who says " Walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh : and these are contrary the one to the

other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." (Gal. v. 17.) The song proceeds:

If short my span, I less can spare  
To pass a single pleasure by.

Which, if not literally false, so long as pleasure does not interfere with duty, yet, as it stands here, is evidently part of a system reprobated by some of the foregoing observations.

To this song you have annexed a Note: "This and the following short piece are taken from the writer's alteration of *Comus*, by which he has certainly given more force to the voluptuous doctrine than Milton would have approved, yet has displayed a fine taste and uncommon talents for compositions of this kind." After what you have said before upon the subject of *taste*, (see p. 16.) and upon Milton's "lax morality" and "sophistical arguments," (p. 181, 184.) I think, Sir, you have here written your own condemnation of the song in question, and of the following one, by the same author, and from the same piece, beginning "By the gaily-circling glass". It (p. 64.) ends with

Soon, too soon, the busy day  
Drives us from our sport and play.  
What have we with day to do?  
Sons of care! 't was made for you.

Surely these ideas are inconsistent with the

habits of one (however cheerful) who gives to his daily duties the attention requisite, and who feels himself accountable to his Creator and Judge for the use which he makes of his time, as well as of all other talents intrusted to his management ?

The next Song, “ Busy, curious, thirsty Fly !” (p. 64.) is amongst the Drinking Songs in the first volume of my Collection, with a third verse, which I found attached to it in some collection, and a fourth then first added. It deserves the praise you have bestowed upon it.

The next, by Fawkes, in imitation of Anacreon, “ When I drain the rosy bowl,” (p. 65.) contains the usual ingredients of an Anacreontic, the Nine,—Bacchus—Venus—&c. It casts a ridicule on “ sober counsels”, it recommends the disgraceful jollity which leads to intoxication as the means of sweeping away our sorrows and getting rid of that time as a dull companion, which is one of our most valuable treasures ; and it represents the quaffing of the sparkling wine, with its accompaniments, as what sets the true value upon “ life’s rural scene, sweet, sequester’d, and serene.” How ill applied are these epithets to any scene filled with the disgusting restlessness and noise of Bacchanalians, or with

**the** uncheering dulness of men, who, by present or habitual sottishness, have stupified their senses! And what a contrast is here to the true and rational enjoyment of rural scenery! I cannot forbear in this place inserting a passage from Cowper's *TABLE TALK* on the corruption of poetry :

In Eden, ere yet innocence of heart  
Had faded, poetry was not an art ;  
Language, above all teaching, or, if taught,  
Only by gratitude and glowing thought,  
Elegant as simplicity, and warm  
As ecstasy, unmanacled by form,  
Not prompted, as in our degen'rate days,  
By low ambition and the thirst of praise,  
But natural as is the flowing stream,  
And yet magnificent—a God the theme !

That theme on earth exhausted, though above  
'Tis found as everlasting as his love,  
Man lavish'd all his thoughts on human things—  
The feats of heroes, and the wrath of kings :  
But still, while virtue kindled his delight,  
The song was moral, and so far was right.

'Twas thus till luxury seduc'd the mind  
To joys less innocent, as less refin'd ;  
Then Genius danc'd a Bacchanal ; he crown'd  
The brimming goblet, seiz'd the thyrsus, bound  
His brows with ivy, rush'd into the field  
Of wild imagination, and there reel'd,  
The victim of his own lascivious fires,  
And, dizzy with delight, profan'd the sacred wires.  
Anacreon, Horace, play'd in Greece and Rome  
This Bedlam art ; and others nearer home.

Lines 584, &c.

To this I will add, from *THE MINOR MINSTREL*, By *William Holloway*, an

# ANACREONTIC

ON NEW PRINCIPLES.\*

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"I said of laughter it is mad, and of mirth what doeth it."

ECCLES. ii. 2.

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Fill the nectar-sparkling bowl ;  
Wake the raptures of the soul ;  
Dissipate foreboding fears ;  
Banish all the train of Cares !  
Spread, Euphrosyne, the feast !  
Welcome every jocund guest !  
Music, yield thy sprightliest strain ;  
Love, assume thy tenderest reign ;  
Beauty, arm'd with flames and darts ;  
Rouse our passions, fire our hearts !

Come, my boon companions ! now  
Twine your roses round my brow !  
Join with me the sportive ring ;  
Lightly dance and cheerly sing :  
Gaily chase the fleeting hours :  
Strew the rugged path with flow'rs ;  
Tell me, Youth is best employ'd,  
When convivially enjoy'd :

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\* However unpleasant the truth may be, we venture to assert, that the most enchanting of our Anacreontics have a tendency only to cherish Infidelity, and promote sentiments inimical to the principles of Christianity.

Say, when age his snows shall shed  
Gently o'er my thoughtless head,  
You will ease the bosom's throes,  
You will soothe me to repose ;  
And, when those no more entice,  
Waft to joys of Paradise !

But what Paradise is thine ?  
Heedless votary of the vine !  
Mirth, and jest, and revelry,  
What the hope you proffer me !  
Will it lead Life's steep adown  
Softly to the shades unknown ?  
Will its promises be paid,  
When frail Nature needs your aid !  
Do you from the prospect shrink,  
On Eternity's dread brink ?  
Treach'rous friends ! O, save me ! save !  
Will you quit me at the grave ?  
Dearly I your counsels sue !  
Wretched comforters, adieu !

The next Song, "The thirsty earth drinks up the rain," (p. 66.) is "freely translated from Anacreon, by Cowley. In this "the plants" also are represented as "sucking in the earth," the "sea" as "drinking twice ten thousand rivers up", the "sun" as "drinking up the sea," and "the moon and the stars" as "drinking up the sun." This might, perhaps, be in some measure allowed as a figure of speech ; but when the sun is represented as having a "drunken fiery face" and the poet affirms that

Nothing in nature's sober found,  
But an eternal health goes round.

I conceive that he goes much beyond what is admissible.

Bishop Horne, however, will direct us to a different use of the works of Nature. In his admirable Sermon on the Garden of Eden, he observes,

“ When it is said, “ The Lord God took the man, and put him into the Garden of Eden, to DRESS it, and to ~~KEEP~~ it,” the words undoubtedly direct us to conceive of it, as a place for the exercise of the body. We readily acquiesce in this, as the truth, but not as the whole truth ; it being difficult to imagine, that so noble a creature, the lord of the world, should have no other or higher employment. Much more satisfaction will be found in supposing, that our first parents, while thus employed, like the priests under the law, while they ministered in the temple, were led to contemplations of a more exalted nature, “ serving to the example and shadow of heavenly things.” (Heb. viii. 5.) “ The powers of the body and the faculties of the mind might be set to work at the same time, by the same objects. And it is well known, that the words here used, do as frequently denote mental as corporeal operations ; and under the ideas of DRESSING and KEEPING the sacred Garden, may fairly imply the CULTIVATION

and OBSERVATION of such religious truths as were pointed out by the external signs and sacraments which Paradise contained." Again, speaking of man in Paradise, he says, "He studied the works of God, as they came fresh from the hands of the work-master, and in the creation, as in a glass, he was taught to behold the glories of the Creator. Trained, in the school of Eden, by the material elements of a visible world, to the knowlege of one that is immaterial and invisible, he found himself excited by the beauty of the picture, to aspire after the transcendent excellence of the divine original." The sacred writers have, accordingly, made use of the works of Nature as the material objects whereon to found moral and spiritual lessons, and many writers, in later times, following their example, have written books with this view. To make use of these, therefore, as authorities to sanction *drunkenness*, a sin which God has expressly forbid and will undoubtedly punish, appears to me in the nature of blasphemy against the Creator. This, certainly, was less reprehensible in the heathen Anacreon, but in a Christian we expect purer doctrine; and I cannot but wonder that the late Bishop Hurd, in separating the good from the bad in Cowley's writings, should have retained

what he himself calls "these mad Anacreontics." (*Hurd's Cowley*, Vol. I. p. 147.)

Amongst the Anacreons of our own country, Walter de Mapes,\* Archdeacon of Oxford, and styled "The Anacreon of the eleventh century," wrote an ode, beginning, *Mihi est propositum in Tabernâ mori*, which I conceive to be as contrary to the spirit of Christianity as any writing can well be. Yet it has found a translator, to give it fresh circulation in English, in Dr. Huddesford, in his *Salmagundi*. Strange to say, also, it met with a translator into Greek, in the late Frederick Wolfgang Reiz, Professor of Greek at Leipsic.

The Song (p. 68.) beginning

Wine, wine in the morning  
Makes us frolic and gay,

is another instance of the poet in contradiction to the Prophet. (See p. 192.) Isaiah, says, "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night, till wine inflame them! And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine are in their feasts; but they regard not the

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\* See Pursuits of Literature, Dialogue I. p. 96. 14th Edition. 1808.

work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands." (V. 11, 12.)

The last of these Convivial Songs (p. 69.) is an Anacreontic Glee, by a living author, consisting of Bacchus, Venus, "each light Grace, with zone unbound," Cupid, &c.

I cannot forbear observing, Sir, that of the eight convivial songs given in your volume, only two of them, the first and the seventh, appeared in your first publication. So that they cannot be viewed as the collection of a juvenile mind, in the *hey-day* of the blood, but as the deliberate selections of one in the cool evening of life. And yet there is only one of them, "Busy, curious, thirsty Fly," which I consider as admissible.

I am, Sir,  
With great respect,  
Your &c.

---

However difficult the task may be, I shall attempt a selection of Songs for the use of convivial parties. Some of them have been long and deservedly popular; there is nothing in them, I trust, contrary to sound morality, but each one may amuse and leave a good impression upon the mind.

## CONVIVIAL SONGS.

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### I.

#### MERRY AND WISE.

TUNE: *Let Care be a Stranger.*

---

#### 1

IN temperance train'd, yet I shun not the board,  
Where Plenty and Freedom their blessings  
afford;

The good things of earth we may freely enjoy,  
So we taste not of pleasure till pleasure shall cloy.

In mirth and good-humour, I own, I delight,  
When mirth and good-humour are order'd  
aright

Good friends and good-cheer in due season I  
prize,

And my maxim is still—*Be ye merry and wise.*

#### 2

Should indecency dare to speak out in a jest,  
Then mirth is degraded and wit is a pest;

Nor scruple I make to pronounce it more  
wrong

When music and verse give it zest in a song.

Let wit, like the gold from the furnace be pure,  
Let verse give the song the chaste ear may  
endure ;

I love but that mirth whence no dangers arise,  
For my maxim is still—*Be ye merry and wise.*

## 3

If our wine, or our ale, or whatever we quaff,  
Instead of promoting the full friendly laugh,  
Should tend to create either discord or broil,  
And the ends of society wantonly spoil,  
'Tis a waste of good things, 'tis a waste of our  
time,

'Tis a meeting unsanction'd by "reason or  
rhyme",

So when strife begins, then I straightway arise,  
For my maxim is still—*Be ye merry and wise.*

## 4

Unless from the feast I retire with clear head,  
And blameless next morn can arise from my bed,  
If my neighbour I love not with more cordial  
heart

For the flow of good-humour uncheck'd till we  
part,

I were better at home with my plain bread and  
cheese,

Where my wife and my children endeavour to  
please,

Where all is good humour, and no one denies  
'Tis the maxim of Wisdom—BE MERRY  
AND WISE.

J. P.

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II.

THE HONEST FELLOW.

BY THE REV. C. BUCKLE.

TUNE: *Corn Riggs are bonny.*

1

YE jovial sons of mirth and glee,  
Let's jocund be full well O!  
Well pleas'd I look around to see  
Each one an honest fellow.

2

Of woe and heart-corroding care,  
Of pain and grief ne'er tell O!  
In vain they seek for entrance here,  
To wound each honest fellow.

3

The miser, fond of useless store,  
Could he reflect but well O!  
Would to the needy ope his door,  
And be an honest fellow.

## 4

The Lover, with an April face,  
His plaintive tale does tell O.  
For shame! with ardour press the chace,  
You'll be a charming fellow.

## 5

The Courtier, proud ambition's slave,  
Knows where to fawn full well O;  
How base the tricks of such a knave!  
Beneath an honest fellow!

## 6

The essenc'd Fop, how vain his air,  
This truth will find full well O!  
The man who wins the British fair,  
Must be an honest fellow.

## 7

With heart sincere and free from guile,  
He scorns a lie to tell O!  
His friend he welcomes with a smile,  
This is an honest fellow.

## 8

Pale envy, wrangling, strife forgot,  
Be mine one wish to tell O!  
May joy and peace be still the lot  
Of every honest fellow.

## 9

Then charge each glass and join my lay,  
The liquor's old and mellow,  
Each jog his friend and nodding say,  
Here's to thee, honest fellow.

---

## III.

## ARISTIPPUS.\*

## 1

LET care be a stranger to each cheerful soul,  
Who can, like Aristippus, his passions controul;  
Of wisest Philosophers wisest was he,  
Who, attentive to ease, let his mind still be free.  
The Prince, Peer, or Peasant to him were the  
same,  
For, pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he  
came ;  
But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,  
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

---

\* " To " live all the days of our lives," in a *rational*, not a *Bacchanalian* sense, is most desirable; for our mortal existence is a burden, and not a blessing, when the spring of the mind, as well as the sinews of the body, is broken down, and feeble dependence is constrained to lean on extraneous support."

*Mrs. West's Letters to a Young Lady, Vol. III. p. 371.  
3d Edit.*

## 2

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,  
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end,  
He found fault with none, if none found fault  
with him,

If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his  
whim.

He thought 'twas unsocial to be malcontent,  
If the tide went with him, with the tide too he  
went,

But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,  
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

## 3

Was the nation at war, he wish'd well to the  
sword,

If a peace was concluded, then peace was his word :  
Disquiet to him, or of body or mind,

Was the Longitude only he never could find :  
The Philosophers' stone was but gravel and  
pain,

And all who had sought it had all sought in  
vain,

He still turn'd his back on contention and strife,  
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

## 4

Then let us all follow Aristippus's rules,  
And deem his opponents both asses and mules ;

Let those, not contented to lead or to drive,  
Like the bees of their sects be drove out of their  
hive:

Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease,  
They never will find the blest art how to please;  
While our friends and ourselves, not forgetting  
our wives,  
By these maxims may live all the days of our  
lives.

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## IV.

## LAUGH AND GROW FAT.\*

## I

To rival the miser who broods o'er his *plum*,  
Or to envy the great, I shall never presume.

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\* The sentiments of this song must of course be understood in that happy medium, so difficult, but so desirable to be obtained, between gloom and moroseness, on the one hand, and excessive laughter on the other. (See p. 196.) Something has been said on this subject before, p. 96. Writers upon The Passions and on Medicine mention the beneficial effects of moderate laughter. See Cogan on the Passions, Pt. I. Ch. ii. Art. *Joy*, &c. Dallas on Self-knowledge, Pt. III. Sect. iii. on *Mirth*. Encyc. Brit. Art. *Laughter*. and Buchan's Do-

Tho' wealth to mankind as a blessing was sent,  
 With much or with little I'm always content ;  
 Then, should I grow rich, I'll ne'er murmur  
                   at that,  
 Or, if I grow poor, still I laugh and grow fat.

## 2

Tho' patriots and placemen each other abuse,  
 'Tis nothing to me, I've no pension to lose.  
 Tho' they levy new taxes, for me, I protest  
 I will not complain whilst I fare like the rest ;  
 So, if *Outs* become *Ins*, I'll ne'er murmur at  
                   that,  
 Or, if *Ins* become *Outs*, still I'll laugh and  
                   grow fat.

## 3

Tho' love, I confess, is a part of my care,  
 And Celia's " the fairest of all that are fair,"  
 Altho' I'm enamour'd, I'm not such an elf  
 As to think of my mistress and not of myself ;

medic Medicine ch. xxxvi. on The Jaundice. Laughter is mentioned in Scripture in some degree as a Blessing, " Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." (Luke vi. 21.) " Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with joy." (Psalm cxxvi. 2.) And, in that beautiful composition the sixty-fifth Psalm, laughter is even attributed to the inanimate creation ; " the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing." (V. 14.) See also my Discourses on the Stage, Disc. III. p. 52, &c.

If she smiles, then, of course, I'll ne'er murmur  
                   at that,  
 Or if she should frown, still I'll laugh and  
                   grow fat.

## 4

When I urge the soft plea, should she kindly  
                   incline  
 To crown my fond wish, and consent to be  
                   mine,  
 I'd seize the blest moments, and make her my  
                   wife,  
 In hope of contentment and pleasure for life ;  
 Tho' cares should ensue, I'll ne'er murmur at  
                   that,  
 But all my life long will I laugh and grow fat.

## V.

## FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

FROM THE OPERA OF FONTAINBLEAU.

BY O'KEEFE.

## 1

Tho' Fame sound the trumpet and cry " To  
                   the war,"  
 Tho' Glory re-echo the strain ;

The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,  
 And heroes may smile on their pain ;  
 The treasures of Autumn tho' *Bacchus* display,  
 And stagger about with his bowl,  
 On science tho' Sol beam the lustre of day,  
 And Wisdom give light to the soul :

## 2

Tho' India unfold her rich gems to the view,  
 Each virtue, each joy to improve,  
 Oh ! give me the Friend, whom I know to be true,  
 And the Fair, whom I tenderly love :  
 What's *Glory*, but *Pride* ? a *vain bubble* is  
*Fame*,  
 And riot the *pleasure of wine* ;  
 What's *riches*, but *trouble* ? and *title's a name*,  
 But *Friendship* and *Love* are DIVINE.

## VI.

## THE SENTIMENTALIST.

BY COLLINS.

## 1

Now we're launch'd on the world  
 With our sails all unfurl'd,  
 'Fore the wind down the tide proudly posting,

May the voyage of Life,  
Free from tempest and strife,  
Prove as calm as a smooth water coasting.  
But should some sudden squall, incidental to all  
Rouse up reason to reef ev'ry sail, boys,  
Be your's and my lot to have such a pilot  
When passion increases the gale, boys.

## 2

For to what point soe'er  
Of the compass we steer,  
While the helm still obeys her direction,  
'Tis as sure as the light  
That the joys of the night  
Will ne'er shrink from the morning's reflection.  
And when rest or refreshment succeeds work  
or play,  
That enjoyment from each it may still flow,  
May true Friendship's hand lead us on by the  
way,  
And true Love share the rest of our pillow.

## 3

But, blow high, or blow low,  
Let it rain, freeze, or snow,  
And clay-cold and wet should our birth be,  
The lamb newly shorn  
Shews the blast may be borne,  
Should our station on sea or on earth be :

And, as poor Robin Red-breast will chirp on  
the spray,  
Almost stripp'd by the frost of each feather,  
May a Conscience as clear as the sun at noon  
day  
Keep us warm in the coldest of weather.

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## VII.

## MIRTH.

*A Glee for four voices: by Paxton.*

WRITTEN BY DR. SCOTT.

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COME, oh come, delightful guest!  
Child of tranquil ease and pleasure;  
Ever blessing, ever blest,  
Here diffuse thy choicest treasure.  
Come, sweet Mirth, and bring with thee,  
Sportive Song and merry glee;  
But ah, sweet maid, all playful tricks remove,  
Let no offensive sounds invade the ear,  
But such as bashful Beauty may approve,  
And Modesty, without a blush, can hear.  
Then this blooming radiant throng,  
Shall applaud thy festive measures;  
Darting joyous smiles along,  
Giving and receiving pleasures:  
What sweet raptures fire the mind  
When beauty's charms, and music are combin'd!

## VIII.

## THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

ALTERED FROM A DUET.

## 1

COULD a Man be secure  
That his life would endure,  
As of old for a thousand long year,  
What arts might he know,  
What acts might he do,  
And all without hurry or care.

## 2

BUT, as we have but span-long lives,  
The more we'll call each hour a treasure ;  
And, since Time will not stay,  
We'll seize upon the present day,  
And with good deeds will fill the measure.

## IX.

## A DEHORTATION FROM DRINKING.

BY A LATE EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

*From the London Magazine for September 1746.*

## 1

PASS by a *tavern door*, my son,  
This sacred *truth* write on thy heart :  
'Tis easier company to shun,  
Than at a *pint* it is to part.

## 2

For one *pint* draws another in,  
And that *pint* lights a *pipe*;  
And thus, in th' *morn*, they tap the *day*,  
And drink it out e'er night,

## 3

Not dreaming of a sudden bounce,  
From *vinous sulphurs* stor'd within;  
Which blows a *drunkard* up at once,  
When the fire takes *life's* magazine.

## 4

An *apoplexy* kills as sure  
As cannon ball; and oft as soon;  
And will no more yield to a cure,  
Than murdering chain-shot from a gun.

## 5

Why should men dread a *cannon* bore,  
Yet boldly face a pottle *pot*?  
That may fall short, shoot wide, or o'er,  
But *drinking* is the surer *shot*.

## 6

How many fools about this town,  
Do quaff and laugh away their *time*?  
And nightly knock each other down,  
With Claret *clubs* of *no-grape* wine!

## 7

Until a dart from *Death's* full quiver,  
 As *Solomon* describeth right,  
 Does shoot his *Tartar* thro' the *liver*,  
 Then (*bonos nocios*) *sot*, good night.

## 8

Good *wine* will *kill*, as well as *bad*,  
 When drunk beyond our nature's bounds;  
 Then *wine* gives *life* a mortal *stab*,  
 And leaves her *welt'ring* in her wounds.

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Such were the rules old *BAYNARD* gave  
 To one with whom he could be free;  
 Better you'll from no *doctor* have,  
 Besides—they come without a *fee*.

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## ANTI-ANACREONTIC.

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## X.

SAY! what are the pleasures which Wine can  
 impart?  
 Can it pluck out the Arrows of Scorn from the  
 heart?  
 Erase from the bosom the Image of Care?  
 Or furnish a balm for the Soul of Despair?

Ah no! 'tis a foul, 'tis a dangerous cheat,  
Which offers to view in the glass of deceit  
Oblivion of sorrow—but, cruel, conceals  
Those ages of misery the future reveals.

'Tis a Creditor, who, for a moment's delay,  
Scores double the dreadful reckoning to pay;  
Till the Debtor, poor fool! lull'd to fatal repose,  
Is awak'd to a dungeon and life-lasting woes!

## XI.

## THE DRINKIN', O.

*A Sang for the Ladies.*

BY JAMES HOGG.

*Tune: Dunbarton's Drums.*

## 1

O WAE to the wearifu' drinkin', O!  
That foe to reflection an' thinkin', O!  
Our charms are gi'en in vain!  
Social conversation's gane!  
For the rattlin' o' guns an' the drinkin', O.

## 2

O why will you ply at the drinkin', O?  
Which to weakness will soon lead you linkin', O;  
These eyes that shine sae bright  
Soon will be a weary sight,  
When ye're a' sittin' noddin' an' winkin', O!

## 3

For ever may we grieve for the drinkin', O!  
The respect that is due daily sinkin', O!

Our presence sair abus'd,  
An' our company refus'd,  
An' its a' for the wearifu' drinkin', O!

## 4

O drive us not away wi' your drinkin', O!  
We like your pr'sence mair than ye're thinkin',  
O!

We'll gie ye another sang,  
An' ye're no to think it lang,  
For the sake o' your wearifu' drinkin', O!

## 5

Sweet delicacy, turn to us blinkin', O!  
For by day the guns and swords still are clinkin',  
O!

An' at night the flowin' bowl  
Bothers ilka manly soul,  
Then there's naething but beblin' an' drinkin',  
O!

## 6

Gentle Peace, come an' wean them frae drinkin',  
O!

And bring love along wi' you winkin', O!  
Gar him thraw at ilka man,  
An' wound as deep's he can,  
Or we're ruin'd by the wearifu' drinkin', O!

## XII.

WRITTEN FOR A CONVIVIAL SOCIETY,

WHOSE MOTTO WAS

“FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.”

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## 1


WHEN “Friendship, Love, and Truth” abound  
Among a band of BROTHERS,  
The cup of joy goes gaily round,  
Each shares the bliss of others:  
Sweet roses grace the thorny way  
Along this vale of sorrow;  
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day  
Shall bloom again to-morrow:  
How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
Are holy “FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH!”

## 2

On Halcyon wings our moments pass,  
Life's cruel cares beguiling;  
Old TIME lays down his scythe and glass,  
In gay good humour smiling:  
With ermine beard and forelock grey,  
His reverend front adorning,  
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,  
Night soften'd into morning!  
How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
Are holy “FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH!”

## 3

From these delightful fountains flow  
Ambrosial rills of pleasure:—  
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,  
A more resplendent treasure?  
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,  
We'll form a Constellation,  
Where every Star, with modest light,  
Shall gild his proper station.  
How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH!"



## LETTER V.

## ON AMATORY SONGS.

*Sept. 12, 1810.*

SIR,

LOVE may be considered an universal passion : and perhaps it is that, concerning the due regulation of which, so far as relates to the sexes, mankind have run into the greatest errors. As in all cases, where man is liable to err, it is useful frequently to have recourse to first principles, so on no subject can it be more necessary than upon this. When man was created and endowed with a nature more perfect than that which we now possess, and with the whole creation subject to him for his use, his instruction and his amusement, God expressly declared that “ it was not good that the man should be alone,” and that he would “ make him an help meet for him” ; (Genesis II. 18.) he therefore made woman, and declared that they should “ be one”, and that for her sake man should, whenever he entered into an union with her, “ leave his father and his mother,

and cleave unto his wife": (v. 24. see also Matt. xix. 4, 5.) and accordingly, in after times, we find the ordinances of God directed to keep this union inviolable, and to preserve and direct it to its proper ends. This being the state, then, for which the Creator originally intended man, and which is therefore the best and the happiest which he can enjoy in this world,\* it is that, to which he, or those whose business it is to protect and instruct him in his early years, should look forward as a matter of course; they should promote his attainment of it, and regulate his ideas concerning it. I conceive, therefore, that it is the *duty* of parents to consider, that, when their children arrive at a certain age, they will wish, and it will be proper for them, to enter into the marriage state, and that it is the business of those who have been the authors of their existence in this world, to provide for them accordingly, or to put them

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\* Believe me man, there is no greater blisse,  
 Than is the quiet joy of loving wife;  
 Which who-so wants, halfe of himselfe doth misse.  
 Friend without change, play-fellow without strife,  
 Food without fulnesse, counsell without pride,  
 Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

*Sir Philip Sidney's ARCADIA. Lib. 3. folio 1638. p. 401.*

in a way of providing for themselves. The child of the peasant, when he has arrived at his strength, and is able to earn his weekly wages by his labour, has a provision whereon he may marry; and here I conceive, that, according to the present manners and opinions of the world; the poor man has a decided and important advantage over the rich man, both as it affects his happiness in this world, and in some measure his everlasting happiness in another. A young man in the higher ranks of life frequently finds many and great impediments to an early marriage, I mean to marriage at that time when nature and reason would direct him to chuse a partner for life. How frequently do we see parents with ample fortunes reserving it, rather than giving a part to establish their children in life; and, where they have no fortune, not taking any measures to put them into a way of procuring a maintenance for themselves; and, even where the children would do this, and be contented in a humble walk in life, the parents, either from an undue estimate of life, or from pride, dissuading them, and even preventing their following their rational inclinations. Half the *wants* in society are not respecting those things which really contribute to a person's happiness, but perhaps the contrary; and are

merely artificial cravings to keep up an appearance and satisfy the world around him.\*

I conceive it, therefore, Sir, to be the duty of the moralist to do his utmost to maintain in the world proper ideas of woman, of marriage, of love, and of connubial happiness, and that every thing which at all tends to give persons improper ideas upon these subjects and to diminish their respect for them, is an offence in society and against the will and laws of the Creator. From several of your writings, Sir, I suppose these to be nearly your own sentiments, likewise: and I shall do in this case, as I have done in the former instances; first state your opinions, as I find them expressed in your more serious and more valuable works, and then consider how far the sentiments contained in the songs in this class are likely to second or to militate against your principles.

In one of your earliest publications, MISCELLANEOUS PIECES IN PROSE, by J. and A. L. AIKIN. 1773. In the Critique On The Heroic Poem of Gondibert, speaking of the armies of the Prince and the Duke, you say,

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\* There are some very good remarks upon this subject in INGRAM'S *Disquisitions on Population* in answer to MR. MALTHUS'S *Essay on Population*. p. 74—79.

“ That of Gondibert was composed of hardy youth whom he had selected from his father’s camp, and educated in martial discipline under his own inspection. Temperance, chastity, vigilance, humanity, and all the high virtues of chivalry remarkably distinguish these young soldiers from those of later times. Beauty, indeed, commanded no less regard amongst them than in a modern camp ; but it was an object of passion, and not of appetite ; and was the powerful engine in their education, which inspired them with noble and exalted sentiments.” (P. 162.) You afterwards say of Love, “ the influence of this passion in its purest and most exalted state, during the course of education, is a subject that might, perhaps, shine as much in the hands of a moralist as of a poet.” (P. 164.)

In the first volume of your Letters to your Son, there is one On the choice of a Wife. (L. xxix.) You begin it with saying, “ There is no species of advice which seems to come with more peculiar propriety from parents to children, than that which respects the marriage state ; for it is a matter in which the first must have acquired some experience, and the last cannot.” (P. 330.) You speak of “ the neglect with which admonitions on this head are treated,” as being “ not unfrequently owing to

the manner in which they are given, which is often too general, too formal, and with too little accommodation to the feelings of young persons." (Do.) "The difference of opinion between sons and fathers in the matrimonial choice may be stated in a single position—that the former have in their minds the first month of marriage, the latter, the whole of its duration." (P. 331.) "I need say little as to the share that personal charms ought to have in fixing a choice of this kind. While I readily admit, that it is desirable, that the object on which the eyes are most frequently to dwell for a whole life, should be an agreeable one; you will probably as freely acknowledge, that more than this is of too fanciful and fugitive a nature to come into the computation of permanent enjoyment." (P. 332.) You state that "the two main points on which the happiness to be expected from a female associate in this life must depend"—are, "her qualifications as a *companion*, and as a *helper*:" (Do.) You represent a wife as "the domestic companion of the voyage of life—the intimate of all hours—the partaker of all fortunes—the sharer in pain and pleasure—the mother and instructress of your offspring." And say, "Are you not struck with a sense of the infinite consequence it must be of to you, what are the

qualities of the heart and understanding of one who stands in this relation; and of the comparative insignificance of external charms and ornamental accomplishments?" (P. 333.)—"tastes, manners, and opinions, being things not original, but acquired, cannot be of so much consequence as the fundamental properties of good sense and good temper." (P. 334.)—"To these I should add a strong religious principle.—When "a kind of thoughtless good nature"—"appears with the attractions of youth and beauty, there is some danger lest even men of sense should overlook the defects of a shallow capacity, especially if they have entertained the too-common notion, that women are no better than playthings, designed rather for the amusement of their lords and masters, than for the more serious purposes of life." (P. 335.)—"The original purpose for which this sex was created, is said, you know, to have been, providing man with a *help-mate*; yet it is, perhaps, that notion of a wife which least occupies the imagination in the season of courtship." (P. 337.)—"Romantic ideas of domestic felicity will infallibly in time give way to that true state of things, which will show that a large part of it must arise from well ordered affairs, and an accumulation of petty comforts and con-

veniencies. A clean and quiet fire-side, regular and agreeable meals, decent apparel, a house managed with order and economy, ready for the reception of a friend or the accommodation of a stranger, a skilful as well as affectionate nurse in time of sickness—all these compose a very considerable part of what the nuptial state was intended to afford us; and without them, no charms of person or understanding will long continue to bestow delight." (Do.)—"I confess myself decidedly of the opinion of those who would rather form the two sexes to a resemblance of character, than contrast them. Virtue, wisdom, presence of mind, patience, vigour, capacity, application, are not *sexual* qualities; they belong to mankind—to all who have duties to perform and evils to endure." (P. 340.) "Having thus endeavoured to give you just ideas of the principal requisites in a wife, especially in a wife for one in your condition, I have done all that lies within the compass of an adviser. From the influence of passion I cannot guard you: I can only deprecate its power. It may be more to the purpose to dissuade you from *hasty engagements*, because in making them, a person of any resolution is not to be regarded as merely passive. Though the head has lost its rule over the heart, it may retain its command

of the hand. And surely if we are to pause before any action, it should be before one on which “all the colour of remaining life” depends. Your reason must be convinced, that to form a solid judgment of so many qualities as are requisite in the conjugal union, is no affair of days and weeks, of casual visits or public exhibitions. Study your object at *home*—see her tried in her proper department. Let the progress be, liking, approving, loving, and lastly, declaring; and may you, after the experience of as many years as I have had, be as happily convinced, that a choice so formed is not likely to deceive!” P. 341.

In the second volume of your Letters to your Son, in the Letter (xv) On the advantages of a taste for poetry, you say, “The enemies of poetry have brought a more serious charge against it, from the topics in which it is conversant, many of which are calculated to inflame the passions and vitiate the morals. Passion, it must be allowed, is one of the grand and interesting displays of nature on which poets have ever delighted to exercise their descriptive powers; but they have for the most part painted it in such colours as to render its excesses an object of horror rather than of admiration. With respect to one, however, that of love, I

confess they have in general been too indulgent. Poetry may with still more propriety than music be termed "the food of love;" and whatever censure it may deserve on that account, it must be content to bear. Poems, as well as novels, it is true, are filled with the baneful consequences of this passion, which may be taken for a warning, if the reader be so disposed. But it is commonly so allied with heroism in one sex, and sentiment in the other, that its errors are excused, if not applauded." P. 273.

Mrs. Barbauld, in her *Thoughts on the Devotional Taste*, says, "It will not be amiss to mention here, a reproach which has been cast upon devotional writers, that they are apt to run into the language of love. Perhaps the charge would be full as just, had they said that Love borrows the language of Devotion; for the votaries of that passion are fond of using those exaggerated expressions, which can suit nothing below divinity; and you can hardly address the greatest of all Beings in a strain of more profound adoration than the lover uses to the object of his attachment." P. 23.

In your *Letters on Poetry*, addressed to a Young Lady, (L. I. p. 3.) you say, "There is one particular topic, however, concerning which I feel a degree of hesitation. Poetry has in all ages and countries been the servant

and interpreter of *love* : from that passion it has received some of its most rapturous inspiration, and to its interests has devoted its choicest powers. The strains of love are not only occasionally met with in the works of the poets : they are the animating soul of many, and are intimately blended with almost all." And afterwards ; " it is probable that the refinement and elevation of sentiment fostered by a taste for poetry may prove a protection from that light and vulgar passion which enters merely at the eyes, and is too sensual to be disgusted with coarseness and stupidity. Since, then, it is impossible to separate love from poetry, I shall not fear to recommend it to your notice in its purest, most tender, and fanciful form." P. 4.

In Letter II. speaking of Pope, you say (p. 13.) " The two " Choruses for the Tragedy of Brutus " which follow were intended to be set to music. They are probably too replete with thought for this purpose ; but this is no objection to them, considered as poems to be read. They are very elegant pieces ; and the touching picture of connubial love in the second of them deserves great praise as a moral painting." Part of this is given in my third volume with some trifling alterations, p. 225.

Letter iv. p. 31. speaking of Waller, you

say, " I am apprehensive, however, that his gallantries may seem to you somewhat far-fetched, and his compliments over-strained, and that, for your part, you would prefer tenderness to deification. Love, in its highest tone, is, indeed, favourable to poetry, which scorns the limits of truth and nature, and in every thing affects hyperbole. But in such cases, the fancy is gratified at the expense of the feeling, and fiction occupies the place of reality. There are three topics which poets (and often the same poets) treat in a similar manner; devotion, love, and loyalty: or rather, they apply to the two latter, expressions and sentiments borrowed from the former. Thus Waller, speaking of his *Saccharissa*;

Scarce can I to Heaven excuse  
The devotion which I use  
Unto that adored dæmæ,  
For 'tis not unlike the same  
Which I thither ought to send."

Letter vii. p. 82. Speaking of Pope's *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*, as I have before noticed (p. 18.) you say that, it "is faulty in giving too forcible an expression to sentiments inconsistent with female purity".\*

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\* The British Critic for April 1805. Vol. xxv. p. 411. speaking of Dr. A.'s *Letters on Poetry*, and what he has said on

I have also, (p. 43.) noticed your reference to the beautiful picture of connubial love in Hammond's thirteenth Elegy.

Letter ix. p. 121. Speaking of the *Comus* of Milton, you say "As a recompense for the humiliation you may have felt on viewing the female Character as portrayed by Pope and Swift, you may justly pride yourself on the lustre thrown around it in its virgin purity, by this superior genius."—"No one can peruse this piece without being sensible of an elevation of soul which, for a time, lifts it above the allurements of sensuality, and sanctifies all its emotions." P. 122.

Letter xvii. p. 233. On Cowley, you say "The set of poems connected by the title of "The Mistress," though termed "love verses," have as little real love in them as if they were written on a system of logic. They are, in fact, exercises of wit upon certain given topics, which might have been composed by an academic or monk in a cloyster, who had never known the fair sex but from books. They are not proper to be presented to a young lady in the mass".

Letter xviii. p. 258. You say "The poems

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this poem, says that he has "too far palliated the immorality of a most seductive poem".

of Lord LYTTELTON may be recommended to you, as certain to afford some pleasure, and free from every thing that can offend.”—“ He appears to have felt the tender passion with equal ardour and purity, and to have fulfilled every duty both of a lover and a husband.”—“ I must, however, enter a protest against the following maxim :

One only care your gentle breasts should move,  
Th’ important business of your life is *love*.

Unless love be here used in the extended sense of all the charities of life, all that is endearing and attaching in human society, I should say that he degrades the female character by his limitation.” P. 260.

In concluding these quotations, I must not neglect to recall your attention to your praise of Shenstone’s Pastoral Ballad in four Parts, where you say that it “ has given much pleasure to all who were capable of entering into the delicacies of the soft passion in its purest form.” (Essay on Song-writing. P. xxviii. and p. 5. of this Volume.)

To proceed, then, Sir, to the consideration of the Songs themselves.

The first (p. 70.) is Ambrose Phillips’ translation from Sappho, “ Blest as th’ immortal Gods is he,” to which I object, both as it is

*heathen*, and as it compares the happiness of a mere mortal lover to that of immortals. And the conclusion introduces death with levity, as the effect of love. (See before 53.) I shall not make any farther objection against the Song, but I certainly should not have thought it, merely for the sake of a smooth versification, deserving a place in a Collection.

Much the same may be said of the next, (p. 71.)

“Thy fatal shafts unerring move,  
I bow before thy altar, Love;”

The *bowing* before the *altar* of love is idolatry.

Cowper, in his Poem on Charity, acknowledges how wrong it is to worship or give divine praise to any object below the Deity himself:

Oh, could I worship aught beneath the skies  
That earth hath seen, or fancy can devise,  
Thine altar, sacred liberty, should stand,  
Built, by no mercenary vulgar hand,  
With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair  
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air!  
Duly, as ever on the mountain's height  
The peep of morning shed a dawning light,  
Again, when ev'ning in her sober vest  
Drew the gray curtain of the fading west,  
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise  
For the chief blessings of my fairest days:  
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,  
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine.

L. 254.

Yet even in this passage, the writer appears to

me to go too far. He seems to acknowledge the *willingness* of his soul to render *thanks and praise* to Liberty, but for the prohibition; and the describing the altar and mode of worship, both in these and the following lines, with so much minuteness, is dwelling upon the subject, and that with so much delight, as looks like a proneness to it, which I should be sorry to encourage in my own mind.

I find another Poet going, as I conceive, a step beyond Cowper :

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel  
 To Rural Gods, or prostrate fall ;  
 Did I not see, did I not feel,  
 That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.  
 O heav'n permit that I may lie  
 Where o'er my corse green branches wave ;  
 And those who from life's tumult fly  
 With kindred feelings press my grave.

WILD FLOWERS BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, P. 91.

In the last verse of this song,

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,  
 And ever drop the silent tear,

seems to savour of *fatalism*.

In " Ah! the shepherd's mournful fate!" (p. 72.) the Lover's mistress has a *form* so *heavenly* fair, and he determines to pursue her with hope till death, and

Then, when my tedious hours are past,  
 Be this last blessing given,

Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of heaven.

The calling his mistress *heaven* I consider as profane.

In "Go, tell Amynta", (p. 74.) we have "the Gods ordain'd"!

In "Yes, fairest proof of beauty's power," (p. 75.) the lady is called "dear idol", and the lover says,

That nothing may disturb thy life,  
Content I hasten to the dead.

In the song which begins with "On every hill, in every grove," (p. 76.) the lady, who cannot find Damon, says "All nature does my loss deplore."

The Lover, in "Why, Delia, ever while I gaze", (p. 78.) says,

When drooping on the bed of pain,  
I look'd on ev'ry hope as vain;  
When pitying friends stood weeping by,  
And death's pale shade seem'd hovering nigh,  
No terror could my flame remove,  
Or steal a thought from her I love.

This does not appear to me to be a proper picture of a death-bed, where the dying man has certainly a more natural and serious occupation for the chief of his thoughts, though the love of one whom he had hoped to make the

chaste partner of his life may be allowed a share in them.

In "While from my looks, fair nymph, you guess", (p. 79.) the nymph is styled a *prophetess*.

We have next (p. 80.) the celebrated Song by Lord Lyttelton, "The heavy hours are almost past That part my love and me". The first four verses of this are certainly very beautiful. In the sixth Venus is introduced as an agent in controuling human affairs, and a prayer is made to her :

All I of Venus ask is this,  
No more to let us join :  
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,  
To die and think you mine.

The pious author of the "Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul" appears somewhat inconsistent with himself, when he places a heathen deity in this conspicuous light, and makes the subject of his Song supplicate her as if she had "the power that belongeth unto God". (Psalm lxii. 11.)

The next Song (p. 81.) is by Prior,

If wine and music have the power  
To ease the sickness of the soul,  
Let Phœbus every string explore,  
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.

That music was given us to cheer and delight,

as well as to assist us in praising our Great Creator, is very true : but we are not indebted to Phœbus for it. And that wine was given to “ make glad the heart of man”, (Psalm civ. 15.) I am also ready to acknowledge ; but, neither, are we indebted to Bacchus for that.—The Poet concludes with a prayer to Venus :

Kind goddess, to no other powers  
Let us to-morrow's blessings own ;  
The darling Loves shall guide the hours,  
And all the day be thine alone.

Surely, Sir, he who considers the One true God, as “ the giver of all good” and prays to him for his “ daily bread”, that is, as we explain it in the Church Catechism, “ all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies”, could never write or consider this with complacency. And, though the writing, the publishing, and the praising of such compositions, cannot literally constitute a “ priest of Bacchus” (see Essay. p. xxx and xlviii. and p. 189. of this Volume.) or of Venus, yet they form (in effect) a pretty strong resemblance to the administering at the altars of those imaginary and disgraceful divinities.

In, “ When Delia on the plain appears”, by Lord Lyttelton, (p. 84.) he says, v. 3.

If she some other swain commend,  
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,  
His instant enemy I prove—

The holding some other swain as his *enemy*, because she commends him, I conceive to be un-christian. The same objection I should make to the expression, “ I hate the maid that gives me pain”, in the song beginning, “ Ah ! why must words my flame reveal ?” (p. 85.) The description in this song is beautiful, but I see no useful lesson to be learnt from it.

I feel reluctance at being obliged to find any fault with the next, (p. 87.) “ Come here, fond youth, whoe’er thou be” ! But there appears to me to be a strain of extravagance run through it quite inconsistent with the passages I have quoted in a former part of this letter, and especially that from Mrs. Barbauld’s *Thoughts on the Devotional Taste*, p. 230. The poet says that to love is “ ‘To live upon a smile for years, To lie whole ages at a beauty’s feet’,—“ to kneel,” to *adore*—to hope “ ‘Tho’ heaven and earth thy passion crost”’. In verse 5 groundless jealousy is made necessary to prove love.

In the last verse of “ You tell me that you truly love,” (p. 89.) the poet says,

And tell me, at her loss or hate,  
Would death your only refuge prove ?  
Ah ! if in aught you hesitate,  
Coward ! you dare not say you love.

This is making too light of death, and too much of love ; or, if the words point to a death pur-

posely inflicted by suicide, they are more highly reprehensible.

In "Hard is the fate of him who loves", (p. 90.) by Thomson, there is an address to the "gentle spirits of the vale" to "waft a gale", and to "tell her"; the soul of the beloved object is called *spotless*; and the lover says of his love to his mistress, that "Not her own guardian angel eyes"—"his care"—"with chaster tenderness": this is surely saying too much.

The Song beginning "The tears I shed must ever fall", (p. 92.) I inserted in the second volume of my Collection: but it is, perhaps, the picture of a mind giving way too much to despair.

The Song beginning "If ever thou didst joy to bind", (p. 94.) is a prayer to Cupid, the Son of Venus. There is mention made, likewise, of "the leaves of Fate", and the lover says "I'll absolve the fates". But his last request to Cupid is rather singular, he prays that if his "aid be vain", he will "grant" that he may "love on, when every gleam of hope is gone", and that he will "never grant a cure." There is a passage, Sir, in your Letters on Poetry (L. vi. p. 67.) to the sentiments of which I so fully agree, and which appears to me to cast so just a censure on Songs like the present, and

many others in your Selection, that I cannot forbear quoting it on this occasion. Speaking of Swift and his Poems to Stella, you say, "His exposure of her defects, too, may seem much too free for a lover, or even a husband; and it is easy to conceive that Stella's temper was fully tried in the connection. Yet a woman might be proud of the serious approbation of such a man, which he expresses in language evidently coming from the heart. They are, indeed,

Without one word of Cupid's darts,  
Of killing eyes and bleeding hearts;

but they contain topics of praise which outlive the short season of youth and beauty. How much superior to frivolous gallantry is the applause testified in lines like these!

Say, Stella, feel you no content  
Reflecting on a life well spent?  
Your skilful hand employ'd to save  
Despairing wretches from the grave,  
And then supporting with your store  
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?  
Your generous boldness to defend  
An innocent and absent friend;  
That courage which can make you just  
To merit humbled in the dust;  
The detestation you express  
For vice in all its glittering dress;  
That patience under tort'ring pain  
Where stubborn stoics would complain?"\*

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\* These lines would make a very beautiful Glee.

In the Song “As near a weeping spring reclined,” (p. 95.) Araminta is represented as mourning for “a false ungrateful youth”, when “An aged shepherd”,—“in pity’s kindest tone”, by way of giving her salutary advice, says,

In beauty’s empire is no mean,  
And woman, either slave or queen,  
Is quickly scorn’d when not adored.

and afterwards adds,

For hearts o’ercome with love and grief  
All nature yields but one relief:  
Die, hapless ARAMINTA, die.”

On *dying* for love I have spoken so often before as to render any farther comment in this place unnecessary.

In the Song, “Sweet maid, I hear thy frequent sigh,” (p. 97.) the burden of which is “I sigh for him *who lives no more*”, it would have been better for the supposed writer of it to have followed the example of David on the death of his child; although it created a surprise in his servants, who said to him: “What thing is this that thou hast done? thou didst fast and weep for the child while it was alive; but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread. And he said, While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who

can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me". (2 Samuel xii. 21—23.)

In the next Song, "Dried be that tear, my gentlest love," (p. 98.) mention is made of *Fate* in the first verse, and the lover in the conclusion says to his mistress, "Nor let us lose our heaven here!" an expression, which, thus introduced, I conceive to be, in the most favourable interpretation, too worldly a sentiment.

The sentiment in the last verse of the next, "Ah! tell me not that jealous fear" (p. 99.) I consider as going too far.

In "Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes" (p. 100.) the expression "for heaven's sake", in the first verse, is lightly introduced. And the lady's appeal to her lover lest her virtue should prove too weak, though it may be in some measure a lesson to men, does not shew a very "spotless" mind, nor a strong sense of the duty of chastity:

\*  
\*  
\*  
Press not for what I must deny,  
For fear I should obey.  
Resolve not then to do an ill,  
Because, perhaps, you may.  
'tis a task for me too hard  
To strive with love and you.

The like may be said of the song (p. 102.)  
 “ Strephon, when you see me fly”. The lady  
 confesses “ with ease you may deceive me”,  
 and also says

Heaven decrees that we should part ;  
 That has my vows, but you my heart.

The Song to CUPID, on Valentine’s day,  
 (p. 105.) is another specimen of heathenism.  
 Britons are represented as *adoring* his power.  
 And the sentiment,

Love alone can pleasure give,  
 Only while we love, we live.

either requires the “ protest,” or the “ extended  
 sense”, which you have given to a similar one  
 by Lord Lyttelton, in your Letters on poetry  
 before quoted. See p. 234.

The next is translated from Catullus by Dr.  
 Langhorn. P. 106.

Lesbia, live to love and pleasure,  
 Careless what the grave may say :  
 When each moment is a treasure,  
 Why should lovers lose a day ?

The “ love and pleasure” here mentioned I  
 suppose to be unlawful, else “ the grave” would  
 not say any thing against it.

Setting suns shall rise in glory ;  
 But when little life is o’er,  
 There’s an end of all the story ;  
 We shall sleep, to wake no more.

I consider this Song as very profligate, and the more so as being written by a clergyman.

Lord Chesterfield is the next author who appears, and in his Song, "When Fanny, blooming fair," (p. 107.) has given us a compound of Loves, Cupid, Jove and Venus, and the whole turn of it is highly voluptuous, totally improper to publish, and discreditable to write.

The next Song, Sir, (p. 108.) you inform us "is designed as a contrast to an address to Wisdom." Wisdom, we are told on Divine authority, "is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." (Prov. iii. 15—17.) But here the author says of the person whom he calls "*my Goddess, earthly born*", that she is

Stranger to all the wise explore,  
She proves all far-sought knowledge vain.

We have next something bordering upon indelicate respecting Venus and the Tritons. The following verse betrays either an ignorance of that pure state of our first parents, in which *blushing* had no place, or a despicable sneer against it. See Genesis ii. 25.

And unaccomplished all as Eve  
In the first morning of her life,  
When Adam blush'd, and ask'd her leave  
To take her hand and call her wife.

The Song has, throughout, a tone of profligacy and indecent insinuation, with an attempt to cast ridicule on things serious and sacred.

In the Song, "Ah! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh," (p. 112.) we have "damsel divine"; and in the next, "'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes", we have the expression "form divine". The word divine is become so common as denoting what is only excellent in a high degree, that I should be desirous to leave it without criticism, as a word which had departed from its etymology and acquired a new sense. But the fact is, that we still use it in its original sense, we apply it to God and sacred things. On this account I cannot help thinking that such use of it in amatory songs as we frequently find,—the application of it to a frail human being,—is objectionable. A mind duly impressed with the original sense of this word, would not, I think, (unless from some strong habit) go repeatedly backward and forward from one sense to the other, without some feeling of discord. Other objections might be made to this Song.

Of the two next Songs, "While Strephon, thus you teaze one", (p. 114.) and "The shape alone let others prize," (p. 115.) it may be said, that if they have not any thing very good in them, they are not greatly deserving of censure; the phrase *angel innocence* in the latter is too strong. On this subject see before, Letter ii. p. 63.

In the third Volume of my Collection of Songs, p. 192. is a song by Mozeen, upon this subject, and which forms a proper answer to this and similar passages. It begins,

To reason, ye fair ones, assert your pretence,  
Nor hearken to language beneath Common Sense :  
When angels men call ye, and homage would pay,  
If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they. &c.

The Song "Wouldst thou know her sacred charms", (p. 117.) is given in the second volume of my Collection, with the single alteration of the word *lovely* for *sacred* in the first line.

In the next "Hail to the myrtle shade," (p. 119.) it is said of Phyllis that "Nature hath made her *divine*". This song is in other respects exceptionable.

The least that can be said of the next, "Tell me no more how fair she is", (p. 120.) is, that it is extravagant.

“ While in the bower with beauty blest”,  
(p. 122.) is too voluptuous.

In Smollet’s Song, “ When Sappho tun’d the  
raptur’d strain,” (p. 123.) I shall object to  
nothing but her “ art” being called “ divine”,  
the sentiment of it is in favour of chastity and  
“ artless truth”.

“ When charming Teraminta sings” (p. 126.)  
is too highly coloured.

“ My dear mistress has a heart”, (p. 127.)  
is by Rochester, who at his death lamented his  
profligate life, and his profane and indecent  
writings, which were so much calculated to  
corrupt mankind.\* Here it is said of his  
mistress,

— her constancy’s so weak,  
She’s so wild and apt to wander,  
That my jealous heart would break  
Should we live one day asunder.

Yet he afterwards says of her, “ Angels listen  
when she speaks,” I suppose he means with  
complacency, as he adds “ She’s my delight,  
all mankind’s wonder”.

“ Let the ambitious favour find”, (p. 128.)  
is indecently voluptuous, besides the romantic

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\* See his Life by Bishop Burnet, and the Sermon preached  
at his funeral by Parsons.

extravagance of the line "Whilst I lie dying at her feet."

In the next, (p. 128.)

"Come, let us now resolve at last  
To live and love in quiet ;"

we are told that

"The truest joys they seldom prove  
Who free from quarrels live ;

a very false sentiment !

"From all uneasy passions free," (p. 129.) like several of the Songs preceding, is chargeable with being sensual.

In "Oft on the troubled ocean's face", (p. 130.) the sentiment in the last verse requires some limitation and explanation :

—in fond and amorous souls  
If tyrant love once reigns,  
There one eternal tempest rolls,  
And yields unceasing pains.

"Prepar'd to rail, resolv'd to part," (p. 131.) I must cease to notice such expressions as "form divine" (see before p. 247.) every time I meet them.

In the next "Come, all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled" (p. 131.) a "tempting fair",—"very lovely" and "very kind", and abounding in snares, is represented as being "bright as heaven".

In the Song, p. 134. a nymph wishes the "echoes" to "Tell my STREPHON that I die", but afterwards she desires them to "be dumb,

For, should I cost my swain a tear,  
I should repent it in my tomb,  
And grieve I bought my rest so dear."

In the third line of this verse she affirms that for which she cannot possibly answer: the last line I do not understand, it appears to me to be nonsense.

In the Song from *The Conscious Lovers*, (p. 134.) "From place to place, forlorn, I go", by Sir R. Steel, what constitutes one of its merits with you, Sir, is the ground of my objection. The lady compares herself to

"a silent shade,"  
"To speak, till spoken to, afraid."

you say "This is a very ingenious allusion to the popular notion that ghosts are not permitted to speak till first addressed by the beholder." See before Letter ii. p. 59.

In the second verse of the celebrated Song in *The Stranger*, (p. 135.) "I have a silent sorrow here," the supposed writer talks of her "cherisht woe", her "loved despair", as if there was no blame in encouraging such passions.

And, in the last verse she puts the pardon of her husband before that of Heaven.

I shall not raise my eyes to heaven,  
Nor mercy ask for me;  
My soul despairs to be forgiven,  
Unpardon'd, love! by thee.

In the next song, "There is one dark and silent hour", (p. 136.) "fate decrees" and "Almighty power", are mentioned. Whether *fate* is the *Almighty power* does not exactly appear, but, in any light, the expression, or the mixture, is reprehensible.

In the song "Can loving father ever prove", (p. 137.) a dutiful and affectionate daughter mentions the feelings she has towards her father and mother, and says,

But still, I own with conscious shame,  
'Tis mine to love a *dearer* name.

She adds,

Oh, Henry, say, my only pride!  
Should tender hearts like these divide?  
Sure righteous heaven can ne'er approve!  
Sure mine it calls unhallow'd love!

Now, if her love was pure, and there is no reason to think the contrary, there was not necessarily any *shame* in her loving another dearer than them: "A man shall leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife".

(Genesis II. 24. and Matt. xix. 5.) And indeed, in the conclusion, she expresses no doubt of the rectitude of making a choice, if sanctioned by her parents.

Yet would the soft paternal voice  
Confirm and sanctify my choice,  
Bid me my best affection give  
To him for whom indeed I live—  
Than father—mother—*dearer* name  
Nor heart could wish, nor tongue could frame.

She had said before of her love for her mother,

Saints above  
Feel not the fervour of my love.

By which I suppose she means that the love of saints in heaven to God, or to each other, is not equal to her's for her mother. This is going too far.

In "Fair, and soft, and gay, and young," (p. 138.) the lover says of his love,

Like heaven's, too mighty to express,  
My joys could but be known by guess!

this is profane, and what he says about his mistress being "made for one", and then that she is "faithless" and "not made for one" is a picture of so serious a crime as faithlessness, drawn with levity, and mixed with indecent insinuation.

In "Tho' cruel you seem to my pain," (p. 139.) Phyllis, who is not married, loves a

false swain, who has other nymphs in his view :  
the other lover, the writer of the song, says,

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,  
To me what a heaven 't would be !  
To him but a woman you seem,  
But, ah ! you're an angel to me.

Too much is expressed in the remainder of the song.

In "Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain," (p. 140.) we have a swain dying for love.

"Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free", (p. 142.) are advised to avoid love, and to "fly the fair sex", which, as general advice, I hold to be wrong and unnatural.

"When your beauty appears", by Parnel, (p. 143.) is too light throughout, and especially in the idea about the *angel* and *woman* in the last verse.

The strain of the Song (p. 145.) is discredit-able to true love, and to the human race :

Can love be control'd by advice ?  
Can madness and reason agree ?  
O MOLLY who'd ever be wise,  
If madness is loving of thee ?

He afterwards says : "Dull wisdom but adds to our care", on which subject see before, p. 146. This Song is also of that species which perversely represents pleasure as the only or principal consequence to be drawn from the shortness of life.

The next Song (p. 146.) "Think no more, my gentle maid," signed J. A. besides the introducing Cupid, is, to my mind, much too warm and sensually descriptive in its expressions, particularly in the last four lines.

"Why, cruel creature, why so bent", (p. 147.) is not on the whole a bad song; but the saying (verse 3) that "Kings are themselves too poor" and "a thousand worlds too few" to pay the value of her "endless charms," is very extravagant.

The next, "Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove", (p. 148.) is a Prayer to Fortune, and is therefore, I think, profane and idolatrous. The Ignorant (says Stanhope, in his Paraphrase and Comment on the Epistles and Gospels, Third Sunday after Easter, Vol. III. p. 38, Eighth Edit.) the "Ignorant have called that the Tyranny and Blindness of Fortune, which Christians are taught to believe, is the Disposition of an infinitely Wise, and Just, and Good Being."

Respecting the merits of the next Song, Sir, Darby and Joan, "Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure", (p. 149.) attributed to Prior, I intirely agree with you; and only wonder, that, having a relish for such a *portrait* of humble life, (see before Letter II. p. 36, &c.)

you can admire the extravagant rants, and forced and false sentiments which prevail in the generality of Songs in your Collection. This is given in the first of my volumes.

The Song "Away! let nought to love displeasing," (p. 151.) is given in the second Volume of my Collection, but with the four last lines altered. I thought the sentiment contained in them too poor for so worthy a character.

"O Nancy, wilt thou go with me," (p. 152.) is a beautiful picture of chaste and disinterested love. That likewise is in my second volume.

"In vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er". (p. 154.) In this song the lady says, "Should heaven and earth with thee combine, 'Twere all in vain".

I feel an unwillingness to notice the Song beginning "The wretch O never let me know" p. 155. as it is in some respects both beautiful and morally good. But nothing is hinted of Colin being the *husband* of the woman, but rather otherwise. There is frequently an obscurity or ambiguity in amatory songs whether the love mentioned be lawful or unlawful, which I consider as very objectionable; it leaves an opening for bad application by readers that way inclined. This objection appears to me to apply in some measure also to the Songs, p. 112. 146. 182.

In "Oh! Henry, sure by every art", (p. 157.) I will not object to any thing but the expression "Oh! come it will," verse 2, line 3, and the word *shall*, in verse 3, line 1 and 2. "My Henry shall with peace return, And war no more our hearts shall sever", as being presumptuous.

"How bright the sun's declining rays", (p. 158.) The poet says, v. 3.

She died—and at that very hour  
Hope broke her wand, and Pleasure fled.  
Life is a charm has lost its power,  
Th' enchantress of my days is dead.

This is not the resignation of a Christian.

In the Song "When gentle Celia first I knew," (p. 159.) the lover says "Oft shall I curse my iron chain". I conceive this cursing to be wrong. The principal sentiments of this song encourage a person in yielding to a passion which he blames in himself all the time. It is not uncommon to hear language of the following kind, but which, in my opinion, should be strenuously opposed by the moralist. A person says (either in a case of love, or some other) "I know it is a weakness, I know I am to blame; but I cannot help it,—I feel it impossible to resist." The flatterer answers, "Don't be unhappy about it,—it is an amiable weakness,

—we are not all made for every thing.” But the true friend and honest moralist would reply, “ I know it is a trying situation, and I feel for your difficulties: but I must protest against the doctrine implied in your words and manner of speaking. You own yourself to blame, yet you say it is *impossible* to do otherwise. Consider what an accusation this is against our Moral Governor. It implies that he will blame (and therefore punish) you for doing what you cannot avoid, or for omitting what you cannot do. Are you sure that in the bottom of your heart, you are not expecting (indistinctly perhaps) that those who hear you will *praise*, rather than *blame*, you? Such self-deceit may exist.”

The introduction of *fate* at the end, (besides its being *heathen fate*) is, as applied to the Lover, in the spirit of the fault which I have here endeavoured to expose.

The Song “ If love and reason ne’er agree,” (p. 161.) is very good, and a proper antidote to that beginning, “ Can love be controul’d by advice”, and shall be here inserted as some relief after the many sentiments I have had occasion to censure.

## LOVE AND REASON.

## I

If Love and Reason ne'er agree,  
 And Virtue tremble at his power,  
 May Heav'n from Love pronounce me free,  
 And guard me thro' each tender hour!

## 2

But, if the pleasures Love bestows  
 Are such as Reason pleas'd allows,  
 Are such as smiling Virtue knows,  
 To Love I'll pay my Virgin vows.

## 3

And such they are: for loose desires  
 But ill deserve the tender name;  
 They blast, like lightning's transient fires,  
 But love's a pure and constant flame.

## 4

Love scorns a sordid selfish bliss,  
 And only for its object lives;  
 Feels mutual truth endear the kiss,  
 And tastes no joys but those it gives.

## 5

Love's more than language can reveal,  
 Or thought can reach—tho' thought is free;  
 'Tis only felt—'tis what I feel,  
 And hope that Damon feels for me.

In the Song, "When first upon your tender cheek", (p. 162.) we have "angel face" and "kneeling crouds adore"; and it is said that "Danger and death attend the sight" of the charms of the subject of it.

In your Note on the Song, "He that loves a rosy cheek," (p. 165.) I perfectly acquiesce, and I can only say that it increases my wonder at the general materials of your volume:

“ Carew, though infected with the bad taste of his age, and in general overrun with artificial thoughts and conceits, has written some pieces of great sweetness and elegant simplicity ; of which this is a very pleasing example.”

“ The Song “ Still to be neat, still to be drest,” by Ben Jonson, (p. 166.) is not bad.

On your omitting a verse in the song “ Why so pale and wan, fond lover?” (p. 167.) I have observed before, in my first letter, p. 26. I only wish that the instances of omission had been more frequent. In the manner of using the expression “ young sinner”, in the second verse, there is a levity which I consider as objectionable.

In the next Songs “ Whence comes my love?” (p. 167.) and “ The Graces and the wandering Loves” (p. 169.) the Cupid and Venus with her divine attributes, as well as some lines of the common romantic extravagance, must be referred to a general censure.

In “ Round Love’s elysian bowers”, (p. 170.) “ Beauty’s smile” is called a “ cloudless heaven”.

The SIGH, “ Gentle air, thou breath of lovers”, (p. 172.) is an elegant composition.

In “ Love arms himself in Celia’s eyes”, (p. 173.) Reason is treated in much the same way as in the Songs p. 146. and 254.

In the Song "Young I am, and yet unskilled", (p. 174.) there is a great deal of artful simplicity.

The Song, "Ye virgin powers, defend my heart", (p. 177.) is in the second volume of my Collection; but I altered the word *powers* to *fears*, and the twelfth line "There place a guard of pride", I altered to "Place Virtue at my side."

In "Strephon has fashion, wit and youth," (p. 178.) the lady says of him

He nothing wants but love and truth  
To ruin me with ease.

If I understand the expression, "ruin me", the sentiment is very profligate.

In "When clouds that angel face deform," (p. 179.) the poet says "I curse the sex," which is unchristian.

The Song, "Fickle bliss, fantastic treasure," (p. 181.) is both profane and profligate.

The beginning of the Song "On Belvidera's bosom lying" (p. 182.) is much too warm, and the latter part is false sentiment. It appears to lie under the objection mentioned p. 256. where reference is made to it.

"Boast not, mistaken swain, thy art," (p. 182.) is humourous and not bad.

The same may be said of "My love was fickle once and changing". p. 183.

“ Shall I, wasting in despair,” (p. 185.) is given in the second volume of my Collection, with some variations, owing to the copy I used, and some trifling alterations of my own.

“ I do confess thou’rt smooth and fair,” (p. 187.) has some good instruction in it, but the sentiments are rather coarse.

The sentiment of the next, “ Not, Celia, that I juster am” (p. 188.) is loose. The sentiment

—the whole sex can but afford  
The handsome, and the kind.

is false and illiberal.

“ It is not, Celia, in our power”, (p. 189.) is bordering on, if not quite, profane.

In “ Say, Myra, why is gentle love”, I question whether this sentiment be just;

The heart can ne’er a transport know,  
That never feels a pain.

The song also supposes that even *racking* pain must attack the amorous breast; and that this racking is *general* to the amorous breast and not merely in extraordinary cases.

“ Awake, awake, my lyre!” (p. 190.) from the Davideis of Cowley, has the merit of versification but nothing of valuable sentiment.

In the Song “ What shade and what still-

ness around!" if the word "admires" were substituted in the last verse for *adores*, it would be a sweetly playful composition, yet expressive of a love of which a man need not be ashamed.

The lady who sings "While Strephon in his pride of youth" (p. 196.) was not tenacious, it appears, of her virtue: the last reflection, however, is not bad.

The character given of the female sex in the song "Woman, thoughtless, giddy creature," (p. 197.) is of that humiliating kind so justly censured in Pope and Swift in your Letters on Poetry, L. ix. p. 121. And, though it will perhaps be said, that (in the concluding stanza) Bevil comes round, and practically acknowledges his error, yet, I think, the light and ludicrous alteration in him is insufficient to set against the great particularity of the preceding aspersions; and forms rather an accusation of *his* weakness than a defence of the sex.

To "A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain," (p. 198.) though I must object as Bacchanalian, and could by no means admit it, yet I can allow that the latter part of it contains a coarse lesson, such as, received with caution, may operate to check the romantic and extravagant turn which, in some men, the passion of love takes.

The Song "Cynthia frowns whene'er I woo

her;" (p. 199.) by CONGREVE, is profligate. After what you, Sir, have said of this writer, in your Letters on Poetry (L. xviii. p. 252.) I should not have expected to have found this and some other Songs by him in a Collection made by you: "If Dr. Johnson's sentence be just, that Congreve's miscellaneous pieces "show little wit and little virtue," I should be wrong to recommend them at all to your perusal; and indeed the little that is good in them is scarcely worth the pains of selecting from the bad or indifferent."

"Love's but the frailty of the mind", (p. 199.) is full of false sentiment.

"Fair Amoret is gone astray," (p. 200.) is not a bad picture of a Coquet.

"Give me more love, or more disdain;" (p. 201.) appears to me to contain a false sentiment in the first verse,

Either extreme of love or hate  
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

In the second the allusion to Danaë is too warm, and the sentiment,

he's possess  
Of heaven that's but from hell releas'd.

is profane.

The instruction in "Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes", (p. 204.) is not a bad lesson for forward females, but is not very elegantly expressed.

“ I tell thee, CHARMION,” by Congreve, (p. 207.) is, as usual, profligate : The Poet says “ I never would be true”, and “ women love to change, and so do we.”

By accident, Sir, my Copy of your Vocal Poetry contains here a cancelled leaf (p. 207 and 208.) from which I find that you have omitted the song, “ Damon, if you will believe me,” which was given in your former edition, and is retained by Mr. Evans in his re-publication of it. I perfectly agree with you that it ought to be suppressed; but I do not see that it is much, if at all, worse than several which you have retained.

The Song, “ Why we love, and why we hate,” (p. 209.) is bad morality. It encourages men to shuffle off from themselves any blame which may be in their actions or thoughts, and to cast it upon the *skies*, that is the Governor of the world, or on *Fate*, or *Random Chance*. *Zelinda's will is not her own* : nor are we to ask a *reason* for the man's actions, but take all as a *riddle*.\*

\* I have made some remarks upon this subject before, Letter ii. p. 51, 52. But, since that part was printed off, I have met with a passage in Stanhope On the Epistles and Gospels, (in the Ep. for the Fourth Sunday after Easter: James i. 17—21.—

Respecting the authors of the two following Songs, "Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes" (p. 210.) and "Good Madam, when ladies are

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Vol. iii. p. 45.) so much to the purpose, that I shall here subjoin it:

"In order to understand the beginning of it, let it be considered, that the Apostle had before directed every one *who lacks Wisdom, to ask it of God*; and afterwards had set himself to refute the false Notions some entertained, of Him and his Providence. To the disposal hereof having rightly ascribed all Events and Changes; they from thence very erroneously inferred, that he was the Author and Cause, of all the Sin committed by Men.

This Argument seems more particularly levelled at the Opinion of the Pharisees: A Sect of all among the *Jews* in the highest Credit and Veneration. Of these *Josephus* says, (*Antiq. Lib. xviii. Cap. 2.*) that *they imputed all things to Fate*, but adds, that *they did not do this in such a manner, as absolutely to destroy Free-will*. For reconciling this seeming Inconsistence, we shall do well to take notice, that they laid great stress upon the particular Frame and Constitution of Men, their Humours and Complexions, and the Influences of those Planets and Stars, under which they were born. Thus they made the Virtues and Vices of Men to depend upon these Causes; and so charged upon God, the Director of these Causes, that Good or Evil, which Men could hardly, with good Sense, be said to choose, by those who held them to be by Nature formed for, and from their Birth necessarily determined to the One, or the Other. This Remark will be of some use to us, in discerning, not only the true Occasion and Force of the Apostle's Reasoning, but also the Propriety of the Terms, in which it is expressed.

In opposition to this dangerous Scheme, *St. James*, writing to Christians converted from Judaism, asserts every Advantage

willing," (p. 211.) it seems that there has been some difference between Lady M. W. Montagu and Sir W. Young; but if the lady was anxious to disown the former, the latter is not a song, I think, for a lady, or any one, to be anxious to avow.

The next, "When first I sought fair CÆLIA'S love," (p. 212.) is both profligate and profane.

"Corinna cost me many a prayer," (p. 213.) is unprincipled and coarse.

"Take, oh take those lips away", (p. 214.) the description is of too sensual a nature.

The Song "On a Lady's Girdle." (p. 216.)

conducting to our Virtue and Perfections to descend upon us indeed from Heaven. Yet not from that Heaven where the Sun and other Luminous Bodies move, but *from Above*. (For this peculiar Energy some have attributed to that Word *Above*.) They come down from Him, who dwells in those that (according to a known distinction in use with the *Jews*) are called the *Highest Heavens*. Even from Him, who is truly stiled the Father of Lights, as he created and constituted those Lights and their Influences."

Should it be said that this doctrine of the influence of the stars is now exploded; and may therefore be admitted in poetry as a harmless play of the fancy, yet I cannot but think that the frequent repetition of such expressions has a bad effect upon some minds. And there is a blameable levity in attributing, though in jest, to stars or such like imaginary causes those high powers of superintendence and government, which we know belong only to one Supreme Being.

contains insinuations of a very voluptuous and pernicious kind.

“Go, lovely Rose!” by Waller, (p. 216.) is given in the third volume of my Collection, with an additional verse by the late amiable and lamented Henry Kirke White, which gives it greater value.

“If truth can fix thy wavering heart,” by Garrick, (p. 217.) is not bad; but there appears to me to be something too light in the last verse in mentioning “Heaven and Sylvia” together, wishing them to “grant his suit.”

The Song, “All my past life is mine no more,” by Rochester, (p. 219.) where he says,

If I, by miracle, can be  
This livelong minute true to thee,  
’Tis all that heaven allows.

is both profane and profligate.

To this Song, and the others beginning in p. 129. 199. 201. 223. 240 and 241 by the *Wits* of Charles the Second’s days, I must add the lines upon this subject from Cowper’s *Table Talk*; where, giving a sketch of the History of Poetry, he mentions the age of Puritanism and the succeeding one of licentiousness:

When Cromwell fought for power, and while he reign’d  
The proud protector of the pow’r he gain’d,  
Religion harsh, intolerant, austere,  
Parent of manners like herself severe,

Drew a rough copy of the Christian face  
 Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace;  
 The dark and sullen humour of the time  
 Judg'd ev'ry effort of the muse a crime;  
 Verse, in the finest mould of fancy cast,  
 Was lumber in an age so void of taste;  
 But, when the second Charles assum'd the sway,  
 And arts reviv'd beneath a softer day,  
 Then, like a bow long forc'd into a curve,  
 The mind, releas'd from too constrain'd a nerve,  
 Flew to its first position with a spring  
 That made the vaulted roofs of pleasure ring.  
 His court, the dissolute and hateful school  
 Of wantonness, where vice was taught by rule,  
 Swarm'd with a scribbling herd, as deep inlaid  
 With brutal lust as ever Circe made.  
 From these a long succession, in the rage  
 Of rank obscenity, debauch'd their age;  
 Nor ceas'd, till ever anxious to redress  
 Th' abuses of her sacred charge, the press,  
 The muse instructed a well-nurtur'd train,  
 Of abler votaries to cleanse the stain,  
 And claim the palm for purity of song,  
 That lewdness had usurp'd and worn so long.

Line 610, &c.

"Swain, thy hopeless passion smother,"  
 (p. 221.) is far too warmly descriptive.

"Love's a dream of mighty treasure",  
 (p. 223.) gives a very false and degrading  
 picture of love.

"Chloe's the wonder of her sex," (p. 223.)  
 This vicious song is included in the censure  
 drawn (p. 268.) from Cowper's Table Talk.

On the merits of the Song, "Pretty Parrott,

say, when I was away", (p. 224.) I am sorry I cannot agree in opinion with you, Sir. For I think, it less "merits preservation", than oblivion, for the ideas to which it leads.

"Why will Delia thus retire," (p. 225.) treats serious things lightly; and the last stanza but one adds to levity a lesson decidedly immoral and pernicious:

All the morals that they teach us  
Never cured a sorrow yet :  
Choose among the pretty fellows  
One of humour, youth and wit.

In "O clear that cruel doubting brow!" (p. 227.) I object to the sentiment

—Jove but laughs at lovers' oaths,  
And lovers' perjuries."

the song is light throughout: it casts a discredit on real virtues, and profanely jests upon a serious oath.

The Song, "When Orpheus went down to the regions below," (p. 228.) I consider as a libel upon "Connubial love", and one of those songs which tends to set marriage in an unfavourable point of view; a view of it which is the cause of much unhappiness in the world. Some may say, the whole Song is a mere joke. To me it appears a very bad one, and bids fair to have upon some minds such effect as I have

described. To this it adds a ludicrous idea of what is most serious, the place of punishment for the wicked : besides the introduction of a heathen deity, as presiding in such place.

The same may be said of the next, " Vain are the charms of white and red," (p. 228.) as far as relates to the effect upon the married state.

The next " Chloe brisk and gay appears," (p. 229.) with two others soon following, " Celia, hoard thy charms no more," (p. 232.) and " Celia, too late you would repent;" (p. 234.) come all under the far too frequent, but (I think) just charge of profligacy.

" Say, lovely dream, where could'st thou find", (p. 238.) has in the second verse

In heav'n itself thou sure wert drest  
With that angel-like disguise.

The Songs at pages 240 and 241 are noticed before, see p. 268.

In these two Songs, " She loves, and she confesses too" and " 'Tis now, since I sat down before" but especially in the first, *Honour* is spoken of in very disparaging terms. What is called Honour by many persons is certainly a *phantom*, a *noisy nothing*, a *stalking shade* (p. 240.) and a principle of *pride*. (p. 242.) But there is an Honour, likewise, which is " an

auxiliary Principle, engaged along with other Powers, in the cause of Virtue." See A DISSERTATION ON DUELLING; &c. By RICHARD HEY, L. L. D. Part vi. Sect. ii. In the first section of this part, the author observes, that "Honour has been distinguished,\* (and, as it seems, with good reason,) into a Motive or Principle of action, and an End or Reward."—"A nice sense of Honour is sometimes mentioned as synonymous to a refined sense of Virtue: and men are represented as performing noble and worthy actions from this sense of Honour, where the eye of the World cannot observe them, and where not even a single Friend can be admitted as a spectator. This is a noble Principle; but it is to be distinguished from a sense of Virtue, and may be traced up to the Fountain of Opinion or Reputation.

A nice sense of Virtue is that by which we make ready and accurate distinctions between what is virtuous and what is vicious: but this is not to be confounded with the *Motive* which impels us to pursue the Virtue or avoid the Vice. This Motive is in one person the Hope of Reward or Fear of Punishment in this life; in another, it is like the Hope or Fear respecting a future life;

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\* Adventurer, No. 61.

in a third it is Benevolence joined to a persuasion that what he does will contribute to the Good of Mankind; and, (not to attempt a complete enumeration,) in a fourth it is a regard to his Character in the World.”—He afterwards says “Attention to such points in particular cases, by frequent repetition, produces an habitual Principle, a Sensibility, which becomes a new Faculty in the mind. And such seems to be the Origin of a sense of Honour.” These two sections are well worth the perusal of every reader; and the opinions laid down in them make me lament that any thing should be said to the disparagement of Honour as a *general* Principle.

To the list of profligate Songs must, I fear, be consigned “Pursuing beauty, men descry” (p. 243.)

The next to it, (p. 244.)

## I.

Come, tell me where the maid is found  
Whose heart can love without deceit,  
And I will range the world around,  
To sigh one moment at her feet.

## IV.

Shew me on earth a thing so rare,  
I'll own all miracles are true:  
To make one mind sincere and fair,  
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do!

is profane towards Heaven, and unjustly debases human nature, or rather the female sex: a

debasement which may encourage deceit and falsehood, by representing them as so common, and their opposites as so difficult.

“Stella and Flavia every hour”, (p. 244.) by Mrs. Pilkington, is at once beautiful and good.

“Chloris, yourself you so excel,” (p. 245.) by Waller, contains a simile about “a spirit with his spell”, as if there were such a thing.

“In vain, dear Chloe, you suggest”, (p. 246.) makes light of a species of inconstancy, and also is too liable to a voluptuous interpretation, though a good deal involved in obscure expressions.

“Should some perverse malignant star (As envious stars will sometimes shine)” — (p. 247.) supports the exploded doctrine of the influence of the stars, on which see before, p. 51. and 265.

You end your Collection, Sir, with

“Why will Florella, while I gaze”, (p. 249.) and say “This Song, closed by a beautiful and happy simile, may be regarded as a perfect model of the ingenious class.” If the song be excellent on this account, it appears to me to be deficient in the more valuable ingredients of just sentiment and pure morality.

Towards the end of your Essay on Song-writing (p. xlix.) you say, Sir, “If I were to

pronounce in what class of those compositions our English song-writers have displayed the greatest degree of excellence, I should say, in that which contains the tender and ardent expression of the amorous passion ; and particularly in those which describe the symptoms and indications of love—a topic originally derived from Sappho's celebrated ode, but dwelt upon with much additional detail of circumstances in several of the pieces here inserted. I am mistaken if more truth and delicacy of representation can be met with in the amatory poets of any other language, ancient and modern ; and it is pleasing to observe that many of the best specimens are distinguished by an air of sincerity and faithful attachment, equally remote from licentious heat and from frivolous gallantry."

In these sentiments, Sir, I am sorry that I cannot agree with you ; the object of this work is to prove the contrary, and I think that I have shewn that there is in the Songs in your Volume little of the *tender* and *ardent* expression of the amorous passion, little *truth* and *delicacy of representation*, little of the air of *sincerity* and *faithful attachment*, but much of *licentious heat* and *frivolous gallantry*. Many of them are of that description of " am'rous ditties"

which Milton mentions as having “ Infected Sion’s daughters”. (Par. Lost, B. i. l. 449. See also B. xi. l. 580—627.)

Should I be so fortunate as to convince you of this, and induce you to publish a Collection of a different kind, I should be truly happy at the effect of my labours ; but, if not, I hope my remarks may weigh with your readers, and prove an antidote against the poison which I conceive the present volume to contain.

With this hope, Sir, in its fullest extent, I conclude my Letter, and remain,

With great respect,

Your &c.

## POSTSCRIPT.

*September 18, 1810.*

As the pieces, Sir, in your Class of Amatory Songs are those included in the two classes of "Passionate and Descriptive" and "Witty and Ingenious" in your former work republished by Mr. Evans, I shall now consider those Songs omitted by you, but retained by him. The first of these which occurs is at page 134, "Fly, thoughtless youth, th' enchantress fly", a song much too warm and voluptuous and containing some false sentiment. The same may be said of "On a bank, beside a willow," (p. 138.)

Arno's Vale, by the Earl of Dorset, "When here Lucinda first we came," (p. 141.) is a song of sweeter versification, and less exceptionable in its matter, than most of those which are retained of this class.

"Bid me, when forty winters more", (p. 152.) is profligate in a high degree; and the sentiment that, after those years have elapsed, and "furrowed deep my pallid brow" &c. "Then bid me court sobriety", is in direct opposition both to reason and religion. St. Paul's advice to Titus (ch. ii.) is not less applicable to a writer of songs :

“ Speak thou the things which become sound doctrine; that the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience: The aged women likewise, that they be in behaviour as becometh holiness, not false accusers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things; that they may teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed.” Nor does the Apostle omit sobriety in *young men*: “ Young Men, likewise, exhort to be sober minded. In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works; in doctrine shewing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned”. V. 1—8.

When pernicious doctrines in morality are inculcated or encouraged, whether by Songs or graver publications, surely this is not that *sound speech*, in *doctrine*, which may not justly be condemned.

“ Tell me not I my time mispend,” (p. 153.) is at best very silly, as the last verse will shew:

Nor blame him, whoe'er blames my wit,  
That seeks no higher prize,  
Than in unenvied shades to sit  
And sing of Chloris' eyes.

“ Love and Folly were at play,” (p. 206.)

and “An Amorous swain to Juno pray’d,” (Do.) are not either of them calculated to give just ideas of love.

“Tell me no more I am deceiv’d,” by Congreve, (p. 209.) and introduced by Hoadley into *The Suspicious Husband*, by making Ranger read it, and say “Honest Congreve was a man after my own heart”, (A. i. S. 1.) is very profligate in its sentiment. Hoadley has made it worse by altering the line, “I always knew (at least believ’d)” to “By Heaven I all along believ’d”.

“Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,” by Lord Chesterfield, (p. 210.) is peculiarly profligate and profane, which indeed can create no surprise, when we recollect who is its author.

The following Parody, or Answer, may be offered as an antidote to it:

1

Mistaken Youth, lay Stanhope by;  
His Wit is all deceiving;  
’Twill neither teach you how to die  
Nor Happiness in living.

2

Happy to die! no one can know  
Till Virtue is his Master;  
Therefore our study should be now  
To hold this Gem the faster.

3

Would You, my Charles, be truly blest,  
Make this your Inclination,  
Let Wisdom rule your candid Breast  
And curb each guilty passion.

To each pure joy free licence give;  
 Each baser wish deny :  
 Thus, *free and happy*, shall you *live*,  
 Thus *happy* shall you *die*.

“Come, little infant, love me now,” (p. 225.) is both voluptuous and coarse.

“As Ariana young and fair” (p. 235.) is extravagant and profane; and “When first I saw Lucinda’s face,” (p. 236.) is still more so.

“At Cynthia’s feet I sigh’d, I pray’d,” (p. 238.) is most indecently voluptuous and profligate.

To these succeed (p. 245, &c.) four original pieces, “One parting kiss, my Ethelinde!” “Bow the head, thou lily fair,”—“Come, gentle god of soft repose,” and “Aspasia rolls her sparkling eyes,” but as there is little in them of an objectionable nature which is not already censured by some of my former remarks, I shall only observe upon the third of them,

#### TO SLEEP.

Come, gentle god of soft repose,  
 Come sooth this tortur’d breast;  
 Shed kind oblivion o’er my woes,  
 And lull my cares to rest.

Come, gentle God, without thy aid  
 I sink in dark despair, &c. &c.

Let me forget myself, my grief,  
 And every care—but love.

Such addresses, I conceive, divert the mind from the only true refuge in all cases of distress and grief, "the God of patience and consolation", (Romans xv. 5.) and it appears that *love*, in its limited sense, is the only wish of the writer.

## AMATORY SONGS.



## I.

## MAN AND WOMAN.

FROM THE ORATORIO OF CREATION.



*In native worth and honour clad,  
With beauty, courage, strength adorn'd,  
To heaven erect and tall he stands,*

A man,  
The Lord of earth, and nature's king.

The large and arched front sublime  
Of wisdom deep declares the seat;  
And in his eyes with brightness shines

The Soul,  
The breath and image of his God.

With fondness leans upon his breast

The partner for him form'd,  
A woman, fair and graceful spouse.  
Her soft and smiling virgin-looks,  
Of flow'ry spring the mirror,  
Bespeak him love, and joy, and bliss.

## II.

## W O M A N.

## 1

'Ho, in this world of care and strife,  
 oth kindly cheer and sweeten life,  
 s friend, companion, and as wife?

'TIS WOMAN.

## 2

'ho, by a thousand tender wiles,  
 fond endearments, and by smiles,  
 bosom of its grief beguiles?

'TIS WOMAN.

## 3

rom whom do all our pleasures flow;  
 Who draws the scorpion sting of woe,  
 And makes the heart with transport glow?

'TIS WOMAN.

## 4

Who, of a nature more refin'd,  
 Doth soften man's rude stubborn mind,  
 And make him gentle, mild, and kind?

'TIS WOMAN.

## 5

Who binds us all to one another,  
 By silken bands of father, mother,  
 Of husband, children, sister, brother?

'TIS WOMAN.

## 6

When hours of absence past we meet,  
Say, who enraptur'd runs to greet  
Our glad return with kisses sweet?

'TIS WOMAN.

## 7

Who, by a word, a touch, a sigh,  
The simple glancing of her eye,  
Can fill the soul with ecstasy?

'TIS WOMAN.

## 8

Bid me with mandate stern prepare  
To cope with death, with grief, or care,  
All, all, undaunted I would bear

FOR WOMAN.

## 9

Guide me to mountains white with snow,  
Where chilling winds forever blow,  
E'en there contented I would go,

WITH WOMAN.

## 10

Friend and companion is a Wife,  
Who, in a world of care and strife,  
Doth kindly cheer and sweeten life:

BLEST WOMAN.

III.  
L O V E.

A GLEE.

*From The LAY of the LAST MINSTREL.*

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

COMPOSED BY ATTWOOD.

---

IN peace, Love tunes the Shepherd's reed ;  
IN war he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
IN halls, in gay attire is seen ;  
IN hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above ;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

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IV.  
TRUE LOVE.  
FROM THE SAME.

---

TRUE Love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven.

It is not Fantasy's hot fire,  
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;  
It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not die ;

It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.

●

## V.

## THE BREATH OF LOVE.

*From the Oratorio of Joseph and his Brethren.*

BY JAMES MILLER.

WHAT'S sweeter than the new-blown rose,  
Or breezes from the new-mown close?  
What's sweeter than an April morn,  
Or May-day's silver fragrant thorn?  
What than Arabia's spicy grove?  
—O sweeter far the breath of Love.

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## VI.

## LOVE.

*From The Play of The Mysterious Bride,*

BY LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON, ESQ.

## 1

BEWARE the fond delusion,  
Which simple hearts revere,  
Nor heed the bold intrusion  
Of passion insincere;  
For hearts may seem expiring  
With sighs of deep despair;  
For eyes may gaze admiring,  
And yet no love be there.

## 2

But when the mind resigning  
Distinction's flattering state,  
Prefers, without repining,  
Humility of fate;  
When wealth's unbounded treasure  
Creates no transient care;  
When poverty is pleasure,  
Be certain love is there.

---

## VII.

## THE RICHES OF LOVE.

*A Glee for four voices: by R. Cooke.*

WRITTEN BY MISS WILLIAMS.

---

No riches from his scanty store,  
My lover could impart;  
He gave a boon I valued more,  
He gave me all his heart.  
But now, for me, in search of gain,  
From shore to shore he flies;  
Why wander riches to obtain,  
When love is all I prize!

## VIII.

## HEARTS.

FROM THE OPERA OF LOVE'S TRIALS.

BY MR. PRATT.

## 1

No claim upon an honest heart,  
Gold or grandeur can impart,  
And the breast that's true to love;  
*Faithful vows* alone can move.

## 2

What is empire, what a throne?  
Hearts were never *brib'd*, but *won*;  
*Riches* are too poor to buy  
*One gentle smile, one tender sigh.*

## IX.

## CONNUBIAL LOVE.

## 1

THY sacred sweets, Connubial-Love,  
Flow from affections much refin'd;  
Affections (source of bliss above!)  
Mutual, constant, warm and kind.

## 2

Hail, holy flame! hail, sacred tie!  
 That binds two gentle souls in one!  
 On equal wings their troubles fly,  
 In equal streams their pleasures run:

## 3

These pleasures from their duties flow;  
 Hence joys in quick succession come;  
 Each day they more enamour'd grow;  
 And have no wish,—beyond their *home*.

## 4

Happy the Youth who finds a Bride,  
 In sprightly days of Health and Ease:  
 Whose temper to his own allied,  
 No knowledge seeks—but how to please.

## 5

A thousand sweets their days attend!  
 A thousand comforts rise around!  
 Here Husband, Parent, Wife and Friend,  
 In every dearest sense, are found.

## X.

## CONNUBIAL LOVE.

## 1

THE love that looks to present joy,  
 And riots in Seduction's bow'r,

Came arm'd with Satan to destroy,  
 And Adam caught in evil hour.\*  
 O let the lay thy youthful bosom move  
 To dread the horrors of illicit love!

## 2

But Love that looks to future bliss,  
 Nor blushes to confess his name,  
 Taught Adam first the sacred kiss;  
 And bearing peace from heaven he came.  
 O let the lay thy youthful bosom move  
 To woo the blessings of connubial love!

H. K. B.

1800.

## XI.

## THE GOOD HUSBAND.

BY CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

## 1

YE Fair, who would a partner chuse,  
 Yet tremble lest your choice be wrong,  
 For you a Sister's lowly muse  
 Attempts to pour th' instructive song.

\* See Milton. Parad. Lost. B. ix. l. 494. &c.

## 2

She bids you shun with cautious care  
The sons of vice, a numerous train,  
Of all their specious arts beware,  
Nor listen to their flatt'ring strain.

## 3

But he who walks in wisdom's ways,  
Who makes the law of God his guide,  
Whose actions speak his Maker's praise,  
In him you safely may confide.

## 4

His love through every scene will last,  
Nor time his constancy impair,  
E'en when the charms of youth are past,  
Still in his eyes you will be fair.

## 5

Like Joshua, he will serve the Lord,  
And teach his household so to do,  
His rule of life the written word,  
Its precepts daily kept in view.

## 6

If to your mutual earnest prayer  
Some pledges of your love be given,  
With all a Parent's watchful care  
He'll train them up as heirs of heaven.

## 7

Should sickness bend your feeble frame,  
The glow of health forsake your cheek,  
His tenderness will be the same,  
His voice the words of comfort speak.

## 8

'Twill be his task to lead your mind  
From second causes up to God,  
To teach you how to be resign'd,  
And meekly bow beneath his rod.

## 9

He'll tell you of a Saviour's love  
Salvation's wond'rous plan explain,  
And point you to the realms above  
Where everlasting pleasures reign.

## 10

Blest is her lot who thus prefers  
In Christian hands to be allied,  
The sure the ecstatic hope is her's  
To meet where death can ne'er divide.

XII.  
THE GOOD WIFE.

FROM PROVERBS XXXI.

BY THE SAME.

---

1

Who shall a virtuous female gain?  
Her worth what language can explain?  
Her husband's heart in her confides,  
Discretion all her conduct guides.

2

She knows each various work to chuse,  
Her hands no needful task refuse,  
But rises with the morning light,  
And orders all her house aright.

3

She hastes the household goods to buy,  
The garden blooms beneath her eye,  
While temperance preserves her health,  
And frugal care augments her wealth.

4

Yet to the needy of her land  
She stretches forth the liberal hand;  
Her maids stern winter's storms behold  
Well cloath'd and guarded from the cold.

c c 2

## 5

Nor doth she lack the rich attire  
Her rank and fortune may require ;  
Her husband by her worth is known  
When with the rulers he sits down.

## 6

In time to come she shall rejoice,  
The law of kindness prompts her voice,  
Her industry is fam'd afar,  
Honour and strength her cloathing are.

## 7

Her children rise and call her blest,  
While joy pervades her husband's breast :  
" Though many daughters have done well,  
Yet thou, my Fair, do'st all excel!"

## 8

Favour's deceitful, beauty vain,  
But love of God shall praise obtain ;  
Her works shall speak her truly great,  
While distant lands her praise relate.

## XIII.

## BEAUTY.

BY CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

---

Beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised.Prov. xxxi. 30.

---

## 1

BEAUTY is but a fading flower,  
The short-liv'd triumph of an hour  
Is all that it can boast ;  
Unless good sense and virtue bind  
More firm the fetters of the mind  
Its power is quickly lost.

## 2

The sparkling eye, the dimpled smile  
May some unwary heart beguile,  
Yet will not long secure :  
But when esteem and love unite,  
The flame of pure affection bright  
Forever shall endure.

## 3

The finest form, the loveliest face  
Adorn'd with ev'ry youthful grace  
Will quickly cease to charm,  
Since short is beauty's reign, for soon  
Disease can spoil the finest bloom  
And all its power disarm.

## 4

Then boast not of your matchless form,  
But rather seek your mind to adorn  
    With virtue's rich array ;  
Let nobler themes your care employ,  
Seek for that pure substantial joy  
    Which never can decay.

## 5

How blest is she who fears the Lord,  
Guiding her conduct by his word  
    Each vain desire repels ;  
Her mind with heavenly wisdom fraught,  
No envious, no repining thought  
    Within her bosom dwells.

## 6

She, she alone is truly wise  
Aspiring to a higher prize  
    Than earth could ever give :  
She shall be prais'd while time shall last,  
And, when this fleeting life is past,  
    In endless glory live.

## XIV.

## MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

## 1

How bright with pearl the western sky !  
How glorious far and wide,  
Yon lines of golden clouds that lie  
So peaceful side by side !  
Their deep'ning tints, the arch of light,  
All eyes with rapture see ;  
E'en while I sigh I bless the sight  
That lures my love from me.

## 2

Green hill, that shad'st the valley here,  
Thou bear'st upon thy brow  
The only wealth to Mary dear,  
And all she'll ever know.  
There, in the crimson light I see,  
Above thy summit rise,  
My Edward's form, he looks to me  
A statue in the skies.

## 3

Descend, my love, the hour is come,  
Why linger on the hill ?  
The sun hath left my quiet home,  
But thou can'st see him still ;

Yet why a lonely wanderer stray,  
Alone the joy pursue ?  
The glories of the closing day  
Can charm thy Mary too.

## 4

Dear Edward, when we stroll'd along  
Beneath the waving corn,  
And both confess'd the power of song,  
And bless'd the dewy morn,  
Your eye o'erflow'd, "How sweet," you cried,  
(My presence then could move)  
"How sweet, with Mary by my side  
To gaze and talk of love!"

## 5

Thou art not false ! that cannot be ;  
Yet I my rivals deem  
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,  
The silence, and the stream ;  
Whate'er my love, detains thee now,  
I'll yet forgive thy stay ;  
But with to-morrow's dawn come thou,  
We'll brush the dews away.

## XV.

## THE DAMSEL'S LAMENTATION.

## 1

I ONCE was a maiden, ah, blest was the day !  
when  
Young Richard first courted, and told me his  
love,  
I listen'd too fearless to what he'd to say then,  
My heart was too open, too easy to move.

## 2

He promis'd me marriage,—but why did I hear  
him ?  
Why yield to his suit ere the church made  
us one ?  
Ah, now he has left me ; no charms can endear  
him,  
He's left me to sorrow, and I am undone.

## 3

Yet, had he been true to the promise he made  
me,  
When first he endeavour'd my fond heart to  
win,  
O yet must I say, that he still had betray'd me,  
Our love, all unsanction'd, commenc'd but  
in sin.

## 4

Ye maidens, attend to the truth I'm declaring,—  
O think nought but marriage can sanction  
your love ;  
Ne'er listen to vows,—oft false is love's swear-  
ing,—  
Be marriage the test the true lover to prove.

## 5

When two spotless hearts are by marriage united,  
Then fair is the prospect, the bond of true love,  
Then love will increase, nor the wife e'er be  
slighted,  
And Heav'n will the union with blessings  
approve.

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**XVI.****MARY****THE MAID OF BUTTERMERE.**

*TUNE: Allen Brooke of Windermere.*

---

## 1

Tho' beauty shone in Mary's face,  
In person too a polish'd grace,  
Yet I admir'd in Mary most,  
The village maid's superior boast,  
Since truth and modesty appear  
In Mary, maid of Buttermere.

## 2

Tho' servant she at village inn,  
Full many strove her love to win,  
Tho' flattery oft would speak her praise,  
And strive th' unhallow'd flame to raise,  
Yet such love tales she would not hear  
The beauteous maid of Buttermere.

## 3

At length an artful spoiler came,  
And under a fictitious name,  
And under honour's specious mask,  
Her hand in marriage bonds did ask ;  
She, too incautious, lent an ear,  
The beauteous maid of Buttermere.

## 4

Of family and fortune both  
The spoiler spake,—that he was loth  
To tell his kindred of his love,  
Lest they his choice should disapprove ;  
Imprudently she paus'd to hear,  
The beauteous maid of Buttermere.

## 5

'Twas told, the marriage rite scarce o'er,  
The name of wife another bore,  
The guileless fair one thus betray'd,—  
No longer wife, no longer maid,—  
Abandon'd, see, to sorrow's tear  
The beauteous maid of Buttermere.

## 6

Be warn'd by this, each lowly maid,  
Nor by ambition be betray'd.  
That lover's suit be still denied,  
Who will not own you for his bride.  
Sad is the lesson taught you here,—  
Ah! hapless maid of Buttermere.

---

## XVII.

## MY MISTRESS.

BY COWPER.

## 1

Ye minor beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your numbers than your light,  
You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the sun shall rise?

## 2

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,  
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,  
Thinking your passions understood  
By your weak accents, what's your praise  
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

---

## 3

Ye violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles known,  
Like the proud virgins of the year,  
As if the spring was all your own,  
What are you when the Rose is blown?

## 4

So, when my mistress does appear,  
In sweetness of her looks and mind,  
By Virtue first, then choice approv'd,  
Tell me if she was not design'd  
T' eclipse the glory of her kind?

---

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XVIII.

## THE HAPPY PAIR.

FROM THE GOSSIP'S STORY.

BY MRS. WEST.  

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## 1

Go, daughters of fashion, for pleasure repine,  
The joys ye pursue are not equal to mine;  
The humours of thousands for your's must agree,  
Mine center in Henry, and Henry's in me.

## 2

The rose thrice hath bloom'd on the chaplet of  
May,

Since I bow'd at the altar, and vow'd to obey;  
Talk not of restrictions, the band I approve,  
'Tis sanction'd by reason, religion, and love.

## 3

Gay carols the lark as we rise in the morn,  
And at evening the blackbird chaunts sweet on  
the thorn,

We join in the concert, why should we refrain?  
Our hearts are as grateful, as lively our strain.

## 4

We bask in the sunshine which summer supplies,  
And count, fertile autumn! thy exquisite dies;  
No terror in ice-mantled winter we see,  
A book and a song still can conquer *ennui*.

## 5

Domestic, yet cheerful, delighted to blend,  
By prudent attentions, the lover and friend,  
In wedlock's full cup we some bitters expect,  
And allow for the frailties we try to correct.

## 6

Tho' shunning the many, wild Comus's crew,  
For social enjoyment we chuse but a few;  
Those few round our table shall frequently meet,  
Sincere be the welcome, and simple the treat.

7

Our boy on my bosom I cherish with pride,  
He calls to those duties we gladly divide;  
May he live when our limit of being is done,  
And our names and our virtues survive in our son.

---

## XIX.

## THE WIFE'S DITTY.

1

JOHNNY's left me for a while,  
O'er the mountains he's away,  
May he wander free from toil,  
May his hours be blythe and gay.  
Let not rains or rushing rills  
E'er his winding way oppose,  
Nor piercing winds, nor craggy hills,  
Nor hard'ning frosts, nor fleeting snows.

2

When the dusk of eve appears,  
May no will-a-wisp mislead;  
May the roof of mirth be near,  
Sweet refreshing sleep succeed.  
While from day to day he roves,  
Forc'd so far, so long to roam,  
He'll think on her he fondly loves,  
For Johnny's heart is still at home.

D D 2

## 3

Her thoughts are with him where he strays,  
Go where he will, she'll swift pursue,  
O'er dreary heaths, or peopled ways,  
She'll have his image still in view.—  
And when her Johnny comes to rest,  
And counts his tedious travels o'er,  
She'll clasp him to her faithful breast,  
He's come to leave his love no more.

---

## XX.

## THE WIFE'S INVOCATION.

BY GEORGE WITHER.

## 1

No Joy or Grief can in this Life,  
More sweet or bitter be,  
Than, when the Husband and the Wife,  
Shall well, or ill, agree.

## 2

Where they shall rightly sympathise,  
The dearest Friendship grows;  
But, if, betwixt them, strife arise,  
They prove the greatest foes.

## 3

Lord! rectify our hearts, therefore,  
And sanctify them so,

That to each other, more and more,  
Endeared we may grow :

## 4

Until our frail imperfect love  
By steps upraised be,  
From things below to things above,  
And perfected in *THEE*.

## 5

Betwixt us let no jars be found,  
Or breach of faith be fear'd ;  
Within our walks, let not the sound  
Of bitter words be heard.

## 6

Preserve me from those peevish tricks,  
Which merit Scorn or Hate,  
From all those Humours of my Sex,  
Which Wise-men's love abate.

## 7

Let this in mind be always had,  
My Husband to prefer,  
The *Woman* for the *Man* was made,  
And not the *Man* for *Her*.

## 8

And that my heart may not despise  
His pleasure to fulfil ;  
Let *his commands* be *just* and *wise*,  
Discreet, and Loving, still.

## XXI.

## CONJUGAL DUTY.

FROM LOVE'S TRIALS.

1

COULD I a thousand sceptres sway,  
 A subject still to thy controul,  
 Thy gentle laws I would obey,  
 And thou be monarch of my soul.

2

Or were I plac'd in highest state,  
 High as Ambition pants to be,  
 The proud distinction I should hate,  
 Dear Henry, if not shar'd with thee.

## XXII.

## THE PARENT.

*From the Dramatic Pastoral of ARCADIA.*

BY ROBERT LLOYD.

1

WITH joy the Parent loves to trace  
 Resemblance in his children's face:  
 And, as he forms their docile youth  
 To walk the steady paths of truth,  
 Observes them shooting into men,  
 And lives in them life o'er again.

## 2

While active sons, with eager flame,  
Catch virtue at their father's name;  
When full of glory, full of age,  
The Parent quits this busy stage,  
What in the sons we most admire  
Calls to new life the honour'd sire.

---

## XXIII.

## FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

BY DR. WATTS.

## 1

SAY, mighty Love, and aid my song,  
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,  
And who the happy pairs,  
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands,  
Find blessings twisted with their bands  
To soften all their cares?

## 2

Not the wild herds of nymphs and swains,  
That thoughtless fly into the chains,  
As custom leads the way:  
If there be bliss without design,  
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,  
And be as blest as they.

## 3

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,  
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,  
To dull embraces move !  
So two rich mountains of Peru  
May rush to wealthy marriage too,  
And make a world of love.

## 4

Not minds of melancholy strain,  
Still silent, or that still complain,  
Can the dear bondage bless :  
As well may heav'nly concerts spring  
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,  
Or none beside the bass.

## 5

Nor can the soft endearments hold  
Two jarring souls of angry mould,  
The rugged and the keen :  
Sampson's young foxes might as well  
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,  
With firebrands ty'd between.

## 6

Nor let the cruel fetters bind  
A gentle to a savage mind,  
For love abhors the sight :  
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,  
For native rage and native fear  
Rise and forbid delight.

## 7

Two kindest souls alone must meet ;  
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,  
And feeds their mutual loves :  
[Religion must light up the flame,  
Their faith and practice be the same,  
Best bliss on earth it proves.]

---

## XXIV.

## JOHN AND SUSAN.

BY THE REV. C. BUCKLE.

## JOHN.

COME hither sweet Susan, and by me sit down,  
Let's consult how soon wedlock shall make thee  
my own,

For you are my true love, my joy and my dear,  
I prithee, Love, let us be married this year.

## SUSAN.

I pray honest John, do not think of such things,  
For marriage both trouble and care with it  
brings,

Besides times are hard and provisions are dear,  
Which makes me so loth to be married this year.

JOHN.

If times they be hard, and our money be scant,  
I'll do my endeavour, that you shall not want,  
I'll follow my oxen with diligent care,  
I prithee, Love, let us be married this year.

SUSAN.

Should our numbers increase, 'twill increase  
our expense,  
I fear a sad lack of pounds, shillings and pence,  
Here's this thing and that thing will come very  
dear,  
Which makes me so loth, to be married this  
year.

JOHN.

Farewell, and Farewell, since it e'en must beso  
I am fully resolv'd to another to go,  
For good luck or bad luck I never will fear,  
For I am resolv'd to be married this year.

SUSAN.

Stay Johnny, my Johnny, why in such haste,  
I will be your true Love, e'en as long as life last,  
The bells they shall ring and the music play clear,  
For joy, John and Susan are married this year.

## XXV.

## JOHN AND SUSAN.

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PART II.

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JOHN.

COME hither, sweet Susan, and sit by my side,  
'Ten years have roll'd o'er us since thou wert a  
    bride,  
Is your heart still unchang'd, your affection  
    to me  
As great as when first I was married to thee?

SUSAN.

In truth, honest John, my whole heart is thine  
    own,  
I love thee most dearly, and thee love alone,  
And I hope, as a partner, you ever in me,  
Have found one both loving and faithful to thee.

JOHN.

O yes—but when crosses and troubles perplex,  
I fear that sometimes my sweet Susan I vex,  
Yet look in my bosom, and there you will see,  
That all my fond wishes still center in thee.

SUSAN.

Indeed, my dear husband, you never will find,  
That man or that woman can always be kind,  
No sky without clouds can you long hope to see,  
Such trifles are little regarded by me.

JOHN.

When with rapture I gaze on our dear little Sue,  
I rejoice to possess such a pattern of you,  
She lisps and she prattles and climbs up my  
knee,  
I kiss her, and then I bless Heaven and thee.

SUSAN.

When I see our dear Johnny at foot ball and  
play,  
So sturdy, so blithsome, so manly and gay,  
His father's dear form in his image I see,  
O! may he prove honest, and faithful like thee.

BOTH.

In affection united, then long may we prove,  
All the joys, that arise from connubial love,  
And each married couple, Heav'n grant they  
may be,  
Like John and like Susan, as happy as we.

## XXVI.

## WIFE CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

BY THE HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

1\*

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands  
vested,

The fund, ill secur'd, oft in bankruptcy ends,  
But the heart issues bills that are never protested  
When drawn on the firm of Wife, Children  
and Friends.

Tho' valour still glows in his life's waning  
embers,

The death-wounded tar (who his colours  
defends)

Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers  
How blest was his home, with Wife, Chil-  
dren and Friends.

---

\* The first verse of this Song, being inadmissible upon the Editor's principles, is omitted. The Song was too beautiful and valuable in its sentiments to be entirely rejected on account of that.

## 2

The Soldier, whose deeds live immortal in  
story,  
Whom duty to far distant latitude sends,  
With transport would barter whole ages of  
glory  
For one happy day with Wife, Children and  
Friends.  
Tho' spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan  
hover,  
The' round him Arabia's whole fragrance  
ascends,  
The Merchant still thinks of the woodbines  
that cover  
The bow'r where he sat with Wife, Children  
and Friends.

## 3

The day-spring of Youth still unclouded with  
sorrow  
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends,  
But drear is the twilight of Age, if it borrow  
No warmth from the smiles of Wife, Children  
and Friends.  
Let the breath of Renown ever freshen and  
flourish  
The laurel which o'er her dead favorite bends,

O'er me wave the willow, and long may it  
flourish

Bedew'd with the tears of Wife, Children  
and Friends.

4

Let us drink,—for my song growing graver and  
graver

To subjects too solemn insensibly tends,

Let us drink,—pledge me high! Love and  
Virtue shall flavour

The glass that I fill to Wife, Children and  
Friends.

And if, in the hope this fair island to plunder

The tyrant of France to invade us pretends,  
How his legions will shrink when our arm'd  
freemen thunder

The war-cry of Britons, WIFE, CHILDREN  
and FRIENDS !

## XXVII.

## LOVE AT FIFTY.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

## 1

WHEN I told you your cheeks wore the blush of  
the rose,

That the spring was the type of your youth,  
That no lily a tint like your neck could  
disclose,

I made love in the language of truth :

Yet the loveliest rose, once the summer away,  
Of its bloom leaves no vestige behind ;  
But your bloom, when the summer of life shall  
decay,  
Fresh as ever shall glow in your mind.

## 2

See the Bee, as from flower to flower he roves,  
The sweets of the garden explore,  
And in winter to feast on the banquet he loves,  
Lay in his industrious store :

So all your employment thro' life's busy day,  
Is the sweets drawn from goodness to find,  
Reason's feast to supply, and cheat winter away,  
From that source of perfection, your mind.

## 3

And thus, as the seasons of life pass away,  
We enjoy ev'ry various scene ;  
The spring all expanding, the summer all gay,  
The autumn all mild and serene :  
You are yet in your summer ; but when on your  
head,  
While from all admiration you find,  
Silver winter its honours shall sacredly shed,  
Still summer shall bloom in your mind.

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XXVIII.

## THE SONG OF SEVENTY.

BY J. B.

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1

I TOLD you, Mary, told you true,  
If love to favour had a claim,  
That all its wishes warm'd my breast,  
And you were still my constant theme ;  
I told you then if mine you were,  
The pride of rank you must forego,  
And all the pomp of dress resign,  
For wealth I had not to bestow ;  
And, Mary, thou did'st not reprove,  
And bade me hope, and bade me love !

## 2

O, Mary, on thy lovely neck,  
The diamond shone with sweeten'd glance,  
And graceful was the silken robe,  
That mark'd thy motions in the dance,  
And joyous were the pompous croud,  
Thy birth entitled thee to join ;  
Yet pomp, and wealth, and friends you left,  
To be acknowledg'd, Mary—mine,  
Thou lovely did'st my suit approve,  
And bade me hope, and bade me love !

## 3

'Tis long now, Mary, since we met,  
Stiff are my joints and hoar my hair ;  
E'en your cheeks too the wrinkles mark,  
And yet, my love, you're wond'rous fair,  
And were the wrinkles stronger still,  
While accents cheerful grac'd your tongue,  
How could I think but on those smiles  
And accents that adorn'd thee young,  
When thou, love, did'st my suit approve,  
And bade me hope, and bade me love !

## 4

How often, Mary, has my heart  
With secret rapture beat thy praise,  
While on your breast our infants hung,  
I mark'd their mother's tender gaze,

4

For tho' thou gladly would'st fulfil  
The same kind office for me still,  
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,  
My Mary!

5

But well thou play'd'st the huswife's part,  
And all thy threads with curious art,  
Have wound themselves about this heart,  
My Mary!

6

Thy indistinct expressions seem  
Like language utter'd in a dream;  
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,  
My Mary!

7

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,  
My Mary!

8

For could I view nor them nor thee,  
What sight worth seeing could I see?  
The sun would rise in vain for me,  
My Mary!

9

Partakers of thy sad decline,  
Thy hands their little force resign;  
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,  
My Mary!

F f

## 10

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,  
That now at every step thou mov'st,  
Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,

My Mary!

## 11

And still to love, tho' prest with ill,  
In wintry age to feel no chill,  
With me is to be lovely still,

My Mary!

## 12

But ah! by constant heed I know,  
How oft the sadness that I show,  
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,

My Mary!

## 13

And should my future lot be cast  
With much resemblance of the past,  
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,

My Mary!

## LETTER VI.

ON THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THE  
SUPPLEMENT TO MR. EVANS'S PUBLICATION;  
WITH A POSTSCRIPT ON THE SONGS IN THE  
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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*September 18, 1810.*

SIR,

As I conceive it to be necessary to the completion of my plan to examine 'the Songs contained in Mr. Evans's Supplement, though you yourself are not farther responsible for them, than as several of them are contained in your volume of Vocal Poetry, I shall in this Letter consider those Songs which have not before come under my notice.

The first Song, one of Ariel's in *The Tempest*, "Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;" (p. 259.) being a Fairy Song, falls under a former censure. (See p. 62. and 104.)

"When daisies pied and violets blue," (p. 259.) has been in some measure noticed before, (see p. 26.) and your omission of a vulgar and indecent allusion in quoting it. The introduction of the word "smocks", in these days, at least, is vulgar, as is the manner in which Turtles are

mentioned in the second verse. I introduced this song, with some alterations and an additional verse, into the third volume of my Collection.

The expressions, "Men were deceivers ever," and "The fraud of men was ever so," in "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," (p. 260.) are much too general and severe.

"Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart!" (p. 261.) is extravagant and wants "discretion."

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," (p. 263.) is high-flown rather than Bacchanalian. The sentiment,

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine,

is literally true, if applied in its proper and higher sense; but with "Jove's nectar" we have nothing to do. One of the most pleasing sentiments on this subject with which I am acquainted, is in the third scene of the fourth Act of Julius Cæsar, the celebrated scene of the quarrel and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius: Brutus says,

Give me a bowl of wine:—  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. (Drinks.)

CASSIUS.

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Bishop Horne had a most happy turn for giving a moral or spiritual meaning to some of the common occurrences of life, and some passages from the poets. In his *Essays and Thoughts*, Article *Devotion* §. 6, 7, 10 and 11. are some specimens of this. One of the sentiments which should prevail in our minds in drinking of the sacred *cup* should be,

In this I bury all unkindness.

In "Away with these self-loving lads," (p. 264.) it is said,

" Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep,  
In love of those that be asleep :"

by *asleep* does he mean *dead*?

It goes on,

For Cupid is a merry God,  
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

These are terms of levity, applied to serious ideas; especially to that of chastisement inflicted by a divine power.

In v. 2. It is said

Sweet Cupid's shafts, like destiny,  
Do causeless good or ill decree.

And in v. 3. mention is made of Cupid's *miracles*.

" Sweet are the charms of her I love," by

Barton Booth, (p. 265.) is a very beautiful poem. In the 6th verse the term *Godhead*, as applied to love, is objectionable, especially as it seems to mean Cupid.

“ My sheep I neglected,” (p. 267.) is a pleasing specimen of pastoral poetry, and conveys a good moral lesson.

“ My time, O ye Muses! was happily spent,” (p. 268.) by Byrom, into which he introduces “ Cupid”,—“ no pitying power that bears me complain,”—“ Deity,” addressed to Cupid, and “ despair”, stands in need of being corrected by his own “ Hint to Christian Poets”, which I have given in the Introduction to my first volume. P. xxxviii.

In the Song, “ We all to conquering beauty bow,” (p. 273.) the lady addressed is represented as having all perfections, and amongst others, being “ Like the divining prophets, wise”. She is also

Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;  
Each happy night a bride ;

yet it appears from the next verse, that she is *not married*.

“ How blest has my time been”, (p. 274.) is given in my first volume with the omission of the third verse, as I thought the trial of Jesse's temper both needless and wrong.

“ When first I dar’d by soft surprise”, (p. 275.) may be considered as free from objection in a moral view.

“ I never knew a sprightly fair”, (p. 277.) contains the sentiment, “ I do not more incline to one Than I incline to all”, which one does not wish to become general.

In, “ Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou chang’d”, (p. 279.) the poet might have spared the *curs’d* in the 5th verse; and certainly he concludes with a very reprehensible encouragement to the indulgence of *hatred*.

The Song “ Ask’st thou “ how long my love shall stay,” (p. 280.) consists of the two last verses of the one before noticed, beginning “ Dried be that tear my gentlest love”. See p. 244.

“ Sally in our Alley”,—“ Of all the girls that are so smart,” (p. 282.) is a vulgar, and, in some respects, coarse song, to a very beautiful tune. The late ingenious Collins, author of *The Evening Brush*, wrote a Parody upon this, which shall be given under the Class Ingenious and Humourous Songs, it begins with “ The Bard who glows with Grub-street fire, in Sally’s praise profuse is.”

“ To all you ladies now at land,” (p. 291.) contains some “ Muses” and “ Neptune” and

some extravagant sentiment. It is a favourite, and might, by curtailings and a few other small alterations, be made suitable for a collection.

“ You tell me I’m handsome,” (p. 294.) is given in my second volume.

“ Hark ! hark ! ’tis a voice from the tomb !” (p. 295.) may be classed with the songs censured in the Postscript to Letter ii. (p. 58, &c.) and is liable also to the objection of *dying for love*.

In “ A chieftain to the Highlands bound”, (p. 297.) we have a *water-wraith*.

The Songs “ Come, live with me and be my love,” by Marlow, (p. 302.) and “ If all the world and love were young,” by Sir Walter Raleigh, (p. 203.) are introduced in that delightful work THE COMPLETE ANGLER, by ISAAC WALTON, as being sung by The Milk Maid and her mother. (chap. iv.) Sir John Hawkins, in his edition of that work, says that the first of these songs, “ though a beautiful one, is not so purely pastoral, as it is generally thought to be ; buckles of *gold*, *coral* clasps and *amber* studs, *silver* dishes and *ivory* tables, are luxuries ; and consist not with the parsimony and simplicity of rural life and manners.” I introduced these songs, with some alterations, into my third volume.

“ A nymph of ev’ry charm possess’d,”

(p. 307.) is, in the third verse, too warm. The word *adore* in the 4th verse had better be read *admire*. Here again we have *dying* for love.

“ I ne’er could any lustre see

In eyes that would not look on me ;” (P. 312.)

shews a passion wholly selfish.

“ Dear Chloe what means this disdain,” (p. 314.) is coarse and profligate.

“ How yonder Ivy courts the Oak,” (p. 318.) is a good lesson against an attachment to a *harlot*.

“ When Damon languish’d at my feet,” (p. 319.) from the Tragedy of the Gamester, is a beautiful Song. The word *may* had better be substituted for *shall* in the last line.

“ From anxious zeal and factious strife,” (p. 320.) is not a bad song. It had been better had the slighted lover had recourse to the *Sacred Volume* rather than to “ Newton’s tempting page”. Neither of them, however, accord with his “ idly trifle life away”.

In “ Why heaves my fond bosom ?” (p. 321.) there is perhaps a little extravagance, in the lover’s saying he is *enslav’d* by her mind. There is more, in speaking in so easy a manner of *dying* for love. Otherwise the song appears good ; as describing well some effects of love, and as giving to the mind a decided superiority over the charms of the face.

“ Ask if yon damask rose be sweet,” (p. 226.) from the Oratorio of Susanna, is a beautiful and tender air.

“ Would you taste the noontide air”, by Milton, (p. 327.) is too warm. A Parody on this “ Would you taste the morning air,” was given in my second volume.

“ *Blue-eyed Mary*,”—“ In a cottage embosom’d within a deep shade,” (p. 335.) is a good moral lesson, but is told in language, perhaps, rather coarse.

“ My temples with clusters of grapes I’ll entwine,” (p. 339.) is downright Bacchanalian.

“ Says Plato, Why should man be vain,” (p. 340.) is introduced into the second volume of my Collection with some alterations, it begins there, “ Ah! why, my friend, should man be vain”.

“ Sweet maid, if thou would’st charm my sight,” (p. 342.) is too voluptuous. And the passage which mentions the frowning *Zealots* and *their Eden* is in danger of becoming profane, from being applied by voluptuaries here to the Eden of our Bible.

Boy! let yon liquid ruby flow,  
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,  
Whate’er the frowning zealots say:  
Tell them their Eden cannot shew  
A stream so clear as Rocabad,  
A bower so sweet as Mesclay.

The calling the wife of Potiphar (Genesis xxxix.) by the name of the chaste Egyptian dame, I conceive to be a great perversion of terms.

“ Tell me no more of pointed darts,” (p. 345.) is good.

“ I envy not the proud their wealth,” (p. 346.) is given in my second volume, the words “ Ye powers divine” in the last verse being altered to “ O Power Divine”.—A Friend suggests to me that it seems to cast a needless general censure on kings.

“ Cruel invader of my rest,” (p. 350.) is full of extravagance and despair.

“ Oh! how vain is ev’ry blessing,” &c. “ But when love its time employs”, (p. 351.) requires the limitations before mentioned. See p. 234.

“ Encompass’d in an angel’s frame,” (p. 351.) from The Lord of the Manor, by General Burgoyne, goes too far in the first verse, and in the second seems to require to be corrected by the sentiment mentioned in my remarks on a former song. See p. 245.

This closes the volume, and I remain, Sir,

With great respect,  
Your &c.

## POSTSCRIPT.

ON THE SONGS CONTAINED IN  
THE LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Sept. 21, 1810.

THOUGH not connected, Sir, with your volume of Vocal Poetry, and your former work now re-published by Mr. Evans, yet intimately connected with the *subject* of these Letters are those numbers of THE LITERARY MISCELLANY, which contain Songs, and which have, I suppose, a very extensive circulation; because it is a cheap, elegant and respectable periodical work: and I shall venture to consider the contents of the Numbers 8, 9, 10, 11 and 76 in this place.

The Advertisement prefixed to the 8th and 9th Numbers gives a hope to the Reader that *violent passion, indecency*, and other baleful ingredients, will be excluded from the compositions presented; and that *moral sentiment* and other valuable lessons will be taught in them. This intention is thus announced: "Respecting the nature and tendency of these selections,—the songs retained are divested of expressions

of violent and enthusiastic passion. Every subject presented possesses some preceptive rule, moral sentiment, or elegant thought. We have found no room for indecency, trifling composition, or the insipidity of modern Operas: the most enchanting powers of musical composition cannot atone for the base alloy of levity, vulgarity and nonsense. All bacchanalian songs are rejected, because virtue and reason forbid us to join the crowd in misleading the inexperienced and unwary, or to scatter flowers in the paths of vice and profligacy. Songs favouring false notions of honour and glory to be obtained in war"—“ will make another exception. Some of the ancient ballads, of this species of composition, will be retained, for the sake of their simplicity of style and pathos: relations of dreadful battles, and wonderful adventures of knights-errant and legendary saints, excite rather a curiosity respecting the folly, superstition, and credulity of former times, than impressions of reality and truth. Hunting is a savage, unmanly sport, comporting ill with European refinements, and ought to be employed, not as a diversion, but in cases of extreme necessity only, and even then with reluctance; songs of this class are therefore discarded.”

As I conceive that the Editor has, in his Selection of the Songs, departed from almost every one of these particulars, I shall consider the Songs under separate heads, and adduce instances wherein I think the rules just quoted are violated. The first head is *Violent and enthusiastic passion*.

I. In No. 8. p. 7. The lover says of his Mistress "She was borne to be faire; I, to die for her love." And again "he that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she."

In No. 9, p. 15. is the Song "Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be," which I have before noticed. (Letter v. p. 240.)

In " 'Twas in that season of the year" we have (p. 18.) "those graces that divinely shine".

P. 23. we have

A cruel fate hangs threat'ning o'er  
The lovely shepherd I adore!

In "Soft Zephyr! on thy balmy wing" (p. 25.) we have

Her slumbers guard, some hand divine,  
Ah! watch her with a care like mine.

Here *his own care* is put in comparison with, or rather set above that of *some hand divine*.

No. 10. p. 3.

Encompass'd in an angel's frame  
An angel's virtues lay;                      &c.

My heart shall breathe a ceaseless strain  
Of sorrow o'er her urn. &c. (p. 4.)

For all my soul, (now she is dead)  
Concenters in her urn.

P. 8. In "From thee, Eliza, I must go," we have the very common extravagance of *adore*.

Ditto. In "Adieu to the village delights," the almost equally common one of *angel*,—"bright angel".

P. 17. In "How long shall hapless Colin mourn", it is said,

Thy beauties, O divinely bright!  
In one short hour by Delia's side,  
I taste whole ages of delight.

P. 20. "Despairing beside a clear stream". I have noticed before, (Letter ii. p. 51.) that unwarrantable renunciation of life which implies *violent passion*.

P. 26. "One morning, very early," The Maid in Bedlam, I have before noticed, (L. ii. p. 47.) the phrase "I'd claim a guardian angel's charge".

No. 11. p. 24. In "Oh how could I venture to love one like thee," we have here again the *adoring*.

No. 76. p. 38. In "On Richmond Hill there lives a lass," the Lover says, "I die for her of love."

P. 40. "Mary, 'I believ'd thee true", the lover says he would rather

"die with thee, than live without thee!"

P. 42. "What shade and what stillness around!" we have here again the swain who *adores* her.

P. 52. "Blest as the immortal gods" he is represented, who fondly sits by the side of her who is the subject of the song.

P. 56. In "Ask'st thou how long my love will last," I have before noticed the expression, "Nor let us lose our Heaven here". (Letter v. p. 244. 331.)

P. 57. In "To him who in an hour must die," there is a strained metaphor, comparing the swiftness of time with such a wretch to the slowness of the minutes,

"Which keep me from the sight of thee."

Again, "O come! with all thy heavenly charms!"

P. 70.

"Anna, thy charms my bosom fire!  
And waste my soul with care,  
But, ah! how bootless to admire,  
When fated to despair.

Yet, in thy presence, lovely fair!  
Desire may be forgiv'n,  
For sure 'twere impious to despair  
So much in sight of heaven,

Is it not rather *impious* to say that he is *fated to despair*, and to call his Anna *heaven*?

II. Under my second head I shall adduce passages which I conceive to militate with legitimate *preceptive rules* of conduct, or to be violations of just *moral sentiment*, and which are sometimes even profane.

No. 8. p. 7. We are told as a general thing that “women are trothless, and flote in an houre.” and p. 8. The Lover says of “the willow garland,” “it doth bid to despair and to dye,” and desires to have

“these words engraven, as epitaph meet,”

“Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet.”

P. 10. We have a very unfavourable and unjust picture of Age and Youth, by Shakspeare, called here “Crabbed Age and Youth”, in which the writer says “Age, I do abhor thee, Youth, I do adore thee”. Very different are the precepts contained in Scripture upon this subject: “Thou shall rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God.” (Levit. xix. 32.) “The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.” (Prov. xvi. 31.) “Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old.” (Do. xxiii. 22.) The following Parody is given as setting the subject in a juster light:

## AGE AND YOUTH.

## I

Sober Age and Youth  
 Well may live together ;  
 Youth is full of pleasance,  
 Age more full of sooth ;  
 Youth like spring's gay morn,  
 Age like autumn weather,  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age more settled grave :  
 Youth can solace age,  
 Age Youth's fire assuage.

## 2

Youth is nimble, Age is slow ;  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age more temperate cold,  
 Youth doth fire and make it glow.  
 Age, I do admire thee,  
 Youth, I do desire thee !  
 Know, O Youth, that, yet ere long,  
 Thou wilt in turn be Age ;  
 Age, I thy heart engage  
 To think that thou once wert young.

J. P.

- P. 44. In the Nut-brown Maid, "Be it ryght or wrong, these men among", the Lover, in trying his Mistress, (p. 53.) says that when he is banished and lives in the wood, he has a maid, whom he loves more than the one to whom he is speaking. She replies

Tho' in the wode I undyrstode  
 Ye had a paramour,  
 All this may nought remove my thought,  
 But that I wyll be your :

And she shall fynde me soft and kynde,  
 And courteys every hour;  
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll  
 Commaunde me to my power:  
 For had ye, lo, an hundred me,  
 'Of them I wolde be one',  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde,  
 I love but you alone.

The want of morality and delicacy of sentiment here is very great.

In "Shall I wasting in despair", p. 57. the poet says,

If she be not fit for me  
 What care I for whom she be.

This is but a selfish, and consequently immoral, sentiment. This Song I have noticed before, p. 262.

In The Lye, by Sir Walter Raleigh. p. 63. "Goe, soule, the bodies guest," are the following general expressions:

Goe tell the court, it glowes  
 And shines like rotten wood;  
 Goe tell the church it shewes  
 What's good, and doth no good: &c.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;  
 Tell love, it is but lust; &c.

Tell Wisdome, she entangles  
 Herselfe in over-wisenesse; &c.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;  
 Tell skill, it is pretension;  
 Tell charity of coldnesse;  
 Tell law, it is contention; &c.

Tell fortune of her blindness; &c.  
 Tell friendship of unkindness;  
 Tell justice of delay: &c.

Although to give the lye  
 Deserves no less than stabbing, &c.

In *The Wounded Fawn*, "The wanton troopers riding by," the Lady is dying for the loss of her fawn (p. 84.)

O do not run too fast, for I  
 Will but bespeak thy grave, and die! &c.

For I so truly thee bemoan,  
 That I shall weep though I be stone.

At p. 84. is the Ballad of *The Wanton Wife of Bath*, a composition which I think should have been consigned to oblivion; but, as it is given in this work with the recommendation that "Mr. Addison has pronounced it an excellent Ballad: see the *Spectator*, no. 247." it is but too well known, and there is no alternative but to examine and expose it. The story appears to be grounded on the following passage of Scripture, Luke xiii. 24—30. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer

and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are: then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out. And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. And behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last."

The Soul of the wanton wife of Bath is represented after her death knocking at Heaven gate; when Adam and various other characters mentioned in scripture object to admitting her into Heaven, on account of her sins, upon which she reproaches them, in very coarse and disrespectful terms, with the sins which they themselves had committed, and sends them all away in their turns, till at length our Saviour comes and admits her, On this it may be observed, first, that, in the scripture account, the Master himself only is represented as keeping the door; and, in the next place, that we

are bound to suppose the characters here introduced to have been admitted into Heaven, not on account of their sins, but on their repentance and faith in Christ; and that, when they are in Heaven, they must be purified from all earthly passions, from envy and uncharitableness; and, if the Wife was an object of mercy and to be admitted into Heaven, they would, like "the angels," or, *as* angels, have "joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repenteth." (Luke xv.) But it does not appear that she ever repented. Without alleging this, she confesses that she had *spent her time in vain*, and *lived most lewdly*. Nay, Christ says "thou hast refus'd my proffer'd grace and mercye both:" which could not well have been said if she had in this life repented. And we have no reason to think that there is any repentance after this life, but quite the contrary, as appears from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. (Luke xvi. 19, &c.) Also, from the text in Ecclesiastes (xi. 3.) "if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be"; and from the words of our Saviour "the night cometh when no man can work." (John ix. 4.)

I shall not enter into a discussion of all the low and indecent scurrility used by this Wanton

Woman ; but there are two or three points which must not be passed over without notice.

Mary Magdalene is considered here as the same person as the Woman who had been taken in Adultery. At the time of building The Magdalen Hospital, the *name* given to the foundation occasioned much controversy, and the learned Dr. Lardner, in a Letter addressed to the excellent Jonas Hanway, vindicated Mary Magdalene from the imputation so commonly thrown upon her chastity. After stating the case and summing up the evidence, he says, “ Mary of Magdala was a woman of distinction, and very easy in her worldly circumstances. For a while she had laboured under some bodily indisposition, which our Lord miraculously healed. For which benefit she was ever after very thankful. So far as we know, her conduct was always regular, and free from censure. And we may reasonably believe, that after her acquaintance with our Saviour it was edifying and exemplary. I conceive of her, as a woman of a fine understanding, and known virtue and discretion, with a dignity of behaviour becoming her age, her wisdom, and her high station. By all which she was a credit to him, whom she followed as her Master and benefactor. She shewed our Lord great respect in his life, at his

death, and after it. And she was one of those, to whom he first shewed himself after his resurrection. As 'appears from Matt. xxviii. 1—10. Mark xvi. 9. and John xx. 1—18." (See Lardner's Works, vol. xi. p. 258.\* also Encyclopædia Britannica. Art. Mary Magdalene.)

In the next place the Wanton Wife says to St. Paul, that he persecuted God's Church "all through a lewd desire". St. Paul certainly acknowledges that he persecuted the Church of God, and that on that account he was not meet to be called an Apostle, (I. Cor. xv. 9.) but there is no authority in scripture to attribute it to the motive here mentioned.

She afterwards says of the *thief*, who suffered on the cross at the same time with our Saviour, and who, on account of his penitence, received pardon from his mouth, that he, "for one poor silly word, past into paradise".

Upon this subject Bishop Horne, in his Discourse, *Works wrought through Faith a Condition of our Justification*, says: "The

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\* The Reply of Hanway to this Letter is worthy the attention of the Reader as an instance of candour in controversy, in acknowledging an error when proved to be such, and of respect to the opponent, yet maintaining those points in which he conceives himself to be right. (See Reflections, Essays, &c. by Mr. Hanway, 2 vols. 8vo. 1761. Vol. II. p. 1.)

example that bids the fairest for justification by faith without works is that of the thief upon the cross. But a nearer inspection will soon convince us, that even in that instance, singular as it was, faith came attended by her handmaids, *repentance*, *piety*, and *charity*. For first, without compulsion, he made a full *confession* of his own guilt and his Saviour's innocence—"We receive the due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done nothing amiss." 2dly, He made an open *profession* of his faith in Jesus as the Messiah, the king of Israel, when he hung naked on the cross, mocked and derided by the Jews, and forsaken of all, as an outcast of heaven and earth. 3dly, He *prayed* to him in that character—"Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom." And lastly, his charity *reproved* and endeavoured to effect the *conversion* of his fellow-sufferer—"Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly," &c. There is a passage upon the subject in one of the Fathers\* so extremely beautiful and apposite to the present purpose, that I cannot help translating it—"The penitent thief performs many offices of religion at the same time. He *believes*,

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\* *Arnold. de ultimis septem verbis Domini.*

he *fears*, he feels *compunction*, and *repents*; he *confesses*, and *preaches*; he *loves*, he *trusts*, and he *prays*. He is enlightened by *faith*, subdued by *fear*, softened by *compunction*, shaken by *repentance*, purged by *confession*; he is zealous in his *preaching*, and enlarged in his *charity*; he hopes through *confidence*, and obtains by *prayer*." Never surely did man perform so much in so short a time! And, if he was not justified by faith *alone*, where shall we find an example of one who was."

In No. 9. p. 9. In "Ye virgin powers defend my heart", (see Letter v. p. 261.) the lady wishes that "where frail nature seems inclin'd", they may "there place a guard of pride." *Pride* is a very improper and frail *guard* in such cases. (see before, p. 271.)

P. 14. In "As pensive Chloe walk'd alone," mention is made of *Jove* descending to court in a silver shower.

P. 21. In "Ye happy swains! whose hearts are free", it is said that love is fatal to human quiet, and the poet advises them to

"Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize,  
The snake's beneath the flower;  
Who-ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes  
That tasted quiet more?  
How faithless is the lovers' joy!  
How constant is their care!  
The kind with falsehood to destroy,  
The cruel with despair."

The false sentiments in "The sun was sunk beneath the hill", (p. 22.) I have noticed before, Letter ii. p. 54.

P. 24. In "Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair", the poet says "pleas'd, let me trifle life away".

P. 26. In "No glory I covet", I have before noticed (L. iii. p. 99.) "The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant".

P. 35. In "When clouds that angel face deform", the poet says "I curse the sex". (see Letter v. p. 261.)

P. 39. In "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" it is said "the devil take her". This is the conclusion of the verse, which Dr. Aikin thought it right to omit. See Letter v. p. 260.

In this same page occurs the expression "By Jove, the devil a word could I say".

P. 40. I have before noticed "Not, Celia, that I juster am". (L. v. p. 262.)

P. 41. "Cries Damon, teaz'd by dearest life," is profane and of the same kind with "When Orpheus went down", before noticed, L. v. p. 22.

P. 44. "Mistaken fair! lay. Sherlock by," has been noticed before. L. v. Postscript. p. 279.

P. 45. In "Love's a dream of mighty treasure," it is said

In the folly lies the pleasure,  
Wisdom always makes it less. &c.

And

Happy only is the lover  
Whom his mistress well deceives.

P. 46. In "Young Jocky he courted sweet Mog the Brunette," it is first said "her charms he ador'd", and then they

— now live as man and wife usually do ;  
As their humours excite, they kiss and they fight,  
'Twixt kindness and feuds pass the morn, noon, and night,  
To his sorrow he finds with his match he has met,  
And wishes the devil had Mog the brunette.

P. 47. In "A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall," the allusion in the last line of the 3d verse is low ; and in the last verse *suicide* is made light of.

P. 48. In "There was a jolly miller once", the sentiments "I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me", and "the days of youth are made for glee," must be taken with many limitations to be admissible.

P. 49. is

"Yes, Fortune, I have sought thee long,  
Invok'd thee oft, &c.

And the next song "Five thousand years have roll'd away," is profligate.

P. 50. "Ye gentil 'squires, give o'er your sighs," express'd so *generally* as it is, is an illiberal censure of the fair sex.

No. 10. p. 5. In "The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day," it is said,

His Ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his Son.

Though this is put into the mouth of an Indian, and may be considered as characteristic, yet I conceive it to be liable to the objection, mentioned Letter ii. Postscript, p. 59, &c.

In "A dawn of hope my soul revives", it is said, "make him; ye gods! your care."

P. 8. In "From thee, Eliza, I must go," *the cruel fates* are introduced, and the maid whom I *adore*.

P. 13. In "The moon had climb'd the highest hill", Sandy's Ghost is introduced speaking to Mary, and vanishing when "Loud crow'd the cock". This is another of those songs which fosters the belief in Ghosts; as, likewise does the next, "Loud toll'd the stern bellman of night," (p. 14.) and "Despairing beside a clear stream," (p. 20. 22.) mentioned before. L. ii. p. 51.

P. 27. In "Now spring returns, but not to me returns," it is said,

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate,  
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;  
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,  
And bid the realms of life and light adieu.

No. 11. p. 21. In "Lo qwhat it is to lufe,"

H h 2

it is said " Thair is no man, I say, that can both lufe and to be wyise."

P. 51. In " Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love," it is said

The gods descended from above.

In No. 76. p. 10. In " Forgive, ye fair, nor take it wrong," it is said, verse 2.

This index of the virtuous mind  
Your lovers will adore.

For this, I believe, I am myself in some measure responsible, as the song is taken from the second volume of my Collection, and the expression was overlooked by me. I am therefore happy in this opportunity of acknowledging and correcting the error, which may be done thus :

This index of the virtuous mind,  
Your lovers will admire;  
This, this will leave a charin behind,  
When beauty shall expire.

Having mentioned that this Song is taken from my second volume, I may observe, that out of 113 Songs in this Number, 40 (above a third) are taken from my three volumes. This appears, not only from their being the same, and having the same titles I had given them ; but also from some of them being printed as I have

*altered* them. I could only have wished that the Editor had acknowledged the source whence he had derived them. The Songs at p. 15. 44. 52. 66. 68. 70. 82 and 85, *Maria's Evening service to the virgin*, I do not approve.

P. 15. "Ye belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things," concludes with,

But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,  
And put us in fear of our lives,  
You may do very well for sisters and aunts,  
But, believe me, you'll never be wives.

The two last lines are quoted by Mr. Styles in his *Essay on the Stage*, p. 37. as applicable to females who go to see plays, and are noticed by me accordingly in the *Notes to my Discourses on the Stage*, p. 239. Surely whatever is improper in a wife is equally so in a sister or an aunt.

P. 24. In "My friends all declare that my time is mispent," it is said,

I ask no more wealth than dame Fortune has sent.

P. 31. In "How sweet in the woodlands," the poet calls upon *Chaste Dian* to assist him in regaining his Nymph.

P. 39. In "The merchant to secure his treasure," it is said,

And Venus to the loves around  
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled;

P. 45. In "Ah why must words my flame reveal", it is said "I hate the maid who gives me pain." Here is *hate*; and that even though it does not appear that any injury was intended by the maid.

P. 51. In "Echo, tell me while I wander," we have "Cupid's chains".

P. 52. We have before had "Blest as the immortal gods" and in

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," *Jove's Nectar* and *I swear*.

P. 54. In "From the white blossom'd sloe, my dear Chloe requested," we have the exclamation "by heavens!"

P. 55. In

"For ever, fortune, wilt thou prove,  
An unrelenting foe to love."

It is farther said,

For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,  
And I absolve thy future care.

P. 66.

"O clear that cruel doubting brow!  
I call on mighty Jove  
To witness this eternal vow—  
'Tis you alone I love, &c. &c.

This has been noticed before. L. v. p. 270.

P. 84. In "No more my song shall be, ye swains," it is said,

A Phœbus tunes my warbling lyre;  
Divinely aided, thus &c.

P. 85. Is an *Evening Service to the Virgin*.\*

At morn and eve to thee I pray, &c.

Oh ! shower thy choicest blessings down, &c.

This is Roman Catholic Idolatry.

III. In a Collection declaring against all indecency I should not have expected to have found the Song of *The Storm*, (No. 10. p. 28.) with the four first lines of the third verse as they were originally written. It appeared to me necessary to alter them in my Collection, which I, accordingly, did. Nor should I have inserted the Song No. 11. p. 44.

IV. To the head of *levity, vulgarity* and *nonsense*, may be referred several of the passages already noticed, especially " Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by," and *The Wife of Bath*. To these I add " Oh ! what a pain it is to love ;" No. 76. p. 65.

V. Of *Bacchanalian* songs we have the conclusion of *The Storm*, where, after their

\* In the third Canto of *The Lady of the Lake* is an *Hymn to the Virgin*, and this has been selected by a Composer to set to music. I consider this as objectionable in the place in which it stands in the poem, where it is in some measure modified by the character and the time in which the action of the poem is supposed to pass ; but when it is separated from those circumstances and performed at a concert or in a private room, I cannot but consider it as worse.

deliverance, "the danger's drown'd in wine." This I altered in my Collection : and I must notice that here, instead of "Since kind *Fortune* sav'd our lives," the Editor has put "kind Heav'n", an alteration which I likewise have made, which I think highly proper, and which example I wish had been followed in other instances. See p. 357.

No. 76. p. 44. We have "Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl". This song gives a decided preference to the pleasures of Love over those of Wine : and so far I cannot but approve, provided chaste love be intended ; on which point we are left in an ambiguous darkness, which is not uncommon. But the song is also *Bacchanalian* in several passages, in the 5th and 6th lines, in the 3d line of the 5th verse, and particularly in the concluding verse.

P. 68. Are "Drunk as a dragon sure is he," and "If life like a bubble evaporates fast," which are direct *Bacchanalian* songs.

P. 70. Is "Wine does wonders every day," and p. 82. "How stands the glass around?" This last is called General Wolfe's Song ; and, in some copies I have seen of it, is said to have been sung by him the night before the battle in which he fell. If this be not true, it is belying

him much to attribute it to him. If it be, how different was his employment at such a crisis to what it ought to have been, and from what has been the conduct of many brave and pious generals, and how bad an example is it to hold up to view.

VI. Though I do not agree with the Editor in *all* he says respecting *war*, in his Advertisement, where he calls it, “ (that crime and scourge of nations, that business of ambition, that disgrace of the human kind, that profession of butchery),” as I conceive there may be just and necessary war, in which, under certain restrictions, honour and glory may be sought ; yet I allow that it is too frequently, too generally what he there represents it, and of Songs setting it in a false light I conceive are those in No. 76. p. 79 and 82. “ He was fam’d for deeds of arms,” in which *Honour* and *Conquest* seem to be too exclusively the soldier’s motive, instead of redressing the injured, and repelling the oppressor. “ How stands the glass around ?” I have noticed before, p. 358.

VII. No. 76. p. 31. we have a *Hunting Song*, “ How sweet in the woodlands”. With this I shall conclude my remarks on the Songs in The Literary Miscellany.

As many of the Songs noticed in these three works are contained in the Collection in the ELEGANT EXTRACTS (one of the professed objects of which is “the improvement of Youth” “in thinking” and “in the conduct of life”,) the remarks made upon them of course apply to that part of that work; and the same *principles* w<sup>ill</sup>, of course, apply to poetry in general, under whatever form it may appear, from the Epic Poem to the Epigram.



## LETTER VII.

ON INGENIOUS, WITTY AND HUMOUROUS SONGS.

November 20, 1810.

SIR,

As one of the Essays and Classes of Songs in your original work is of Ingenious and Witty Songs, I shall take this opportunity of saying something upon that head, or rather upon the *Humourous*, or what, now, generally goes by the name of the Comic Song, a class of Songs very numerous in these days, and which appears to me to stand, in need of great amendment and regulation. Of these you have exhibited very few specimens, your's being chiefly the *ingenious*, rather than the *witty*; as the former word, in its present acceptation, appears to apply to *luminous* or *brilliant* ideas, and the latter to those which excite *ludicrous* associations, and from their *surprise* occasion laughter. Much might be said in the way of dissertation upon Wit and Humour, but having treated this subject before, in the third of my Discourses on the Stage, and in the Notes annexed, and as

your remarks appear to me in general to be just, I shall merely avail myself of this opportunity to say something of a very generally used, and too much despised species of wit, the PUN, which appears to me to be not only a legitimate and excellent species of wit, but to be that species to which we now almost exclusively apply the term *wit*, that is, comic wit, or that which excites laughter.

A Pun, according to Dr. Johnson and the Writer upon that article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is “An equivocation, a quibble, an expression where a word has at once different meanings”, and the latter author adds, that “the practice of punning is the miserable refuge of those who wish to pass for wits, without having a grain of wit in their composition.” That there are Puns very bad in their kind\*, nay, that the greater portion are

\* The following Extract from a Sermon, by Edward Sulton, printed at Aberdeen, 1629, and entitled “A Caution for the Credulous”, will give an example of bad puns unseasonably introduced, and will shew the style and taste of Sermons in James the first’s time :

“Here I have undertaken one who hath overtaken many, a *Machiavillian* (or rather a *matchless villain*) one that professeth himself to be a *Friend*, when indeed he is a *Fiend*. His greatest amity is but dissembled enmity—his eye threatens

bad, I am very ready to acknowledge; but, like all other descriptions of things, there are many very good, and the censure should not be general, but confined to the bad. To prove this point I will now adduce some specimens: and I know not that any thing can be brought more to the purpose than the very excellent Epigram on Foote and Quin.

I.

1

As Quin and Foote  
One day walk'd out  
To view the country round,  
In merry mood  
They chatting stood  
Hard by the village pound.

2

Foote from his poke  
A shilling took  
And said, "I'll bet a penny,  
In a short space,  
Within this place,  
I'll make this piece a guinea."

---

*a vœ!* and therefore listen not to his treacherous *ave*, but hearken to Solomon's *cave*; and, though he speaks favourably, believe him not. Though I call him but a plain flatterer (for I mean to deal very *plainly* with him) some comparé him to a Devil. If he be one, these words of Solomon are a *spell* to *expel* this Devil. *Wring* not my words to *wrong* my meaning, I go not about to crucify the *sons* but the *sins* of men. Some flatter a man for their own private benefit: this man's heart thou hast in thy pocket; for if thou *find* in *thy purse* to give him *presently*, he will *find* in *his heart* to love thee everlastingly." See The Monthly Review for August 1777, p. 112.

3

Upon the ground,  
 Within the pound;  
 The shilling soon was thrown;  
 "Behold, (says Foote)  
 The thing's made out,  
 For there is *one pound. . one.*"

4

"I wonder not  
 (Says Quin) that thought  
 Should in your head be found,  
 Since that's the way  
 Your debts you pay  
*One shilling in the pound.*

Here, from the double meaning of the word *pound*, as signifying a small inclosure where stray cattle are confined, and also twenty shillings in money, and from the double meaning of one pound and one shilling being a guinea; and from debtors sometimes paying their creditors but one shilling for each pound which they owe, one of the happiest Epigrams is made, containing not only the two puns, but also a very severe Repartee as applied to Foote.

The following Epigram on a Freeman, who had a bad voice, having a singing man's place in a Choir given to him, which has long been in circulation in this University, has not, that I am aware, appeared in print before.

II.

A Singing Man, and cannot Sing!  
 Come, justify your patron's bounty,  
 Give us a Song.—Excuse me, Sir,  
*My Voice is in another County.*

Here, from the word voice signifying the human voice as used in speaking or singing, and likewise a voice or *vote* at an election, a severe and excellent pun and epigram is produced.

The following Epigram, by Dr. Gould, upon his marriage, is good.

III.

In days of frolic, mirth and fun,  
(My name obnoxious to each pun)  
How quick the years have roll'd :  
Now, verging to the close of life,  
I've taken to myself a wife,  
Whose only love is—*Gould*.

The happy playful humour of this, with the mixture of affection and self-complacency and half satire in the latter part, with the half implied pun of *gold*, makes it at once tender and humorous.

The reply to it by the late Dr. Gooch is at once neat and severe :

IV.

Doctor, your Epigram is true,  
'Tis Gould she loves—and leaves out *u* (you).

Next to these may be placed the Epigram by Isaac Hawkins Brown upon himself, and another by Garrick addressed to Dr. Hill, upon his petition of the Letter I. to Mr. Garrick.

V.

When I was young and debonair,  
The brownest girl to me was fair,  
But now in years I old am grown,  
The fairest girl to me is Brown.

## VI.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injur'd a letter,  
 I'll change my notesoon, and I hope for the better ;  
 May the right use of letters as well as of men,  
 Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen ;  
 Sincerely I wish that they both have their due,  
 And that *I* may be never mistaken for a (you.)

## VII.

BY DR. DONNE.

" I am unable", yonder Beggar cries  
 " To stand or go ;" if he says true,—he lies.

Here the wit arises from the word *lies* signifying both *lies down* and *tells an untruth*.

## VIII.

BY HACKETT.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free ;  
 Of late he's grown brim-full of pride and pelf ;  
 You wonder that he don't remember me ;  
 Why so ? You see he has forgot himself.

Here, the word *forgot* signifying to have *lost the remembrance of a thing* in the literal sense, and in a figurative sense *to have neglected to conduct himself properly*, in the same manner as if he had really *lost the memory of who he was*, an excellent and severe piece of wit arises : It is improved by the *antithesis* between the words *remember* and *forgot*.

The last I shall produce is from the Collection in the Elegant Extracts, similar to one

given in your Essay on Ingenious and Witty Songs, p. 174.

IX.

FROM MARTIAL, B. VIII. EP. 19.

Hall says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not;  
But, take his word for't; Hall's *not worth a great*.

Where the wit consists in *not worth* signifying both *not possessed of* and *not of the value of*.

If we compare these with some Epigrams which do not depend upon puns, the superiority of the wit or comic effect in the pun will be the more apparent. I select the following from the *Elegant Extracts*, which are some that I had previously marked as amongst the *best* there without any reference to this subject.

X.

BY PRIOR.

To John I ow'd great obligation,  
But John unhappily thought fit  
To publish it to all the nation.  
Sure John and I are more than quit.

XI.

BY BANKS.

Young Courtly takes me for a duncce,  
For all night long I spoke but once:  
On better grounds I think him such,  
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

XII.

Tom's coach and six!—Whither in such haste going?  
But a short journey—To his own undoing.

## LETTER VII.

## XIII.

Jack his own merit sees. This gives him pride,  
That he sees more than all the world beside.

## XIV.

BY JOSIAH RELPH.

No, Varus hates a thing that's base ;  
I own indeed he's got a knack  
Of flatt'ring people to their face,  
But scorns to do't behind their back.

## XV.

## MUTUAL PITY.

Tom, ever jovial, ever gay,  
To appetite a slave,  
Still swears and drinks his life away,  
And laughs to see me grave.  
'Tis thus that we two disagree,  
So different is our whim,  
The fellow fondly *laughs* at me,  
While I could *cry* for him.

## XVI.

FROM MARTIAL, B. I. EP. 39.

The verses, friend, which thou hast read, are mine ;  
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for thine.

To these I will add three from another collection.

## XVII.

BY GAY.

Clodio, they say, has wit ; for what ?  
For writing ?—No, for writing not.

## XVIII.

BY PRIOR.

Thy nag, the leanest things alive,  
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,  
I heard thy anxious coachman say,  
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

XIX.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Reader, beware immoderate love of pelf:  
Here lies the worst of thieves, who robb'd himself.

These instances may be concluded with The Epigram on an Epigram from the Oxford Sausage.

XX.

1

One day in Christ-Church Meadows walking,  
Of Poetry, and such Things talking,  
Says Ralph, a merry Wag,  
"An Epigram, if right and good,  
In all its circumstances should  
Be like a *Jelly-Bag*."

2

"Your Simile, I own, is new,  
But how do'st make it out", quoth Hugh?  
Quoth Ralph, "I'll tell thee Friend;  
Make it at Top both wide and fit  
To hold a Budget-full of Wit,  
And *point* it at the End."

Here, though in fact there is a double meaning in the word *point*, signifying the *tapering end* of any thing, and also the *turn* or *sting* of an epigram, yet there is too great a similarity in the two senses, the contrast is not sufficiently great to cause much surprise, and much laughter.

Some of the best of the wit by the generally-acknowledged wittiest writer of the age consists

of pun, as for instance, in *The School for Scandal*, A. ii. S. 2.

Mrs. Candour. She has a charming fresh colour.

Lady Teazle. Yes, when it is *fresh* put on.

Mrs. C. 'Tis natural, for I've seen it come and go.

Lady T. Yes, it *comes* at night, and *goes* again in the morning.

Sir Benjamin. True, madam, it not only goes and comes, but, what's more, her maid can fetch and carry it.

Again, in *The Duenna*, A. ii. S. 3.

Jerome. She has her aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead to a hair.

Isaac. Aye, and her grandfather's chin, *to a hair*.

Instances might be multiplied without end from some of our best authors.

Of Comic Songs containing puns, the first, which at this time presents itself to my notice, is one of Trudge's, in *Inkle and Yarico*, in which the puns, though not of the first rate, are yet amusing. In a Song, where there are several, and there is the additional pleasure derived from the music, a less degree of excellence will suffice than in an Epigram, where the whole life of it depends upon the pun or point.

SONG. I.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

TUNE: *Last Valentine's Day.*

---

1

A VOYAGE over seas had not enter'd my head,  
Had I known but on which side to butter my  
bread,

Heigho! sure I—for hunger must die!  
've sail'd like a booby; come here in a squall,  
Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd  
at all!

Oho! I'm a terrible booby!

Oh, what a sad booby am I!

2

IN London what gay chop-house signs in the  
street!

But the only *sign* here is of nothing to eat.

Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!  
My mutton's all lost, I'm a poor starving elf,  
And for all the world like a lost mutton myself;

Oho! I shall die like a lost mutton!

Oh what a lost mutton am I!

3

For a neat slice of beef, I could roar like a bull;  
If my stomach's so empty my heart is quite full.  
Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!]

But, grave without meat, I must here meet my  
grave,

For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save:

Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!

I can't save my bacon, not I!

The term lost mutton in verse two, appears to be a light parody on the scripture phrase of a lost sheep, and is therefore objectionable and should be omitted.

The Ballad of Sir John Barleycorn, given before, p. 72. is an allegory with some little share of pun in it, as well as humour.

There are puns also in the two Songs of The Blacksmith in the 3d volume of my Collection, p. 88. and 90. the latter of which is from the Opera of *Catch him who can*.

The Serious Pun, which is similar to the *Paronomasia* of the Greeks and Romans, is sometimes used by Collins in his Songs. The Mulberry tree has some, but the fruit is not of the best flavour. The following, in his Song of To-morrow, or The Prospect of Hope, (the whole of which is given in my Collection, vol. 1. p. 194.) is not bad:

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,

Which I've worn for three-score years and ten;

On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;

But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;  
 As this old worn out *stuff* which is *thread-bare* to-day,  
 May become *everlasting* to-morrow.

Collins's Song, which he calls 'COLLINS'S SALLY, A Vocal Parody, being a parody upon Sally in our Alley, (see p. 331.) or, more properly, an answer to it, must rather be termed pleasant and ingenious than witty. It is not a song of the first rate, but answers the purpose of preserving that very beautiful tune, though that is also done by two other songs in my first volume, p. 293. and 295.

II.

COLLINS'S SALLY.

I

THE Bard, who glows with Grub-street fire,  
 In Sally's praise profuse is;  
 But know the Sally I admire,  
 'Tis polish'd wit produces.  
 Sweet sprightly nymph, 't is thee I mean,  
 I stand not shilly shally;  
 'hou art my fancy's lawful queen,  
 Thou art my lovely Sally.

## 2

'Tis true we're told in prose and rhyme  
A Wit is but a feather,  
But let me lightly mount sublime,  
A rush for wind or weather,  
For, like the lark, I'll soar and sing,  
While from the sordid valley  
The grov'ling earth-worm ne'er takes wing,  
Nor courts a modest Sally.

## 3.

Sallies of wit, where wisdom rules,  
Are gladsome gamesome gay things,  
But those who sport with pointed tools  
Should handle well their play things.  
Then, haply, when the stroke offend,  
No longer prone to rally,  
I'll silence keep to keep my friend,  
And check the sportive Sally.

## 4

And as Old Time speeds on apace,  
His sport and prey to make us;  
With hasty strides and hot-foot chace  
Determin'd to o'ertake us;  
When from the Sally-port of life  
We move to close Life's tally,  
Releas'd from cank'ring care and strif  
Triumphant be our Sally.

Parody, according to Johnson, is "A kind of writing, in which the words of an author or his thoughts are taken, and by a slight change adapted to some new purpose." The Parody is, therefore, a species of wit which pleases from the surprize occasioned by the contrast between the old and the new application. A very excellent specimen of this occurs in *The Fashionable World displayed*, by THE REV. JOHN OWEN, in a Parody on *Gray's Ode to Spring*, in the character of A Man of Fashion.

## III.

## ODE ON THE SPRING.

BY A MAN OF FASHION.

## I

Lo ! where the party-giving dames,  
 Fair Fashion's train, appear,  
 Disclose the long-expected games,  
 And wake the modish year.  
 The opera-warbler pours her throat,  
 Responsive to the actor's note,  
 The dear-bought harmony of Spring ;  
 While, beaming pleasure as they fly,  
 Bright flambeaus thro' the murky sky  
 Their welcome fragrance fling.

## 2

Where'er the rout's full myriads close  
The staircase and the door,  
Where'er thick files of belles and beaux  
Perspire thro' ev'ry pore:  
Beside some faro-table's brink,  
With me the Muse shall *stand* and think,  
(Hemm'd sweetly in by squeeze of state,)  
How vast the comfort of the crowd,  
How condescending are the proud,  
How happy are the great.

## 3

Still is the toiling hand of Care,  
The drays and hacks repose;  
But, hark, how thro' the vacant air  
The rattling clamour glows!  
The wanton Miss and rakish Blade,  
Eager to join the masquerade,  
Thro' streets and squares pursue their fun:  
Home in the dark some bashful skim;  
Some, ling'ring late, their motley trim  
Exhibit to the sun.

## 4

To Dissipation's playful eye,  
Such is the life of man,  
And they that halt and they that fly  
Should have no other plan:

Alike the busy and the gay  
 Should sport all night till break of day,  
 In Fashion's varying colours drest;  
 Till seiz'd for debt through rude mischance,  
 Or chill'd by age, they leave the dance,  
 In gaol or dust—to rest.

5

Methinks I hear, in accents low,  
 Some sober quiz reply,  
 Poor child of Folly! what art thou?  
 A Bond-street butterfly!  
 Thy choice nor Health nor Nature greets,  
 No taste hast thou of vernal sweets,  
 Enslav'd by noise, and dress, and play:  
 Ere thou art to the country flown,  
 The sun will scorch, the Spring be gone,  
 Then leave the town in May.

---

The following Songs may perhaps be more properly termed *ingenious* than witty.

## IV.

## A GOOD WIFE.

---

 I

A Wife domestic, good and pure,  
 Like *Snail*, should keep within her door;  
 But not like *Snail*, in silver'd track,  
 Place all her wealth upon her back.

K K 2

## 2

A Wife should be like *Echo* true,  
And, courteous, speak when spoken to;  
But not like *Echo* still be heard  
Contending for the final word.

## 3

Like a *Town Clock* a Wife should be,  
Keep time and regularity;  
But not like *Clocks* harangue so clear  
That all the town her voice might hear.

## 4

Young Man, if these allusions strike,  
She whom as bride you'd hail,  
Should be just like, and just unlike  
*An Echo, Clock, and Snail.*

---

## V.

## ECHO SONG.

## 1

ECHO! tell me while I wander  
O'er this verdant plain to prove him,  
If my shepherd still grows fonder,  
Ought I in return to love him?

*Echo.* Love him, love him.

2

If he loves, as is the fashion,  
Should I churlishly forsake him ;  
Or, in pity to his passion,  
Fondly to my bosom take him ?  
*Echo.* Take him, take him.

3

Thy advice I'll then adhere to,  
Since in love's soft bands I've led him,  
And with Henry shall not fear to  
Marry, if you answer—wed him.  
*Echo.* Wed him, wed him.

VI.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, and TO-MORROW.

YESTERDAY.

*YESTERDAY!*—thy motley fate  
Is from *death* a *birth* to date ;  
All existence to disclaim,  
When *we* give *thee* first a name.

Thy survivor is “ *To-day,*”  
So wer't thou call'd *Yesterday* ;  
And as moves the wheel of sorrow,  
*He* will have thy name to-morrow.

## TO-DAY.

But the day begins to rise,  
 Man's inestimable prize!  
 Now the *past* his *death* receives,  
 And the *op'ning* future lives!  
 Come, *To-day*, I'll cling to thee!  
 Come, and pitch thy tent with me!  
 What is *Yesterday*, review'd?  
 Empty as *To-morrow's* good.

## TO-MORROW.

Last intrudes *To-morrow's* gloom,  
 Stern with its imperious doom;  
 Tells me of the day that flies,  
*Never lives, but never dies.*  
 Born at twelve, shuts up the night,  
 Perishing before it's light;  
*Fancy's* child, and *Folly's* Queen,  
 Lov'd and fear'd, but still *unseen.*

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 VII.

## GOOD-BYE AND HOW-D'YE-DO.

BY THE HON. W. R. SPENCER.

---

 I

ONE day Good-bye met How-d'ye-do  
 Too close to shun saluting,  
 But soon the rival sisters flew  
 From kissing to disputing.

“ Away,” says How-d’ye-do, “ your mien  
Appals my cheerful nature,  
No name so sad as your’s is seen  
In sorrow’s nomenclature.”

2

“ Whene’er I give one sunshine hour,  
Your cloud comes o’er to shade it ;  
Where’er I plant one blooming flower,  
Your mildew drops to fade it.”

“ E’er How-d’ye-do has tun’d each tongue  
To Hope’s delightful measure,  
Good-bye in friendship’s ear has rung  
The knell of parting pleasure.”

3

“ From sorrow’s part my chemic skill  
Draws smiles of consolation ;  
Whilst you from present joys distill  
The tears of separation.”

Good-bye replied “ Your statement’s true  
And well your cause you’ve pleaded ;  
But, pray, who thinks of How-d’ye-do,  
Unless Good-bye preceded ?”

4

“ Without my prior influence,  
Could yours have ever flourish’d,  
And can your hands one flow’r dispense,  
But those my tears have nourish’d ?”

“How oft, if at the court of love  
Concealment be the fashion,  
When How-d’ye-do has fail’d to move,  
Good-bye reveals the passion.”

## 5

“How oft when love’s soft fires decline,  
As ev’ry heart remembers,  
One sigh of mine, and only mine,  
Revives the dying embers.”

“Go bid the timid lover chuse,  
And I’ll resign my charter,  
If he for ten kind How-d’ye-dos  
One kind Good-bye would barter.”

## 6

“From love and friendship’s kindred source  
We both derive existence,  
And they would both lose half their force,  
Without our joint assistance.”

“’Tis well, the world our merit knows,  
Since time, there’s no denying,  
One half in How-d’ye-doing goes,  
And t’other in Good-bying.”

VIII.

THE WORTHY LOVER.

1

*Now, tell me, Artist, can She love?  
Or, loving, can She constant prove?  
Constant She is, and love She can;  
But hard it is, to find the Man!  
What one to please Her must he be?  
Worthy and lovely, such as She.*

2

*Then must I of her Love despair.  
For she so worthy is and fair,  
As the best worthiness in me  
Cannot come near in least degree:  
Shall I then strive to quench my fire?  
No; rather love, and still admire.*

3

*For She Love's proper subject is,  
Who Loves not Her, doth love amiss!  
I'll love Her, then, and by Her Love,  
So worthy I will hope to prove,  
That She may love what She hath taught,  
And once be catch'd by what She caught.*

1650.

The following Song is truly humourous. Taking up the common idea in love-songs, that the eyes of females and their beauties in general are all suns and brilliancies, it pursues it farther, and supposes that, like the sun, they can only be looked at through *smoaked glass*. The following verse from one of the Songs in Mr. Evans's Publication, p. 254. may serve as an introduction to it :

Aspasia rolls her sparkling eyes,  
 And every bosom feels her power ;  
 The Indians thus view Phœbus rise,  
 And gaze in rapture and adore.  
 Quick to the soul the piercing splendours dart,  
 Fire every vein, and melt the coldest heart.

## IX.

## THE BLACK SPECTACLES:

## A PROPOSAL TO THE LADIES.

BY LT. COL. JAMES DALRYMPLE.

## 1

WHEN the Wise-ones incline t' examine the  
 Sun,

They call a smoak'd Glass to their aid,  
 Thus ev'ry Danger of Blindness they shun,  
 So soften'd his Rays by the shade.

2

Our Ladies have now adopted this plan ;  
 How much we their Goodness should prize !  
 In place of the moveable skreen of a Fan,  
 They veil with a Curtain their Eyes.

3

We now, without risk, their Lustre may view !  
 Contemplate their Charms at our Ease,  
 From Feature to Feature the chace may pursue,  
 And fix, on which ever we please.

4

For think not 'tis form'd of a close-wov'n stuff,  
 No malice their Bosoms could move !  
 Far from it, 'tis thin and transparent enough  
 To shew the mild Graces we love.

5

But hard for each possible case to provide,  
 Since many Freebooters are found,  
 By lifting the Head, or a peep o' one side,  
 Some eye-shots continue to wound.

6

I've thought of a Scheme ; I humbly propose  
 Such artful designs to defeat :  
 A pair of black Spectacles plac'd on the Nose  
 Will render our safety compleat.

1789.

The following stanzas, taken from Cowper's Poem on Friendship, from which I have already selected some stanzas in the second volume of my Collection, may well be ranked among Ingenious Songs: they are very spirited, but the manner of them is evidently adopted from Dr. Watts's Poem, called Few Happy Matches, given before, p. 309.

## X.

## FRIENDSHIP.

## 1

A FRIENDSHIP, that in frequent fits  
Of controversial rage emits  
The sparks of disputation,  
Like hand in hand insurance plates,  
Most unavoidably creates  
The thought of conflagration.

## 2

A man renowned for repartee  
Will seldom scruple to make free  
With friendship's finest feeling,  
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,  
And say he wounded you in jest,  
By way of balm for healing.

3

Some fickle creatures boast a soul  
True as a needle to the pole,  
Their humour yet so various—  
They manifest their whole life thro'  
The needle's deviations too,  
Their love is so precarious.

4

The great and small but rarely meet  
In terms of amity complete,  
Plebeians must surrender,  
And yield so much to noble folk,  
As is combining fire with smoke,  
Obscurity with splendour.

5

Some are so placid and serene  
(As Irish bogs are always green)  
They sleep secure from waking ;  
And are indeed a bog that bears  
Your unparticipated cares  
Unmov'd and without quaking.

6

Courtier and patriot cannot mix  
Their heterogeneous politics  
Without an effervescence,  
Like that of salts with lemon juice,  
Which does not yet like that produce  
A friendly coalescence.

## 7

To prove at last my main intent  
Needs no expence of argument,  
No cutting and contriving—  
Seeking a real friend we seem  
To adopt the chymist's golden dream,  
With still less hope of thriving.

## 8

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,  
An architect requires alone  
To finish a fine building—  
The palace were but half complete,  
If he could possibly forget  
The carving and the gilding.

## 9

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumps upon your back  
How he esteems your merit,  
Is such a friend, that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed  
To pardon or to bear it.

## 10

Some act upon this prudent plan,  
“ Say little and hear all you can.”  
Safe policy but hateful—  
So barren sands imbibe the shower,  
But render neither fruit nor flower  
Unpleasant and ungrateful.

11

These samples—for alas! at last  
 These are but samples, and a taste  
 Of evils yet unmentioned—  
 May prove the task a task indeed,  
 In which 'tis much if we succeed  
 However well-intentioned.

---

Burlesque being one species of humour, the following is given as a satire on that over-refined sensibility; which feels, where no sympathy is required, and withholds it, where duty and affection should cherish it.

XI.

EFFUSION

ADDRESSED TO

A CANDLE

WHICH WAS SNUFFED TOO LOW.

---

I

LITTLE CANDLE snuff'd too low!  
 Ah! I felt the cruel blow;  
 I saw the ruffian Snuffers rise,  
 He mark'd thee for his savage prize,

And, stretching wide his sable jaw,  
Gorg'd thee in his hungry maw :  
I feel thy plenitude of woe,—  
PRETTY CANDLE snuff'd too low !

## 2

LITTLE CANDLE snuff'd too low !  
Well thy virtues do I know.  
In thy sorrow-beaming eye  
The starting tear, alas ! I spy ;  
Now in grief you melt away,  
I feel the sympathetic sway,  
Dear sensibility's fine flow,—  
INJUR'D CANDLE snuff'd too low !

## 3

LITTLE CANDLE snuff'd too low !  
Do not—Do not leave me so.  
Ah ! thine eye is waxing dim,  
Thy mould so fair, thy form so slim  
Deform'd and haggard now appears,—  
Ah stop ! ah stop ! these scalding tears,—\*  
Nor out, alas ! despairing go—  
MOURNFUL CANDLE snuff'd too low !

---

\* mine own tears  
Do scald like motten lead.

## 4

LITTLE CANDLE snuff'd too low!  
 Now returning life you shew,  
 Fire rekindles in thine eye  
 No more you heave the burning sigh,—\*  
 Now again thy beauties shine,—  
 The joy is yours,—the joy is mine,—  
 I feel the sympathetic glow,—  
 Recover'd from THY SNUFF TOO LOW!

---

The two following Songs owe their humour chiefly to the stories on which they are founded.

## XII.

## THE DUMB BEGGAR.

## 1

FOR alms and compassion a widow was fam'd,  
 And her house was well known to the halt and  
                   the maim'd,  
 With “hand open as day” she would freely  
                   impart,  
 And added her counsel, and felt with her heart.

---

\* With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

## 2

But her friends sometimes said she encouragement gave

To sloth and to vice, not the wretch, but the knave :

And imposture full often obtain'd the fair mite,  
Which better had sought the poor wretch out  
of sight.

## 3

On crutches she saw a sad object once come,  
With a scroll at his breast, that the wearer was  
dumb,

For the alms of the friendly he earnestly pray'd,  
And the gift would be amply by Heaven repaid.

## 4

“ Alas ! my good friend, thou my pity dost  
claim,

Ah ! where is thy parish ; and what is thy  
name ?

Say how thy misfortunes upon thee have come,  
How long hast thou been thus decrepit and  
dumb ? ”

## 5

“ Alas ! my good lady, how quickly time wears,  
Since first I was taken 'tis now full six years. ” —

The tone of compassion the beggar had caught,  
He answer'd the question without further  
thought.

6

“Thou daring impostor,” the lady then cried,  
 “Is this thy sad story, that thou art tongue-  
 tied !

Here, John, call the constable, bid him not  
 wait,

To the House of Correction I’ll have you borne  
 straight.”

7

From his moment’s delusion the beggar awak’d,  
 He saw that his *all* on one effort was stak’d ;  
 He had ta’en to his tongue, and his danger he  
 feels,

So was soon out of sight,—for he took to his heels.

8

Hence learn, ye, whose hearts love to feel for  
 distress,

Lest, disgusted, you’re tempted your alms to  
 suppress,

Learn merely, thus caution’d, your object to  
 know,

And let Prudence direct you in what you bestow.

## XIII.

## THE FRIENDS AND THE OYSTER.

TUNE: *If a daughter you have*, in *The Duenna*.

---

## 1

ON the sea shore one day as two friends were a  
walking,  
And of this thing and that thing complacently  
talking,  
Just where the ebb'd wave left the shingle the  
moister,  
They both cast their eyes on a fine well-fed  
Oyster,  
Starting and running,  
Not without cunning,  
Together they seiz'd on this fine well-fed  
Oyster.

## 2

One claim'd it as his, and the other as his,  
To a broad grin succeeded a dismal long phiz,  
Till at length they began to dispute and to  
roister,  
And all for the sake of this fine well-fed Oyster,  
Scolding and wrangling,  
Jeering and jangling,  
And all for the sake of this fine well-fed Oyster.

3

A brisk Lawyer came by, and beholding the stir,  
He paus'd—they agreed the whole case to refer,  
“ I’m fitter,” said he, “ far than monk in a  
cloister,

To arbitrate ’twixt you concerning the Oyster.”

Humming and hawing,

Eying and clawing,

He went on to arbitrate touching the Oyster.

4

The Lawyer look’d wise, “ ’twas the custom”,  
he said,

“ For the law ne’er to speak were the lawyer  
unpaid,

The law was supreme, not a mouth that out-  
voic’d her,

Yet would she decide even on a poor Oyster.”—

Statements then hearing,—

The matter appearing,—

Proceeded to arbitrate touching the Oyster.

5

He open’d the Oyster, *no fool* you may think,—  
Shook it into his mouth, down it went in a  
twink,

And when the friends’ eyes look’d as if growing  
moister,

To each he presented a shell of the Oyster ;

Angry and vexed,  
 Chagrin'd and perplexed  
 Each only obtain'd a bare shell of the Oyster.

## 6

Attend, all ye friends,—and attend, all ye foes,—  
 Hence learn 'twixt yourselves all your strifes to  
     compose,  
 A recourse to the law when you wrangle and  
     roister,  
 May probably end like the Friends and the  
     Oyster,  
     Too much in grasping  
     A shadow you're clasping,—  
 Ere you fly to the law, sing THE FRIENDS  
     AND THE OYSTER.

---

The humour of the following song consists chiefly in making the phrase *It is but* a proper name, and shewing how it is the cause of some extravagance and even ruin in the world.

## XIV.

## THE 'TIS BUTS.

## 1

You ask me the secret by which we contrive  
 On an income so slender so fairly to thrive ?

Why the long and the short of the matter is this,  
We take things as they come, and thus nought  
comes amiss,

My sons are no sluggards, my daughters no  
sluts,

And we still keep an eye to the main and *'Tis  
Buts.*

2

Neighbour Squander's grand treat,—*'tis but so  
much*, he says,

And his wife's fine new gown,—*'tis but so  
much she* pays;

*'Tis but* so much the fair, *'tis but* so much the  
play,

His child's *gew-gaws* too,—*'tis but* that thrown  
away ;

But each *'tis but* grows on, till they run on so fast,  
That he finds *'tis but* coming to want at the  
last.

3

Now something occurs, and he says, like a  
ninny,

I'll buy it at once, for *it is but* a guinea ;

And then something else, and he still is more  
willing,

For *it is but* a trifle, *it is but* a shilling :

Then *it is but* a penny, *it is but* a mite,  
'Till the '*Tis but*s at last sum up—*ruin out-*  
*right.*

## 4

But, for my part, I ever these maxims would  
take,  
That a little and little a mickle will make ;  
Take care of the shillings, those vain wand'ring  
elves,  
And the pounds, my good friend, will take  
care of themselves ;  
If you quarter the road, you avoid the great  
ruts,  
And you'll run on quite smooth, if you mind the  
'*Tis But*s.

## 5

Contentment's the object at which we should  
aim,  
It is riches and power and honour and fame,  
For our wants and our comforts, in truth, are  
but few,  
And ne'er purchase that thing without which  
you can do ;  
And this maxim of maxims most others, out  
cuts,  
If you'd thrive, keep an eye to the main, and  
'*TIS BUT*s.

Another species of the comic Song is that in which some speaking is introduced in each verse, the music being suspended while that is going on. Mr. Dibdin is very happy at this kind of Song, and his best are, I think, 'The Auctioneer, The Town Crier, and The Margate Hoy, though there are some things in each which I wish were altered.

Another very fruitful source of humour in songs is *comic rhyme*, a subject upon which you have yourself, Sir, touched, both in your Essay on Song-writing, p. xix. and in your Letters on Poetry, p. 63 and 241.

No author abounds in these like Butler, in his *Hudibras*,\* a great part of the humour of

\* When this Letter was written I believe that the whole of my knowledge of *Hudibras* was from having read the first Canto some years ago, and perhaps part of the second; and from having seen and heard particular passages quoted in books and in conversation, and which is, certainly, the most advantageous manner of relishing the excellencies of the work; as there is a sameness in it, which palls in a continued perusal. In the Discourse on Wit and Humour, prefixed to the Second Volume of *THE TREASURY OF WIT*, by H. BENNET, M. A. p. xxxiv. the author says, "I have often thought that a book more valuable, and much more delightful, than *Hudibras* itself, might easily be made by extracting all the wit, or half the work, and arranging it in alphabetical common places." With this view, I have lately read *Hudibras* through, and it appears to me that the wit is so interwoven with the story that there is but

which consists in the grotesque or forced rhyme. For it seems to be in this, as in comic wit, that some degree of *surprise* is necessary to occasion delight; some word is given to which we do not expect that a rhyme can readily be found, or some word is produced to rhyme to it, which requires some degree of management, some little force or violence, to pronounce it so as to produce any thing like a similarity of sound, between which and its accustomed pronunciation, there is so much *contrast* as to excite

---

a small portion of it which could stand by itself. But there is much profaneness, indecency and grossness throughout the work, that, were the exceptionable passages omitted, it would be not only improved in that respect, but be less tiresome in the perusal.

Having mentioned *THE TREASURY OF WIT* it appears not to be irrelevant to the general design of this work to notice that it is one of those works, the execution of which does not answer the professed design. The Editor says of himself in his Preface, p. xvii. "Above all, he has been careful to admit nothing of that obscenity and impiety which often stain works of this kind. That obscenity and blasphemy are not wit, is as true as trite; for any fool may speak either, and the laughter is always at the speaker, not at the speech. Not a word will be found in this work, that a virgin may not read to a company without either blush, or fear of blushing." That this Collection is one of the best of the kind that I have seen, I am very ready to allow, but there appear to me to be several instances of *indecenty* and *impiety*, which are not fit to be read either to a company or by any one to himself. (Feb. 12, 1811.)

the sensation experienced from the ridiculous :  
as in the following instances,

And pulpit, dram ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick. CANTO i. l. 11.

A wight he was, whose very sight would  
Entitle him mirror of Knighthood. Do. l. 15.

That Latin was no more difficile,  
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle. Do. l. 53.

Beside he was a shrewd philosopher,  
And had read every text and gloss over. Do. l. 127.

This seems to be a favourite word with Butler  
to make a rhyme to, we have it frequently  
besides :

A deep occult philosopher,  
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are. Do. l. 537.

For, as some late philosophers  
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse  
With man take after him.— Do. l. 789.

There was an ancient sage philosopher  
That had read Alexander Ross over. CANTO ii. l. 1.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,  
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore, CANTO i. l. 131.

This hairy meteor did denounce  
The fall of sceptres and of crowns. Do. l. 247.

Tho' it contributed its own fall,  
To wait upon the public downfall. Do. l. 255.

If any yet be so fool-hardy,  
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy. Do. l. 695.

When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,  
If any press upon him, who 'tis.

Do. l. 701.

Great actions are not always true sons  
Of great and mighty resolutions.

Do. l. 885.

You mention the comic rhymes of Swift as being superior to those of Butler, (*Letters on Poetry*, p. 241.) a few of them shall be given, though it is difficult to find a poem of his of the humourous kind to which reference can be made with propriety. His *Rhapsody On Poetry* is perhaps as little liable to exception as any with which I am acquainted :

And here a simile comes pat in :  
Though Chickens take a month to fatten, &c.

In modern wit all printed trash is  
Set off with numerous breaks—and dashes—

Convey by penny-post to Lintot,  
But let no friend alive look into 't.

For you can ne'er be too far gone  
In all our modern critics jargon.

Read all the prefaces of Dryden,  
And these our critics much confide in.

A forward critic often dupes us  
With sham quotations, peri hupsous ;  
And, if we have not read Longinus,  
Will magisterially out-shine us.  
Then lest with Greek he over-run ye,  
Procure the book for love or money, &c.

Complain, as many an ancient bard did,  
How genius is no more rewarded.

Yet what the world refused to Lewis,  
 Applied to George, exactly true is.  
 Exactly true! invidious poet!  
 'Tis fifty thousand times below it.  
 Translate me now some lines, if you can,  
 From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.

It strikes me that something of the same kind  
 of sensation, a surprize and pleasure is excited  
 if the rhyme be particularly apt, if it *comes*  
*pat in*; as in the following instances from the  
 same poem :

While every fool his claim alledges,  
 As if it grew in common hedges.

And how agreeably surpriz'd  
 Are you to see it advertiz'd!

Be silent as a politician,  
 For talking may beget suspicion.

You lose your credit all at once;  
 The town will mark you for a dunce.

Or like a bridge that joints a marish  
 To moorlands of a different parish.

His humble senate this professes  
 In all their speeches, votes, addresses.

And each perfection long imputed,  
 Is fully at his death confuted.

Judicious Rymer oft review,  
 Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu.

You raise the honour of the peerage,  
 Proud to attend you at the steerage.

The rhymes in Garrick's Epigram on Dr. Hill are very happy :

## XXI.

For physic and farces,  
His equal there scarce is ;  
His farces are physic,  
His physic a farce is.

The bad rhymes in the Epigram on Foote and Quin, given before, (p. 368.) add to the general effect of the piece. On this ground I trust the rhymes in the Song of *The Onion*, in the first volume of my collection, p. 342. may be defended.

A compound rhyme is introduced in a song in your Vocal Poetry. (p. 237.) The subject is light, but it does not appear sufficiently humorous to admit the comic rhyme :

Friendship of another kind is, &c.  
Love, one grain is worth the Indies.

In Congreve's song "Tell me no more I am deceiv'd," (Essays on Song-Writing, p. 209.) we have the triple rhymes' of *common—woman* and *no man*—and *hard thing—farthing* and *bargain*.

The Song of The Tight Little Island is very good in its comic rhymes, and with a few alterations would be an excellent Song. I have been informed on good authority that it was a

favourite with the late amiable Bishop of London, who used to repeat the burden of it with great satisfaction. The Friends and the Oyster, given before, p. 394. contains some comic rhymes.

The effect of these rhymes is heightened when still farther violence is done to a word, as where it is divided, and one or more syllables put at the end of one line as a rhyme, and the other, or the remainder carried on to the beginning of the next, as in that admirable burlesque Song, in the play of The Rovers, in the Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin :

VERSE 5.

There first for thee my passion grew,  
Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!  
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu—  
—tor, Law Professor at the U—  
—niversity of Gottingen—  
—niversity of Gottingen.

6.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in :  
Here doom'd to starve on water gru—  
—el never shall I see the U—  
—niversity of Gottingen—  
—niversity of Gottingen.

The compound rhyme has been sometimes admitted into serious Songs, where, if it be suffered to pass, it certainly is not desirable. Collins introduces into his *Date Obolum Bellisario* :

As the wise, great and good of thy frowns seldom 'scape any,  
Witness brave Bellisarius who begg'd for a half-penny.

This would occasion a laugh, did not the  
subject and the tune repress it. Again,

But each conquest I gain'd, I made friend and foe know,  
That my soul's only aim was *pro publico bono*.

In the Song of The Pilgrim, by Bunyan, in his Pilgrim's Progress, (see my Collection, Vol. ii. p. 383.) a compound rhyme is introduced which would be much more in its place in a humourous composition :

Whoso beset him round  
With dismal stories,  
Do but themselves confound,  
His strength the more is.

Of no species of Song does there appear to me to be so few good specimens as of the Comic. Of those sung upon the stage, many depend upon the mere buffoonery of the performer for effect. Such, chiefly, were those written for the late Edwin, and other performers. Many of them are indelicate, and some very gross; and many are upon subjects equally improper, as making fun of the natural infirmities of persons, which is the subject of one of the Songs in The Children in the Wood. Collins's are of a better kind, though they want much correcting. He is deficient in refinement, and

is sometimes gross and even profane. Mr. Dibdin's Comic Songs are, in my estimation, among our very best; though his, like the laurel, would flourish more under the pruning knife; I wish it could be said of Mr. D., as of the laurel, that he "loves the knife." His Comic Songs have generally instruction, as well as wit and humour.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your &c.



## LETTER VIII.

## SACRED SONGS.

*Clare Hall, November 26, 1810.*

SIR,

**H**AVING closed each of my former volumes of Songs with a class of Sacred Songs, I feel unwilling to bring this to a conclusion without giving some few specimens of compositions in the highest style, namely addresses to the Deity in whom “we live and move and have our being”, Acts xvii. 28. to whom we look for succour in our spiritual life in this world, and for everlasting happiness in the world to come. To enter upon a discussion of the excellence of Sacred Poetry and the requisites for it would lead me far beyond the limits which I must now prescribe myself; and, for the advantage of such of my readers as may wish to see something upon the subject, I will merely refer them to Dr. Watts’s Preface to his *Horæ Lyricæ* and the authors he there mentions. After noticing those Christians who “imagine that poetry and vice are naturally a kin; or at least, that verse is only fit to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but is too light and trivial a method to

treat any thing that is serious and sacred", he says " They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the psalms the best." He then produces some of the most sublime and beautiful passages from the sacred writings, and adds, " Who is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress ?" and quotes a passage from Rapin's *Reflections upon Eloquence*, in which he says, that " the majesty of our religion ; the holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the height of its mysteries, and the importance of every subject that belongs to it requires a grandeur, a nobleness, a majesty, and elevation of style suited to the theme : sparkling images and magnificent expressions must be used, and are best borrowed from scripture : let the preacher, that aims at eloquence, read the prophets incessantly, for their writings are an abundant source of all the riches and ornaments of speech."

Another passage, from Mrs. Barbauld's *Thoughts on the Devotional Taste*, shall be all I will add on this subject before I produce my specimens : " It is the character of the present age to allow little to sentiment, and all the warm and generous emotions are treated as romantic by the supercilious brow of a cold-hearted

philosophy. The man of science, with an air of superiority, leaves them to some florid declaimer who professes to work upon the passions of the lower class, where they are so debased by noise and nonsense, that it is no wonder if they move disgust in those of elegant and better informed minds. Yet there is a devotion generous, liberal, and humane, the child of more exalted feelings than base minds can enter into, which assimilates man to higher natures, and lifts him "above this visible diurnal sphere." Its pleasures are ultimate, and when early cultivated continue vivid even in that uncomfortable season of life when some of the passions are extinct, when imagination is dead, and the heart begins to contract within itself. Those who want this taste, want a sense, a part of their nature, and should not presume to judge of feelings to which they must ever be strangers. No one pretends to be a judge in poetry or the fine arts, who has not both a natural and a cultivated relish for them; and shall the narrow-minded children of earth absorbed in low pursuits, dare to treat as visionary, objects which they have never made themselves acquainted with? Silence on such subjects will better become them." P. 3.

I.

JUBILEE HYMN,

FOR THE 25TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1809.

ON WHICH HIS MAJESTY ENTERED ON THE FIFTIETH YEAR  
OF HIS REIGN.

BY THE REV. LEIGH RICHMOND.

---

1

YE Christians, who dwell in Britannia's fair isle,  
Which our God has long bless'd with his prosperous smile,  
Fill the Courts of the Lord, at your Sovereign's command,  
For the Jubilee trumpet resounds through the land.

2

'Tis Gratitude's voice that proclaims the glad day!—  
Shall the soul that fears God, the high call disobey?  
On the watch-towers of Israel we'll each take our stand,  
For the Jubilee trumpet resounds through the land.

## 3

We thank thee, O God, for the blessings  
we've prov'd,  
In the long-lengthen'd reign of a Monarch so  
lov'd;  
With loud gratulation we join in one band,  
For the Jubilee trumpet resounds through the  
land.

## 4

Whilst our Monarch the sceptre of Britain has  
sway'd,  
Religion and Truth happy progress have made;  
We confess this support of thy merciful hand,  
Now the Jubilee trumpet resounds through the  
land.

## 5

Distant Africa's sons shall unite heart and voice,  
For her chains are no more—let her freemen  
rejoice—  
They shall echo the chorus that freedom de-  
mands,  
For the Jubilee trumpet resounds through both  
lands.

## 6

Whilst our offerings of mercy we cheerfully  
bring,  
'Tis our heart's supplication, O God, save the  
King!

On thy church and thy people, a blessing  
command,  
For the Jubilee trumpet resounds through the  
land.

Fear God, honour the King.—1 PET. ii. 17.

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II.

AN ODE

ON HIS MAJESTY'S ILLNESS,

1789.

BY ANNE FRANCIS.

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1

LONG fix'd in this rural retreat,  
To pleasures domestic confin'd,  
No troubles, I thought, of the great  
Could ruffle the calm of my mind :  
Each morning contented I rose,  
And blest the return of the light ;  
At even prepar'd for repose,  
And quietly slept thro' the night.

2

The moments thus glided away,  
Reliev'd by the Muse, with a song ;  
So cheerfully pass'd the long day,  
That I never once thought it too long ;

For friendship, with love in her train,  
Enraptur'd the moments that flew ;  
And the forest and furze-skirted plain  
Were objects still dear to the view.

## 3

But, ah ! what sad tidings I hear !  
With anguish I list to the tale !  
My eye is surcharg'd with a tear,  
And I sigh to the sorrowing gale !  
The heart that is human *must* mourn,  
The tear of compassion *will* flow :  
Will the bright-sun of healing return—  
To gild this horizon of woe ?

## 4

O, Lord of soft mercy, attend !  
The ragings of frenzy controul,  
Bid the beams of refreshment descend,  
And relume the dark sphere of his soul !  
In pity—oh ! hear us complain !  
In mercy—attend to our prayer !  
Assist him his woes to sustain,  
And shield his sad mind from despair !

## 5

O, listen awhile to the lay,—  
The motive that prompts me to sing  
Is the homage affection would pay—  
To the man whom I love as my King !

How sweet are the tones of the lyre—  
When duty engages the song !  
When gratitude breathes on the wire,  
And wafts the soft measures along !

## 6

The forest and furze-skirted plain  
No longer afford me delight ;  
The landscape is varied in vain,  
The objects grow dim on the sight :  
I feel for the woes of the great,  
My heart is with anguish opprest ;  
No language, alas ! can relate  
The sorrow that saddens my breast.

## 7

May the bright-sun of healing return !  
The source of sweet-comfort descend !  
Our hearts shall with gratitude burn,  
Till life, and till gratitude end :  
Then, aloft in the mansions of air  
Enraptur'd we'll strike the bold strings—  
Loud Anthems of glory prepare—  
To the Lord—the protector of Kings.

## III.

## AN ODE

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY,

1789.

BY THE SAME.

TUNE: *The Hymn of Eve.*

## 1

SOUND, Lute, the sweet concords of praise!  
Enraptur'd I strike the bold string,  
Loud Anthems of gratitude raise,  
For God has restor'd us our King!  
Pale Faction in solitude mourns!  
Leave the tears of her Minions to flow;  
The bright sun of healing returns,  
And gilds the horizon of woe.

## 2

See, the Monarch from languor arise!  
He bends at the footstool of grace;  
Fair gratitude beams from his eyes,  
And devotion illumines his face!  
See the circle of virtue attend,  
With looks of complacence and love;  
Their raptures like incense ascend—  
And Angels record them above.

## 3

What bosom but throbs with delight,  
When fancy presents to the mind  
The PAIR whom such virtues unite,—  
The blessing, and joy of mankind !  
O ! long may the God they adore  
Grant life, unimpair'd by alloy !  
When life is a blessing no more—  
Transport them, to mansions of joy !

## 4

O Lord of sweet mercy, to thee—  
With fervent devotion I sing ;  
My spirit, exalted and free,  
Exults in the praise of my King !  
O, grant, that a subject's faint pray'r  
May reach thy celestial abode !  
Wing the theme thro' the regions of air,  
And give it access to my God.

## 5

To devotion He temper'd the clay  
Embellish'd and form'd by his hand,—  
Soon the mind caught the heav'nly ray,  
And, instant, began to expand ;  
Devotion enraptur'd the tongue,  
The passions confess'd its controul,—  
And blest were the transports that sprung  
All warm and direct from the soul !

## 6

Now bless'd be the God we adore!  
Who pours down his balm from above!  
Who smites in displeasure no more—  
But turns with refreshment and love :  
The boon shall our gratitude raise,  
And urge, in full chorus, to sing,—  
Till the forest, made vocal with praise,  
Re-echo with—**GOD SAVE THE KING.**

---

## IV.

## AN ODE,

**SUNG AT EDGEFIELD CHURCH, NORFOLK, BY THE SCHOLARS  
OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, ON THE 23D OF APRIL, 1789.**

**BEING THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING FOR  
HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY.**

**BY THE SAME.**

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## 1

BRITONS, your voices raise,  
Sound the full chords of praise,  
Strike the loud string :  
Let's in full chorus join,  
To our great God, benign,  
Who bids his mercy shine  
On **GEORGE** our King.

## 2

O Lord, our God, attend,—  
While the pure themes ascend  
On raptur'd wing ;  
Accept the grateful strain ;  
Long may our Monarch reign,  
Exempt from care and pain—  
Long live the King.

## 3

Hark ! the long aisle rebounds !  
Raise the seraphic sounds,  
Hosannas sing !  
Join, ye attentive throng—  
Swell the ecstatic song,  
With notes sublime, and strong—  
To GOD, our KING.

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## V.

## THANKSGIVING HYMN

FOR THE KING'S RECOVERY,

1789.

BY G. W. LEMON JUN.

## 1

OH, God of comfort ! deign  
To hear the humble strain  
Which now we sing ;

Kneeling before thy throne,  
Let us that mercy own,  
Which thou hast lately shewn  
To our blest King.

## 2

Grant him in peace and wealth,  
Long to enjoy his health,—  
God save the King.  
O let thy mighty arm  
Shield him from ev'ry harm,  
O save from each alarm,  
George, our blest King.

## 3

Here, while to thee we bend,  
Lord ! let thy grace descend  
On silver wing !  
Let our glad hearts express  
Our grateful happiness ;  
Grant we may long possess  
Great George, our King.

## 4

Laud Him, who once again  
Rais'd from the bed of pain  
Our gracious King !  
Praise !—Praise the Lord on high,  
Sound his name to the sky,  
And let all voices cry  
LONG LIVE THE KING !!

## VI.

I WILL PRAISE THE LORD  
AT ALL TIMES.

BY COWPER.

1

WINTER has a joy for me,  
While the Saviour's charms I read,  
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,  
In the snow-drop's pensive head.

2

Spring returns, and brings along  
Life-invigorating suns :  
Hark ! the turtle's plaintive song,  
Seems to speak his dying groans !

3

Summer has a thousand charms,  
All expressive of his worth ;  
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,  
His the air that cools the earth.

4

What, has Autumn left to say  
Nothing of a Saviour's grace ?  
Yes, the beams of milder day  
Tell me of his smiling face.

o o

## 5

Light appears with early dawn ;  
While the sun makes haste to rise,  
See his bleeding beauties drawn  
On the blushes of the skies.

## 6

Ev'ning, with a silent pace,  
Slowly moving in the west,  
Shews an emblem of his grace,  
Points to an eternal rest.

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VII.

## THE THUNDER-STORM.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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I.

O FOR Evening's brownest shade!  
Where the breezes play by stealth  
In the forest-cinctur'd glade,  
Round the hermitage of HEALTH:  
While the noon-bright mountains blaze  
In the sun's tormenting rays.

## 2

O'er the sick and sultry plains,  
Through the dim delirious air,  
Agonizing silence reigns,  
And the wanness of despair :  
Nature faints with fervent heat,  
Ah ! her pulse hath ceas'd to beat !

## 3

Now in deep and dreadful gloom,  
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,  
Black as if the day of doom  
Hung o'er NATURE's shrinking head :  
Lo ! the lightning breaks from high,  
—God is coming !—God is nigh !

## 4

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,  
As the mighty thunder rolls ?  
NATURE, startled NATURE reels,  
From the centre to the poles :  
Tremble !—Ocean, Earth, and Sky !  
Tremble !—God is passing by !

## 5

Darkness, wild with horror, forms  
His mysterious hiding-place ;  
Should He, from his ark of storms,  
Rend the veil and shew his face,  
At the judgment of his eye,  
All the universe would die.

## 6

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,  
Hail and rain tempestuous fall :  
Louder deeper thunders crash,  
Desolation threatens all ;  
Struggling NATURE grasps for breath  
In the agony of death.

## 7

GOD OF VENGEANCE ! from above,  
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,  
O remember Thou art LOVE !  
Spare ! O spare a guilty world !  
Stay Thy flaming wrath awhile,  
See Thy bow of promise smile !

## 8

Welcome, in the eastern cloud,  
Messenger of Mercy still !  
Now, ye winds ! proclaim aloud,  
“ Peace on Earth, to Man good will ! ”  
NATURE ! GOD's repenting child,  
See thy Parent reconcil'd !

## 9

Hark ! the nightingale, afar,  
Sweetly sings the sun to rest,  
And awakes the evening star  
In the rosy-tinted west :  
While the moon's enchanting eye  
Opens Paradise on high !

## 10

Cool and tranquil is the night,  
NATURE's sore afflictions cease,  
For the storm, that spent its might,  
Was a covenant of peace :  
VENGEANCE drops her harmless rod !  
MERCY is the POWER OF GOD !

---

## VIII.

## CHARITY.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

## I

BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,  
Our dying master stands !  
His weeping follow'rs gath'ring round,  
Receive his last commands.

## 2

From that mild Teacher's parting lips  
What tender accents fell !  
The gentle precept which he gave  
Became its author well.

## 3

Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart  
Feels for another's pain ;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never rais'd in vain :

## 4

Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth  
A stranger's woes to feel ;  
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the pow'r to heal.

## 5

He spreads his kind supporting arms  
To ev'ry child of grief ;  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings unask'd relief.

## 6

To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow ;  
He views thro' mercy's melting eye  
A brother in a foe.

## 7

Peace from the bosom of his God,  
My peace to him I give ;  
And when he kneels before the throne  
His trembling soul shall live.

## 8

To him protection shall be shewn,  
And mercy from above  
Descend on those who thus fulfil  
The perfect law of love.

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## IX.

## A REFLECTION.

BY WM. HOLLOWAY.

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In the midst of Life we are in Death.

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## 1

E'EN in the midst of life and hope,  
Dependent on a breath,  
To buoy a frail existence up,  
Are we, alas ! in death.

## 2

The weary day of Age must close  
In evening shadows soon ;  
And those on whom the morning rose,  
May never see the noon.

## 3

The sturdiest heart, at length o'ertir'd,  
Obtains its long release ;  
And number'd out each pulse requir'd,  
Shall throb itself to peace.

## 4

The finest fibre of the brain,  
Distorted or opprest;  
The valve of one life-streaming vein •  
Obstructed in the breast,

## 5

Then, not by art to be repair'd,  
To dust, from whence it came—  
Its virtues, birth, nor titles spar'd,  
Down sinks this fragile frame.

## 6

Lord! shall the creature of a day,—  
The insect of an hour,  
The vanity of pride betray,  
Or insolence of pow'r?

## 7

The nameless ills that sweep away  
This perishable dust,  
Should teach Humanity to stay  
On earth no more its trust.

## 8

O! to anticipate that bliss  
Be hope and faith employ'd,  
Where souls a body shall possess,  
That ne'er can be destroy'd.

## X

## THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

## I

SWEET is the scene when Virtue dies,  
When sinks a righteous soul to rest ;  
How mildly beam the closing eyes !  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

## 2

So fades a summer cloud away :  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er :  
So gently shuts the eye of day :  
So dies a wave along the shore.

## 3

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,  
Fann'd by some angel's purple wing.  
O Grave ! where is thy vict'ry now ?  
Invidious Death ! where is thy sting ?

## 4

A holy quiet reigns around ;  
A calm which nothing can destroy ;  
Nought can disturb that peace profound,  
Which their unfetter'd souls enjoy.

## 5

Farewell ! conflicting joys and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !  
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !  
Farewell ! inconstant World ! Farewell !

## 6

Its duty done, as sinks the day,  
Light from its load, the spirit flies !  
While Heaven and Earth combine to say,  
“ Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies.”

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XI.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S RESURRECTION.

BY ADDISON.

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1

WHEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear !

## 2

If yet while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought ;

## 3

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
In Majesty severe,  
And sit in Judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear !

## 4

But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woes prevent.

## 5

Then see the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late ;  
And hear a Saviour's dying groans  
To give those sorrows weight.

## 6

For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd  
To make her pardon sure.

## XII.

## EVENING HYMN.

BY SIR THOMAS BROWN.

## 1

THE night is come like to the day ;  
Depart not thou, great God, away,  
Let not my sins, black as the night.  
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.  
Keep still in my horizon ; for to me  
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.

## 2

Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,  
On my temples sentry keep ;  
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,  
Whose eyes are open while mine close.  
Let no dreams my head infest,  
But such as Jacob's temples blest.

## 3

While I do rest, my soul advance,  
And make my sleep a holy trance ;  
That I may, my rest being wrought,  
Awake into some holy thought ;  
And, with an active vigour, run  
My course, as doth the nimble sun.

## 4

Sleep is a death, O make me try,  
By sleeping, what it is to die ;  
And as gently lay my head  
On my grave as now my bed.  
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me  
Awake again at last with thee.

## 5

And, thus assur'd, behold I lie  
Securely, or to wake or die.  
These are my drowsy days ; in vain  
I do now wake to sleep again :  
O come that hour, when I shall never  
Sleep again, but wake forever.

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XIII.

## AN EVENING HYMN.

BY JAMES HOGG.

## 1

O THOU, whose glory shines sublime  
In morning's dawn or evening skies,  
Who, since the bud of fading time,  
Mad'st evening fall and morning rise :

## 2

That Thou art great, these glowing spheres  
To every studious eye must shew ;  
That Thou art good as well appears  
In every field and mountain's brow.

## 3

That hand, which pois'd the orbs that sail  
Around yon sky of purest blue ;  
That hand hath made this lowly vale,  
And on it shed the evening dew.

## 4

I see Thee in the stars that soar  
Slow beaming o'er the southern sea,  
As well as in the bounteous store  
That flows to nature and to me.

## 5

The music of the vernal grove,  
Borne on the breeze, is all of Thee,  
As well as sacred choirs above  
Who in thy presence bow the knee.

## 6

In Thee the insects live and move,  
In Thee yon suns and planets shine,  
All rest in thy upholding love,  
Great Soul of nature ! Power Divine !

## 7

While musing on thy marvellous might,  
Display'd in yonder starry frame,  
Direct the fair impression right,  
And teach me to adore Thy Name.

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## XIV.

## HYMN

## FOR SHEEP-SHEARING.

ISAIAH LIII. 7, 8.

## 1

WHEN, dumb, beneath the shearer's hand,  
The patient sheep extended lies,  
The Prophet's words I understand,  
Who speaks of Christ's blest sacrifice.

## 2

As Lamb unto the slaughter brought,  
From spot and blemish wholly free,  
With that dear blood my life was bought,  
He died a sacrifice for me.

## 3

For our transgressions was he slain,  
With his dread stripes we all are heal'd,  
For us he died, and rose again,  
And thus the Gospel-light reveal'd.

## 4

All, who in him shall righteous prove,  
He, at the latest day, shall raise,  
To live with him in endless love,  
And join the blest in songs of praise.

J. P.

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XV.

## CHRIST IN THE MANGER.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART.

INTRODUCED INTO THE ORATORIO OF REDEMPTION.

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## 1

WHERE is this stupendous stranger,  
Swains of Solyma, advise ;  
Lead me to my master's manger ;  
Shew me where my Saviour lies.

## 2

Oh ! most mighty, Oh ! most holy,  
Far above the Seraphs' thought,  
Art thou then so meek and lowly  
As unheeded prophets taught ?

## 3

Oh ! the magnitude of meekness,  
Worth from Worth immortal sprung ;  
Oh ! the strength of infant weakness,  
If Eternal is so young !

## 4

God all-bounteous, all-creative,  
Whom no ills from good dissuade,  
Is incarnate, and a native  
Of the very world he made.

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**XVI.****THE REDEEMER.**  


## 1

MIGHTY God ! while Angels bless thee,  
May an infant lisp thy name ?  
Lord of men as well as Angels,  
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.

## 2

Lord of ev'ry land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days !  
Sounded thro' the wide creation  
Be thy just and lawful praise.

## 3

For the grandeur of thy nature,  
Grand beyond a Seraph's thought ;  
For created works of power,  
Works with skill and kindness wrought ;

## 4

For thy providence, that governs  
Thro' thy empire's wide domain ;  
Wings an Angel, guides a sparrow,  
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

## 5

But thy rich, thy free redemption,  
Dark thro' brightness all along ;  
Thought is poor, and poor expression,  
Who can sing that awful song ?

## 6

Did Arch-angels sing thy coming ?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays ?  
Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

## 7

Brightness of thy Father's glory!  
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?  
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,  
Sing the Lord who came to die.

## 8

From the highest throne in glory,  
To the cross of deepest woe,  
All to ransom guilty captives—  
Flow, my praise, forever flow.

## 9

Go, return, immortal Saviour,  
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;  
Thence return, and reign forever,  
Be the kingdom all thine own.

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XVII.

## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

## A HYMN,

FROM THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

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## 1

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

## 2

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

## 3

O ! on that day ! that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

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## XVIII.

## BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

BY THE REV. G. WHITEFIELD.

TUNE: *Denmark.*

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## 1

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy,  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.

## 2

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay and form'd us men,  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

## 3

We'll croud thy gates with thankful Songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise,  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

## 4

Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love,  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand  
When rolling years must cease to move.

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XIX.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY DR. ADAMS,

MASTER OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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## 1

FATHER of all! be thou alone  
In heaven and earth ador'd!  
Earth is thy footstool, heav'n thy throne,  
Thou universal Lord!

## 2

What pow'r to praise thee, and obey,  
Thy grace to man hath giv'n,  
That praise and duty let him pay,  
'Till earth resemble heav'n.

## 3

This day be bread and peace our lot :  
All else beneath the sun  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;  
And let thy will be done.\*

## 4

Thy love expecting, let *us* love,  
Reliev'd, let *us* relieve :  
Thy pity let *our* pity move ;  
Forgive, *as we* forgive.

## 5

When from without temptations come,  
Or lusts inflame within,  
Thy grace descend, and save us from  
The greatest evil, *sin*.

## 6

Supreme in power ! all nature waits  
Obedient at thy call !  
O first ! O last ! for thought too great,  
O source and end of all !

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\* This verse is from Pope's Universal Prayer. See Vol. 2. of my Collection, p. 416.

## XX.

## GOD EXALTED ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

BY DR. WATTS.

## 1

ETERNAL Power ! whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;  
Infinite length beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

## 2

The lowest step above thy seat  
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet,  
In vain the tall arch-angel tries  
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

## 3

Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings  
He hides his face behind his wings ;  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

## 4

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?  
We would adore our Maker too ;  
From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
“ The Great, the Holy, and the High ! ”

## 5

Earth from afar has heard thy fame,  
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;  
But O ! the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

## 6

God is in heaven, and men below ;  
Be short, our tunes ; our words be few ;  
A sacred reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

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And, now, Sir, in concluding, I wish to express sentiments which, I trust, will accord with those in my first letter. Well aware of the extreme difficulty of writing controversy so as to keep within the bounds which should ever be prescribed to the gentleman and the Christian, I have endeavoured to “ set a watch”—“ before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips.” Psalm cxli. 3. But, if, in the course of these letters, written at different times, and under various circumstances of health, of spirits and of business, any expression shall have escaped which may give offence to you, I intreat you to impute it to any other motive, rather than to disrespect, or to want of Christian love. That

I disapprove the work in question is the circumstance which has given rise to these letters and to the expressions of disapprobation which it has been necessary to employ. These, however, I am well aware it is my duty to use with moderation, urbanity and charity. In sitting down to this task, I felt some reluctance, from the general respect which I bear to your character, both literary and personal; and I here declare that respect to have been considerably increased during the progress of the work from the various productions of your pen which I have read, and read in general with admiration.

The reception which this work may meet from you and from the world, is as yet unknown. I have mentioned this subject at the conclusion of my Vth Letter, but, since that was written, my attention has been directed to the example of the Poet Spenser, who having in the early part of his life written two Hymns in Honour of Love and of Beauty, and, as he advanced in years, thinking them calculated to do hurt, he published two others to counteract their effects. Though I do not consider even these two as unexceptionable, yet the *example* of a writer endeavouring to repair any damage his writings may have done is highly commendable and

worthy of imitation.\* His ideas upon the subject are expressed in his Dedication of them—

*“ To the Right Honourable and most Virtuous Ladies, the Lady MARGARET, Countess of CUMBERLAND, and the Lady MARY, Countess of WARWICK.*

Having in the greener times of my Youth, composed these former two Hymns in the praise of Love and Beauty, and finding that the same too much pleased those of Like Age and Disposition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather suck out poison to their strong passion, than honey to their honest delight; I was moved by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being unable so to do, by reason that many Copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and by way of retractation to reform them, making (instead of those two Hymns of earthly or natural Love and Beauty) two others, of heavenly and celestial. The which I do dedicate

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\* More may be seen on this subject in the Notes to my Discourses on the Stage, p. 211, &c.

joyntly unto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true Love and Beauty, both in the one and the other kind : humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the Patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily shew unto me, until such time as I may by better means, yield you some more notable testimony of my thankful mind and dutiful happiness. And even so I pray for your happiness.

*Your Honours most bounden ever  
in all Humble Service,*

EDM. SPENSER."

*Greenwich, this first of  
September, 1596.*

But, Sir, whatever may be the reception of this work, I have at least this satisfaction to derive from it, that I have been pursuing a subject, which I had before taken up from a due consideration of its importance. And of the satisfaction to be derived from a consciousness of having been discharging my duty, neither neglect nor obloquy can (it is hoped) deprive me ; nor, I trust, should I be so fortunate as to be received with favour, shall I be unduly elated by success.

With sentiments of great respect and esteem,  
and with sincere wishes for your health and  
prosperity,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

JAMES PLUMPTRE.

## INDEX I.

TO THE SONGS QUOTED OR CRITICIZED IN THIS VOLUME

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N. B. By means of this Index the Reader may ascertain whether any Song in any other Collection is noticed in this work ; and any Reader not possessed of either of Dr. Aikin's Publications will probably find many of the Songs here noticed, by referring to the Indexes of any other Collections of Songs which he may have.

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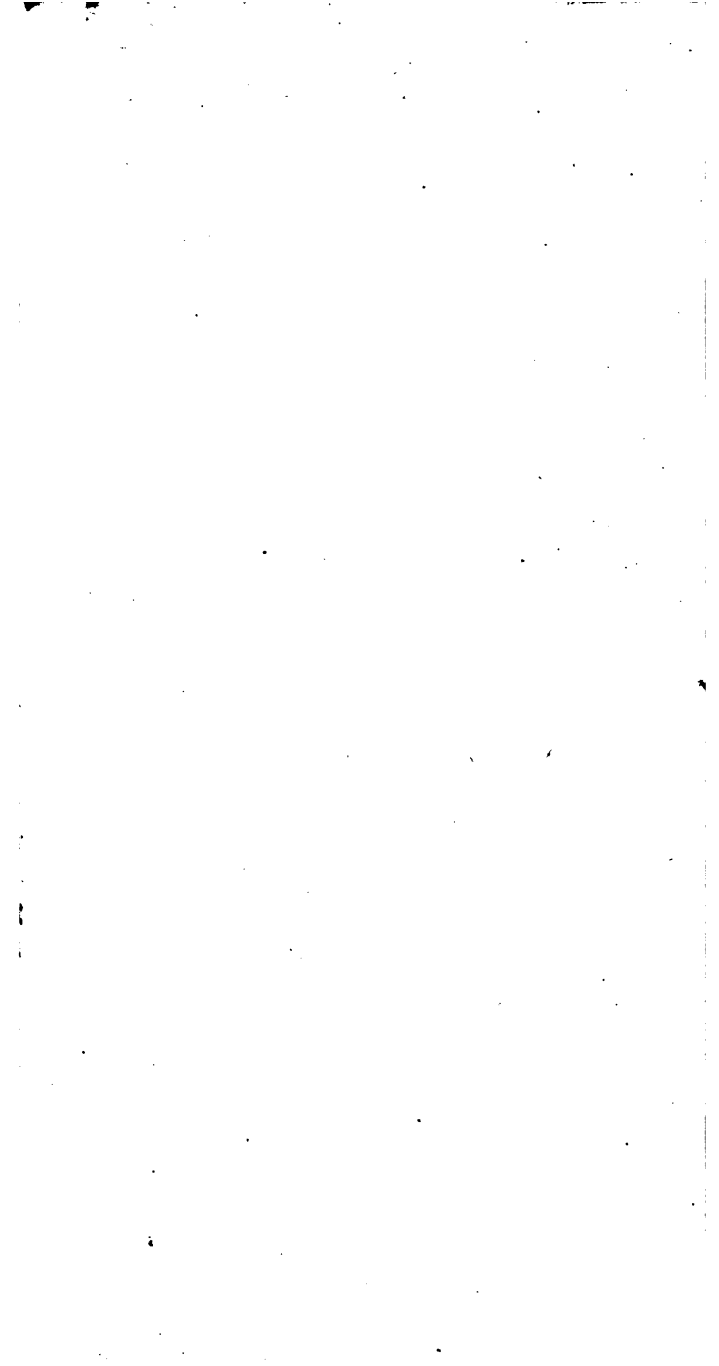
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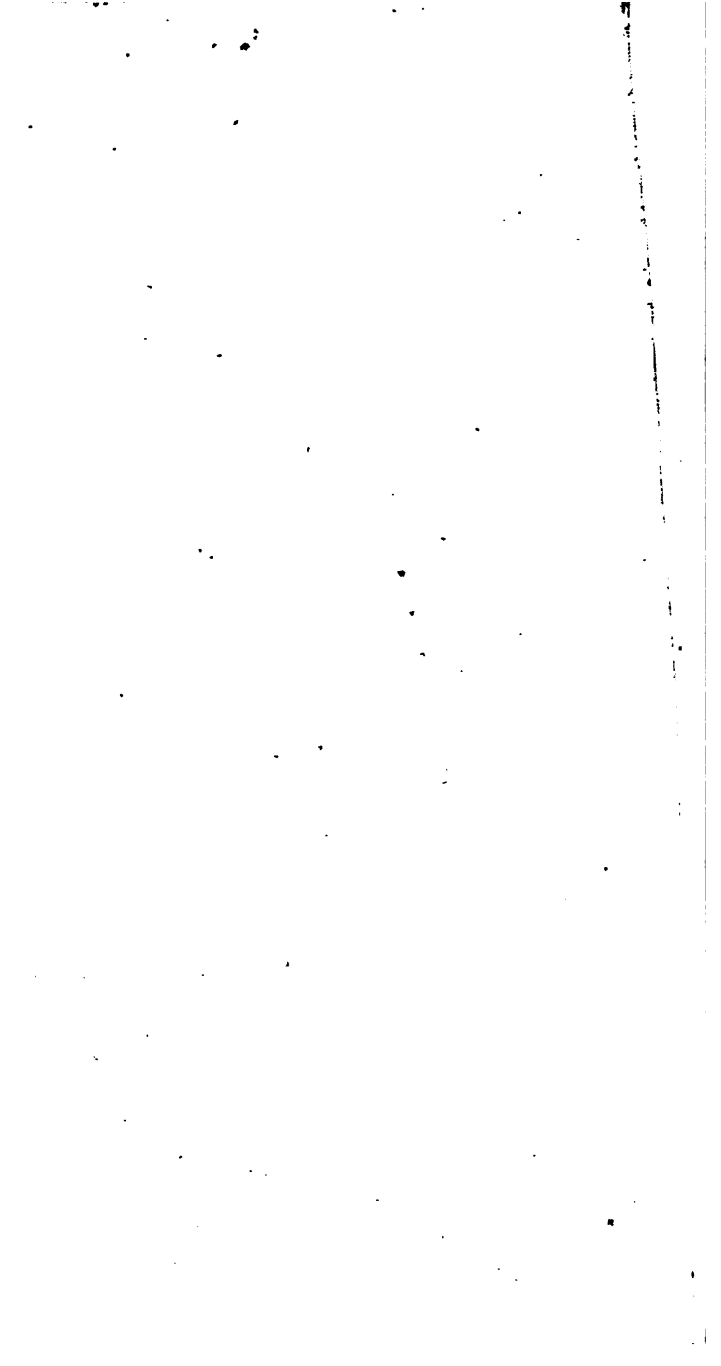
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